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PRIÈRES

En entrant dans le Temple.

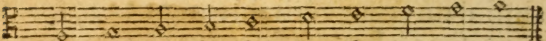
ME voici, ô Dieu, pour écouter ta parole sainte; donne-moi ton bon esprit, pour me disposer à te rendre le service qui t'est dû. O Dieu ne permets pas que je te serve seulement de corps, mais aussi d'un cœur véritablement touché de ta présence; bannis de mon esprit toutes distractions ou pensées frivoles; donne-moi de profiter de l'explication de tes saints Oracles, & de réduire en pratique les devoirs que tu nous prescrit; faits-moi la grace que je sorte de ce saint lieu, embrasé de ton amour, & zélé à faire ta volonté. *Amen.*

Prières avant que de sortir du Temple.

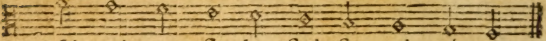
O Éternel, j'ai conclu que ma portion étoit de garder ta Parole, j'ai serré ta Loi dans mon cœur, afin que je ne péche point contre toi. O que ta parole a été douce à mon palais! qu'elle soit donc désormais une lampe à mes pieds, & une lumière à mes sentiers. Je l'ai juré, & je le tiendrai, d'observer les ordonnances de ta Justice. Que ta main, Seigneur, me soit en aide, parce que j'ai choisi tes commandemens. Que mon ame vive, ô Eternel,

afin qu'elle te loue, & que trouvant tout mon plaiſir à mediter & à obſerver tes divines inſtructions, je ne ſorte jamais de ce ſaint lieu qu'édifié, conſolé & puiſſamment affermi dans la réſolution inébranlable de vivre dans ta crainte, afin de pouvoir mourir dans ta grace, & d'être reçu un jour dans ta gloire. *Amen.*

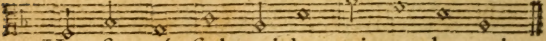
PRINCIPES DE MUSIQUE.



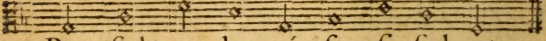
Ut, ré, mi, fa, ſol, la, ſi, ut, ré, mi.



Mi, ré, ut, ſi, la, ſol, fa, mi, ré, ut.



Ut, fa, ré, ſol, mi, la, mi, ut, la, mi.



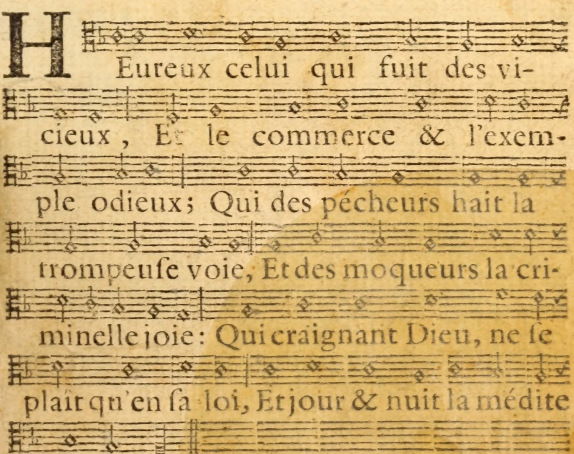
Re, ſol, ut, la, ré, fa, ſi, ſol, ut.

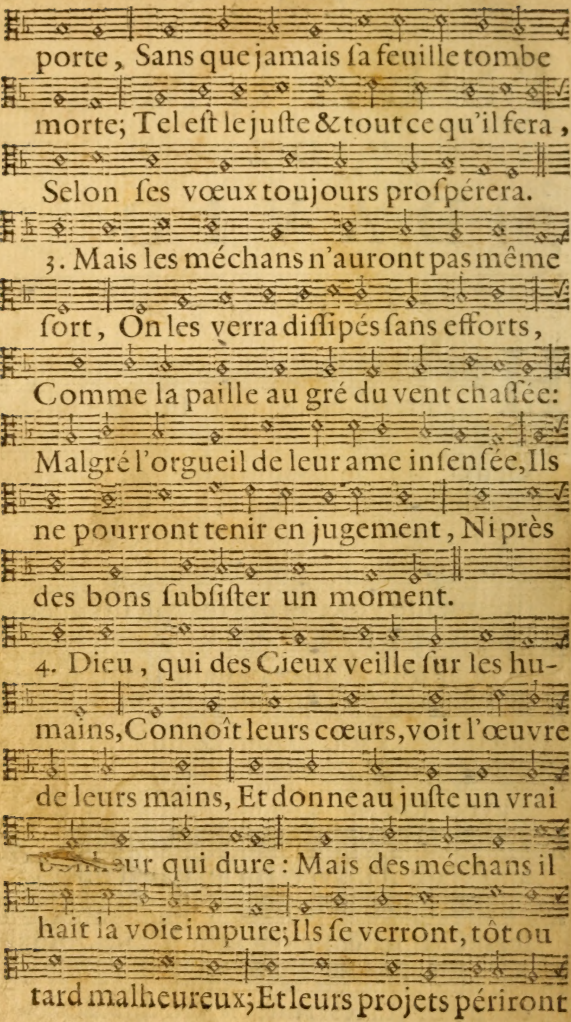
Pſeaumes qui ſont ſur un même Chant.

Le 5 & 64.
Le 14 & 53.
Le 17, 63 & 70.
Le 18 & 144.
Le 24, 62, 95 & 111.
Le 28 & 109.
Le 30, 75, 130.
Le 31 & 71.
Le 33 & 67.
Le 36 & 68.
Le 46 & 82.
Le 51 & 69.
Le 60 & 108.
Le 65 & 72.
Le 66, 98 & 118.
Le 74 & 116.
Le 77 & 86.
Le 78 & 90.
Le 100, 131, & 142.
Le 117 & 127.
Le 140 & les Commandemens.

LES PSEAUMES DE DAVID.

PSEAUME I.





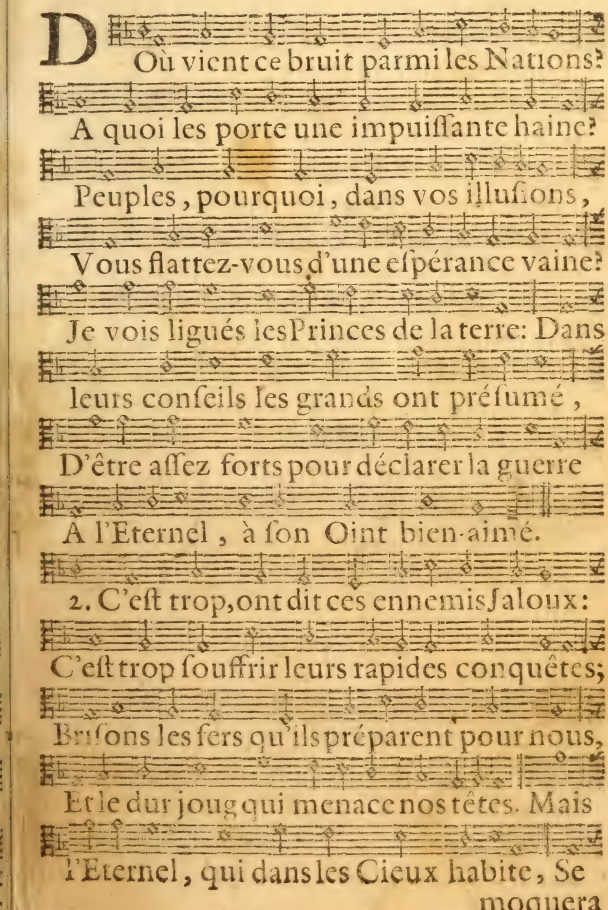
porte, Sans que jamais sa feuille tombe
morte; Tel est le juste & tout ce qu'il fera,
Selon ses vœux toujours prospérera.

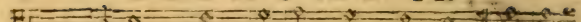
3. Mais les méchans n'auront pas même
sort, On les verra dissipés sans efforts,
Comme la paille au gré du vent chassée:
Malgré l'orgueil de leur ame insensée, Ils
ne pourront tenir en jugement, Ni près
des bons subsister un moment.

4. Dieu, qui des Cieux veille sur les hu-
mains, Connoît leurs cœurs, voit l'œuvre
de leurs mains, Et donne au juste un vrai
bonheur qui dure: Mais des méchans il
hait la voie impure; Ils se verront, tôt ou
tard malheureux; Et leurs projets périront
avec

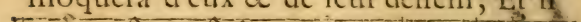
avec eux.

PSEAUME II.

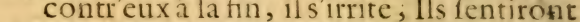




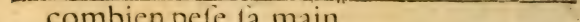
moquera d'eux & de leur dessein; Et li



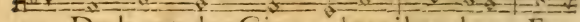
contr'eux a la fin, il s'irrite, Ils sentiront



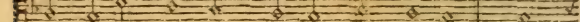
combien pese sa main



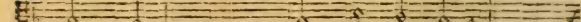
3. Du haut des Cieux alors il parlera, En



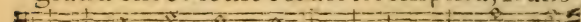
sa colère à nulle autre semblable; D'un



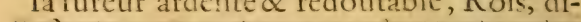
grand effroi leurs cœurs il remplira; Dans



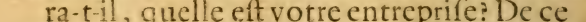
sa fureur ardente & redoutable, Rois, di-



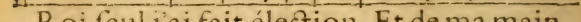
ra-t-il, quelle est votre entrepriſe? De ce



Roi seul j'ai fait élection, Et de ma main

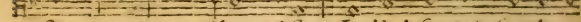


sa couronne il a prise; Je l'ai sacré sur le

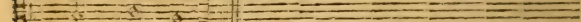


mont de Sion.

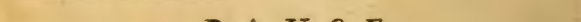
PAUSE.



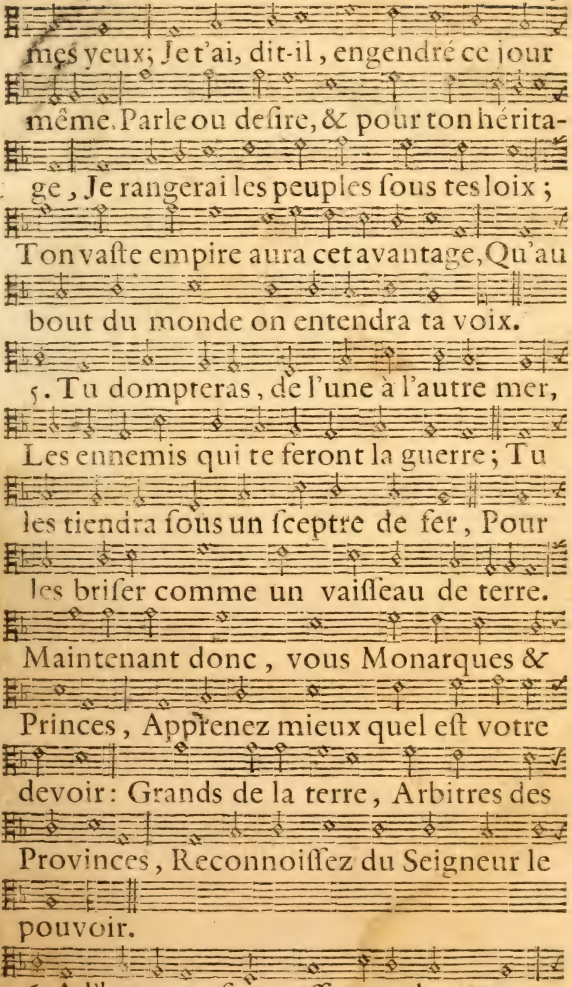
4. Et moi, son Oint, je publie en tous



lieux, Le saint décret du Monarque suprê-



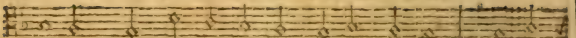
me: C'est toi, mon Fils, qui plaît seul à



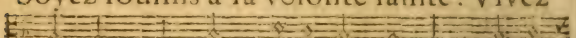
mes yeux; Je t'ai, dit-il, engendré ce jour même. Parle ou desire, & pour ton héritage, Je rangerai les peuples sous tes loix; Ton vaste empire aura cet avantage, Qu'au bout du monde on entendra ta voix.

5. Tu dompteras, de l'une à l'autre mer, Les ennemis qui te feront la guerre; Tu les tiendra sous un sceptre de fer, Pour les briser comme un vaisseau de terre. Maintenant donc, vous Monarques & Princes, Apprenez mieux quel est votre devoir: Grands de la terre, Arbitres des Provinces, Reconnoissez du Seigneur le pouvoir.

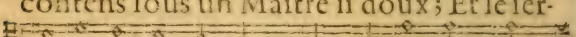
6. A l'honorer sans cesse attachez-vous, Soyez



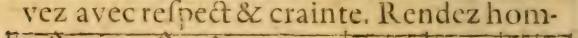
Soyez soumis à sa volonte sainte : Vivez



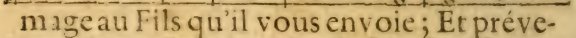
contens sous un Maître si doux ; Et le ser-



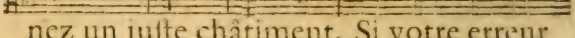
vez avec respect & crainte. Rendez hom-



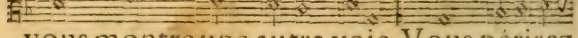
mage au Fils qu'il vous envoie ; Et préve-



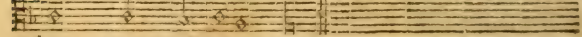
nez un juste châtiment. Si votre erreur



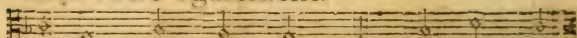
vous montre une autre voie, Vous périrez



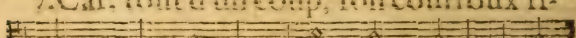
dans votre égarement.



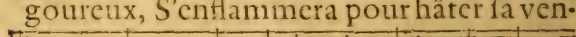
7. Car tout d'un coup, son courroux ri-



goureux, S'enflammera pour hâter sa ven-

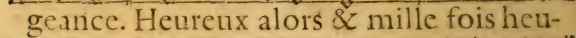


geance. Heureux alors & mille fois heu-

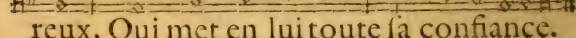


reux, Qui met en lui toute sa confiance.

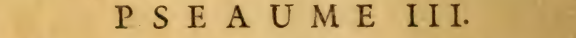
PSEAUME III.



QUe de gens, ô grand Dieu, Soulevés



en tout lieu, Conspirent pour me nuire !



Que d'ennemis jurés, Contre moi décla-

rés,

PSEAUME IV.

SEigneur, à toi seul je m'adresse : Tu fais mon droit, fais-moi raison; Lorsque j'étois dans la détresse, Ta main m'a tiré de la presse: Exauce donc mon oraison.

Vous Grands, dont l'injuste puissance S'élève contre mon honneur, Jusques à quand votre arrogance, Vos fraudes, votre médisance, Troubleront-elles mon bonheur?

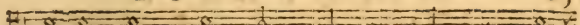
2. Sachez, puisqu'il faut vous le dire, Que Dieu, qui veut un Roi pieux, Entre tous a daigné m'élire, & qu'aussi tôt que je soupire, Il m'entend du plus haut des Cieux. Mortels, redoutez sa colère; Et

penſez, meme étant couchés, Combien il
ſe montre ſévère, A qui s'obſtine à lui dé-
plaire, Et quittez enfin vos péchés.

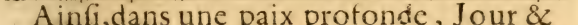
3. Préſentez-lui le ſacrifice D'un cœur
pur & plein d'équité; Et, pour vous rendre
Dieu propice, Éloignez-vous de l'injuſtice,
Et vous fiez en ſa bonté. Les mondains
diſent, qui ſera-ce, Qui nous pourra com-
bler de biens? Moi, Seigneur, je cherche
ta grace; Fais que la clarté de ta face, Sur
moi ſe leve & ſur les miens.

4. Plus de joie au cœur m'eſt donnée, Par
cette grace du Très-haut, Qu'à ceux qu'une
abondante année, De bleds & de vins cou-
ronnée, Fournit de tout ce qu'il leur faut.

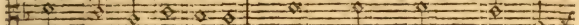
Ainſi,



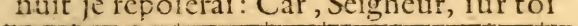
Ainſi, dans une paix profonde, Jour &



nuit je repoſerai: Car, Seigneur, ſur toi

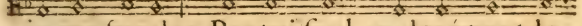


je me fonde; Par toi ſeul, malgré tout le

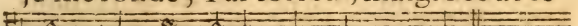


monde, Heureuſement je régnerai.

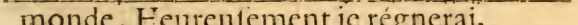
PSEAUME V.



A Ux paroles que je veux dire, Prête

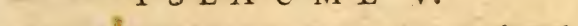


l'oreille à cette fois: Seigneur, entens ma

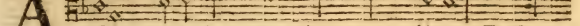


triſte voix, Entens l'affligé qui ſoupire

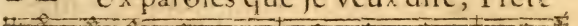
dans ſon martyre.



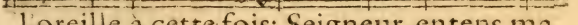
2. Ecoute ma prière ardente, mon Dieu,



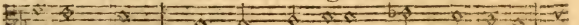
mon Roi, dans ce moment; Puiſque c'eſt



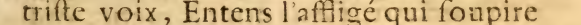
à toi ſeulement, Que, dans ma douleur vio-



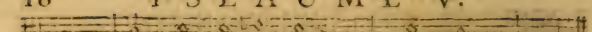
lente, Je la préſente.



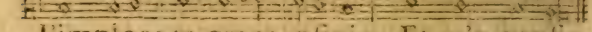
3. Source de lumière & de vie, Dès le matin



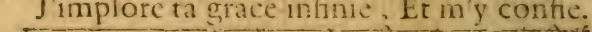
exauce-moi; Car dès le matin, devant toi,



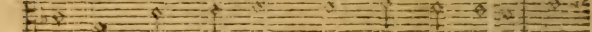
J'implore ta grace infinie, Et m'y confie.



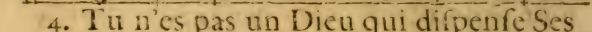
4. Tu n'es pas un Dieu qui dispense Ses



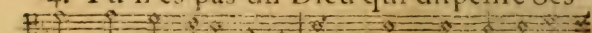
faveurs à l'iniquité; la fraude & la mali-



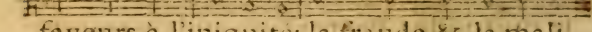
gnité, Ne trouvent jamais d'indulgence



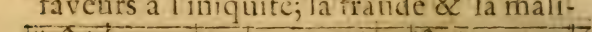
En ta présence.



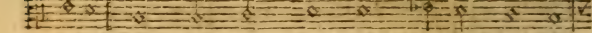
5. L'orgueilleux ni le téméraire, N'ose-



roient paroître à tes yeux: Toujours te

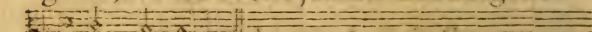


furent odieux, Ceux dont le métier ordi-

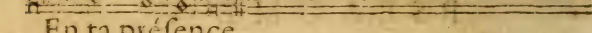


naire Est de mal faire.

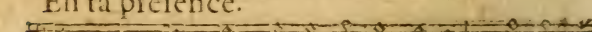
PAUSE.



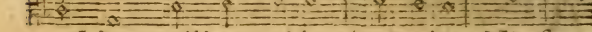
6. Ta fureur confond & ruine Le médi-



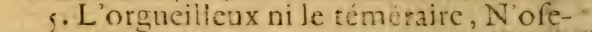
sant & le menteur, Le sanguinaire & l'im-



posteur; Enfin, ta puissance divine Les

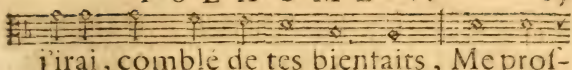


extermine.

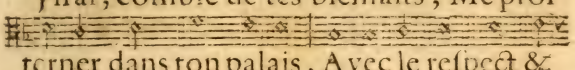


7. Moi qui m'attache à ta loi sainte,

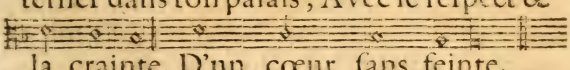
J'irai,



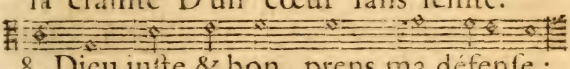
j'irai, comblé de tes bienfaits, Me prof-



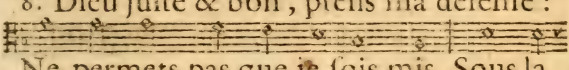
terner dans ton palais, Avec le reſpect &



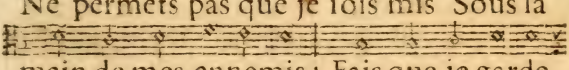
la crainte D'un cœur ſans feinte.



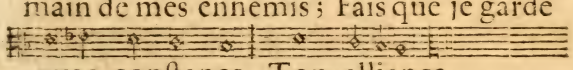
8. Dieu juſte & bon, prens ma défenſe :



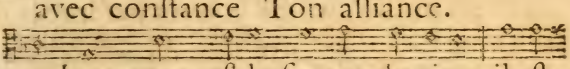
Ne permets pas que je ſois mis Sous la



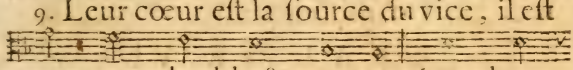
main de mes ennemis ; Fais que je garde



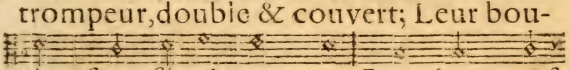
avec conſtance Ton alliance.



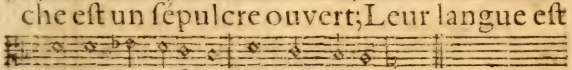
9. Leur cœur eſt la ſource du vice, il eſt



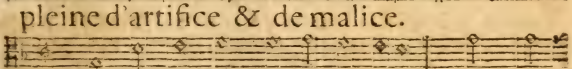
trompeur, double & couvert; Leur bou-



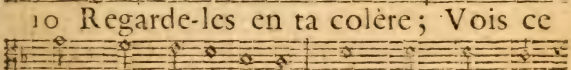
che eſt un ſépulcre ouvert; Leur langue eſt



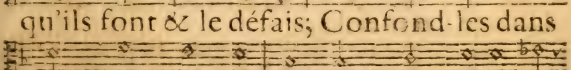
pleine d'artifice & de malice.



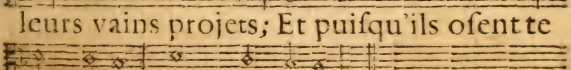
10 Regarde-les en ta colère ; Vois ce



qu'ils font & le défais; Confond-les dans



leurs vains projets; Et puiſqu'ils oſent te



déplaire, Sois-leur ſévère.

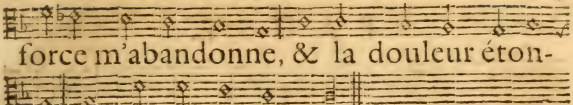
11. Mais que les bons se réjouissent: Et comme ils espèrent en toi, Qu'ils vivent contens sous ta loi; Qu'avec plaisir ils t'obéissent, Et te bénissent.

12. Ton bras est toujours secourable A l'homme juste, ô Dieu Sauveur; Toujours ta puissante faveur, est le bouclier impénétrable Du misérable.

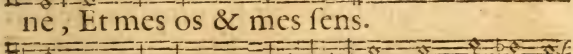
PSEAUME VI.

SEigneur, qui vois ma peine, Ne me prens point en haine, Cesses d'être irrité: Dans ta juste colère, Ne soit pas si sévère, Que je l'ai mérité.

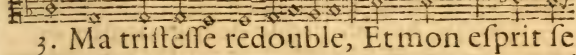
2. Que plutôt ta tendresse Soulage ma foiblesse Dans les maux que je sens. Ma force



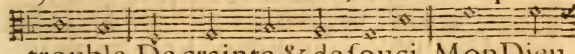
force m'abandonne, & la douleur éton-



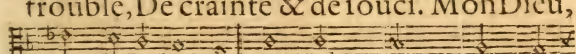
ne, Et mes os & mes sens.



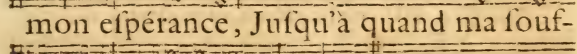
3. Ma tristesse redouble, Et mon esprit se



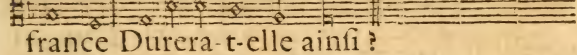
trouble, De crainte & de souci. Mon Dieu,



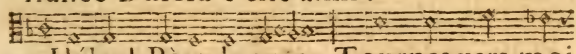
mon espérance, Jusqu'à quand ma souf-



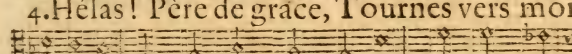
france Durera-t-elle ainsi ?



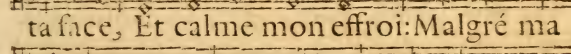
4. Hélas ! Père de grace, Tournes vers moi



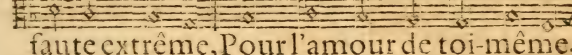
ta face, Et calme mon effroi: Malgré ma



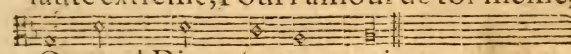
faute extrême, Pour l'amour de toi-même,



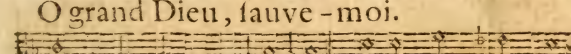
O grand Dieu, sauve-moi.



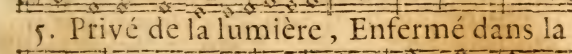
5. Privé de la lumière, Enfermé dans la



bière, Peut on psalmodier? Et dans la sé-

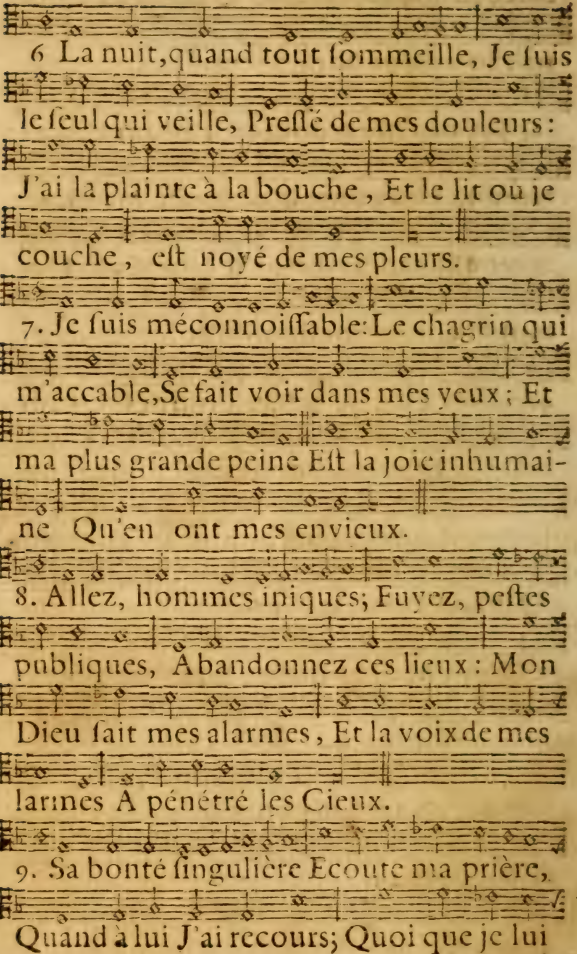


pulture, Parmi la pourriture, Tes hauts

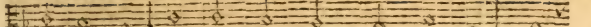


faits publier ?

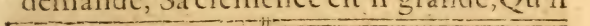
PAUSE.



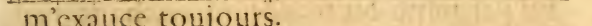
6 La nuit, quand tout ſommeille, Je ſuis
le ſeul qui veille, Preſſé de mes douleurs:
J'ai la plainte à la bouche, Et le lit ou je
couche, eſt noyé de mes pleurs.
7. Je ſuis méconnoiſſable: Le chagrin qui
m'accable, Se fait voir dans mes yeux; Et
ma plus grande peine Eſt la joie inhumai-
ne Qu'en ont mes envieux.
8. Allez, hommes iniques; Fuyez, peſtes
publiques, Abandonnez ces lieux: Mon
Dieu ſait mes alarmes, Et la voix de mes
larmes A pénétré les Cieux.
9. Sa bonté ſingulière Ecoute ma prière,
Quand à lui J'ai recours; Quoi que je lui
demande



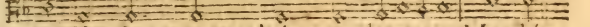
demande, Sa clémence eſt ſi grande, Qu'il



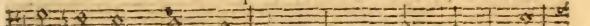
m'exauce toujours.



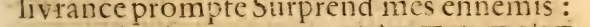
10. Ils s'en vont pleins de honte; Ma dé-



livrance prompte Surprend mes ennemis :

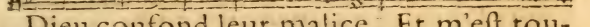


Dieu confond leur malice, Et m'eſt tou-

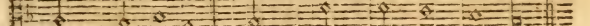


jours propice, Comme il me l'a promis.

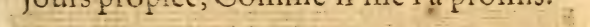
PSEAUME VII.



MOn Dieu, mon unique eſpérance,

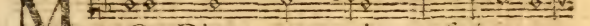


J'attens de toi ma délivrance; Sauve-moi

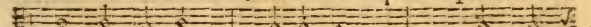


des cruelles mains De mes ennemis inhu-

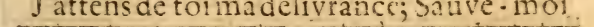
mains. Leur Chef, connoiſſant ma foibleſ-



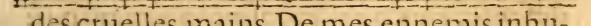
ſe, Comme un lion que la faim preſſe, Me



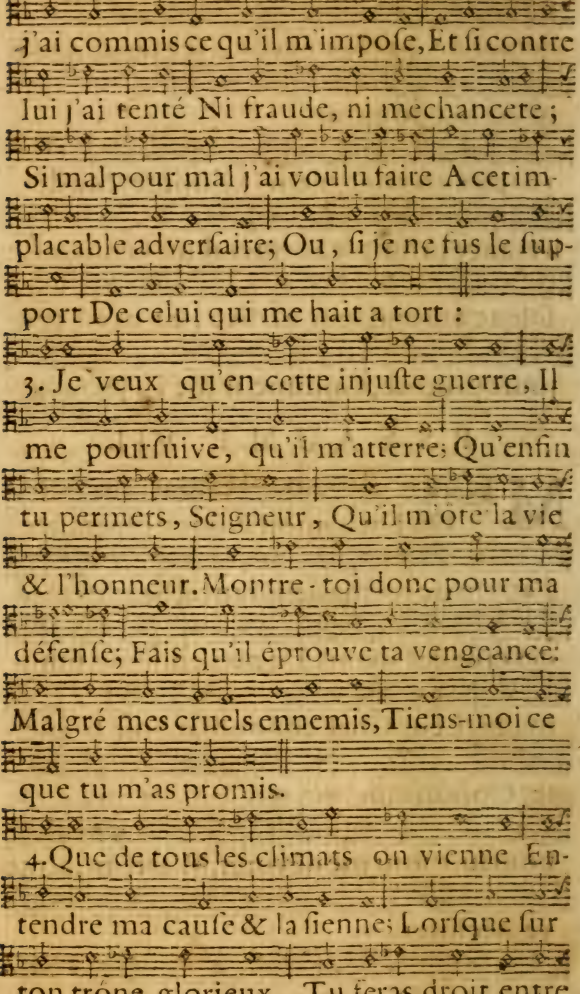
pourſuit pour me dévorer, M'atteint, & me



va déchirer.

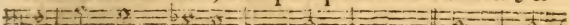


2. Grand Dieu, ſur qui je me repoſe, Si

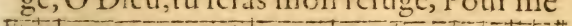


j'ai commis ce qu'il m'impose, Et si contre
lui j'ai tenté Ni fraude, ni mechancete;
Si mal pour mal j'ai voulu faire A cet im-
placable adversaire; Ou, si je ne fus le sup-
port De celui qui me hait a tort:
3. Je veux qu'en cette injuste guerre, Il
me poursuive, qu'il m'atterre: Qu'enfin
tu permets, Seigneur, Qu'il m'ôte la vie
& l'honneur. Montre-toi donc pour ma
défense; Fais qu'il éprouve ta vengeance:
Malgré mes cruels ennemis, Tiens-moi ce
que tu m'as promis.
4. Que de tous les climats on vienne En-
tendre ma cause & la sienne: Lorsque sur
ton trône glorieux, Tu feras droit entre
nous

nous deux. Là, des peuples souverain Ju-



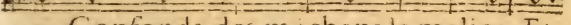
ge, O Dieu, tu seras mon refuge, Pour me



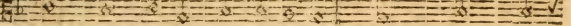
juger dans l'équité, Et selon mon intégrité.

PAUSE.

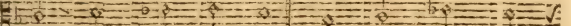
5. Confonds des méchans la malice, Et



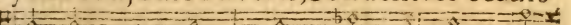
rends au juste la justice, Toi, dont les



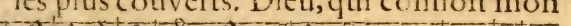
yeux toujours ouverts, Sondent les cœurs



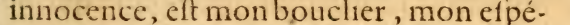
les plus couverts. Dieu, qui connoît mon



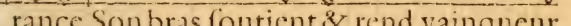
innocence, est mon bouclier, mon espé-



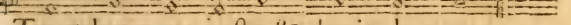
rance. Son bras soutient & rend vainqueur



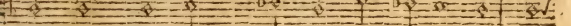
Tout homme juste & droit de cœur.



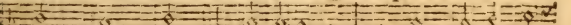
6. Dieu, dis-je, est le Juge équitable De



l'homme droit & véritable; Il sait aussi se



courroucer, Quand on s'obstine à l'offen-



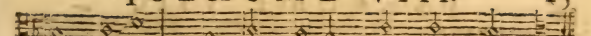
ser. Si celui qui cherche à me nuire, Ne

veut

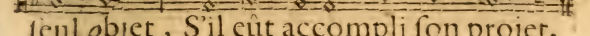
veut promptement ſe réduire, Dieu pren-
dra, contre ce méchant, Son arc, & ſon
glaive tranchant.

7. S'il n'appaiſe Dieu par ſes larmes, Dieu
lui fera ſentir ſes armes: Ses flèches don-
neront la mort A ceux qui m'en veulent
à tort. De ce méchant l'humeur hautaine,
Conçoit du travail, de la peine; Et, pour
tout fruit de ſon deſir, N'enfante que du
déplaiſir.

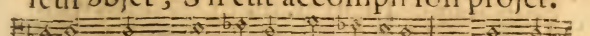
8. Il ſe ſert de mille artifices, Pour me
creuſer des précipices; Mais dans tous
ceux qu'il creuſera, Lui ſeul ſe précipi-
tera. Je verrai fondre ſur ſa tête L'horri-
ble & funeſte tempête, Dont j'euſſe été le
ſeul



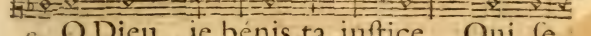
seul objet, S'il eût accompli son projet.



9. O Dieu, je bénis ta justice, Qui se

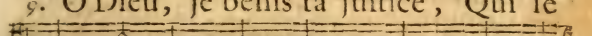


montre à mes vœux propice: Et, tant que

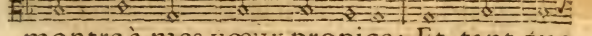


je respirerai, Ton saint Nom je célébrerai.

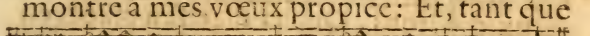
PSEAUME VIII.



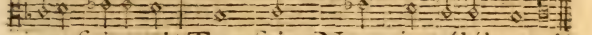
O Notre Dieu, tout bon, tout adora-



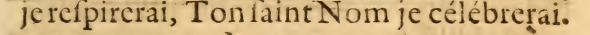
ble, Que ton saint Nom est grand & re-



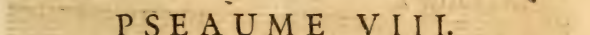
doutable! Ta gloire éclate & triomphe en



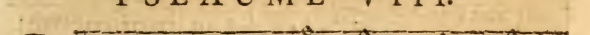
tous lieux, Et ta grandeur est au dessus des



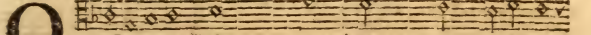
Cieux.



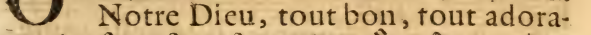
2. Le tendre enfant, encore à la mam-



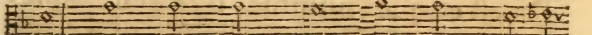
melle, Prêche, à nos yeux, ta puissance



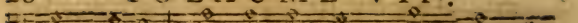
éternelle: Sa foible voix confond l'im-



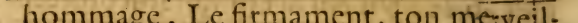
piété, Et du méchant condamne la fierté.



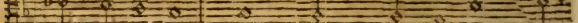
3. Quand je contemple, en te rendant



hommage, Le firmament, ton merveil-

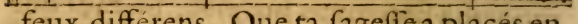


leux ouvrage, Les Cieux, la lune & les

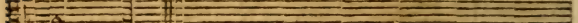


feux différens, Que ta sagesse a placés en

leurs rangs.

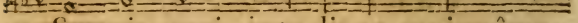


4. Surpris, ravi, je te dis en moi-même:



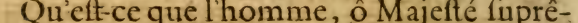
Qu'est-ce que l'homme, ô Majesté suprê-

me! Que ta bonté daigne s'en souvenir,

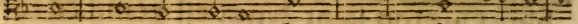


Et que ta grace aime à le prévenir.

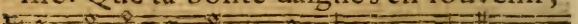
PAUSE.



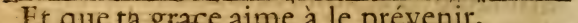
5. Tu l'as un peu fait moindre que les



Anges, Qui dans le Ciel célèbrent tes



louanges. Tu l'as aussi d'éclat environné,

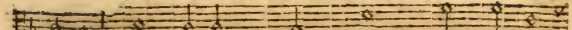


Comblé de gloire, & d'honneur couronné.

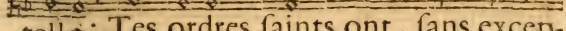
6. Tu l'as fait Roi sur ces œuvres si bel-

les, Que tu formas de tes mains immor-

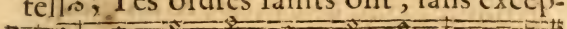
telles;



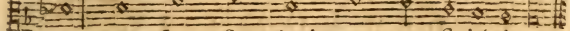
tel ; Tes ordres saints ont, sans excep-



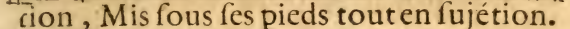
tion, Mis sous ses pieds tout en sujétion.



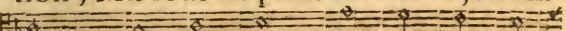
7. Tous les troupeaux qui paissent aux



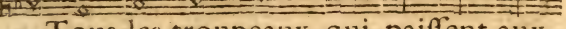
montagnes, Le gros bétail, qui paît dans



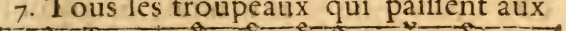
les campagnes, Les animaux des déserts



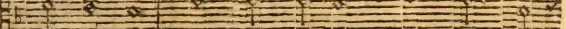
& des bois, Souffrent son joug, ou trem-



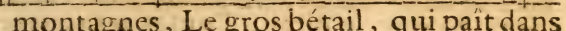
blent à sa voix.



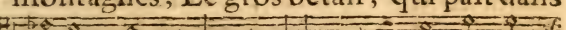
8. Tous les oiseaux, qui volent & qui



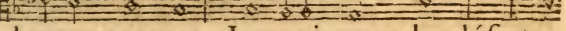
chantent; Tous les poissons qui, par trou-



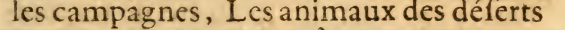
pes, fréquentent, Fleuves, étangs, & les



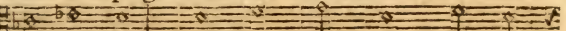
profondes mers, Tout est sous lui dans ce



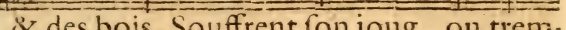
vaste univers.



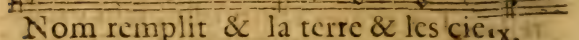
9. O notre Dieu! que ta gloire est immen-



se; Rien n'est égal à ta magnificence, Ta

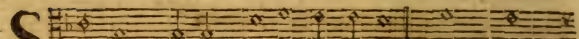


Majesté par-tout brille à nos yeux; Ton

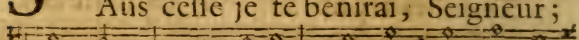


Nom remplit & la terre & les cieux.

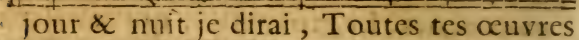
PSEAUME IX.



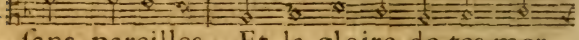
Sans ceſſe je te bénirai, Seigneur;



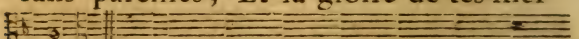
jour & nuit je dirai, Toutes tes œuvres



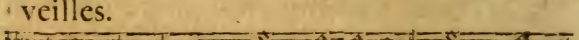
ſans pareilles, Et la gloire de tes mer-



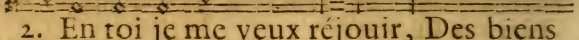
veilles.



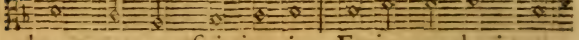
2. En toi je me veux réjouir, Des biens



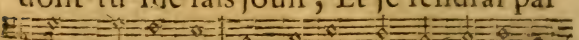
dont tu me fais jouir; Et je rendrai par



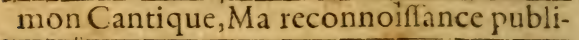
mon Cantique, Ma reconnoiſſance publi-



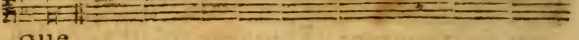
que.



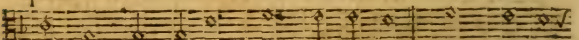
3. Mon ennemi, par ta vertu, Fut mis en



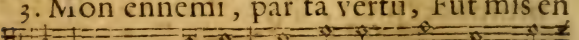
déroute & battu. On le vit manquer de



courage, Dès que tu montras ton viſage.

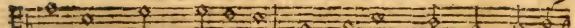


4. Contre ſon effort inhumain, Tu pris,

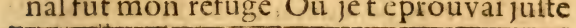


Seigneur, ma cauſe en main, Ton Tribu-

nal

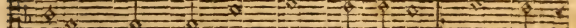


nal fut mon refuge. Où je t'éprouvai juſte



juge.

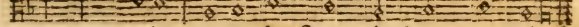
5. Ils ſont défaits mes ennemis ; A mes



pieds tu les a ſoumis : Tu fis périr leur

renommée, avec la fleur de leur armée.

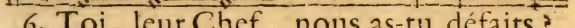
PAUSE I.



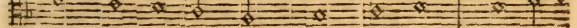
6. Toi, leur Chef, nous as-tu défaits ?

Nous as-tu détruits pour jamais ? As-tu

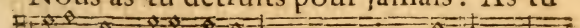
raſé nos citadelles ? Leur nom eſt-il mort



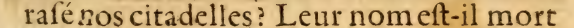
avec elles ?



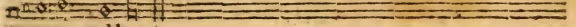
7. Non, non, le Monarque des Cieux



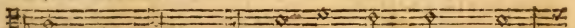
Eſt ſur ſon trône glorieux, Pour rendre à



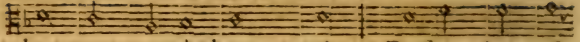
chacun la juſtice, Rude aux méchans, aux



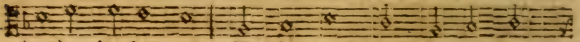
bons propice.



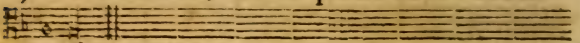
8. C'eſt là qu'il juge les humains, Selon



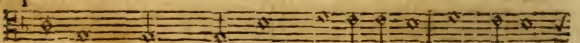
les œuvres de leurs mains, Pesant dans sa



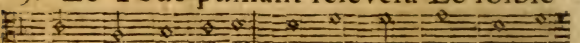
juste balance, Et la peine & la récom-



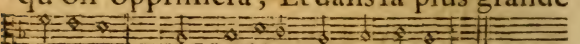
pense.



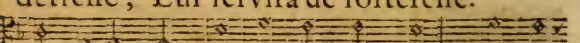
9. Le Tout-puissant relèvera Le foible



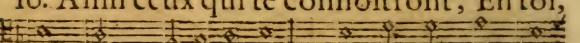
qu'on opprimera, Et dans sa plus grande



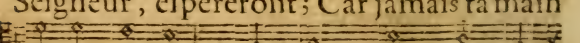
détresse, Lui servira de forteresse.



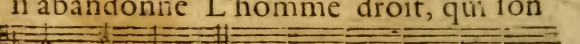
10. Ainsi ceux qui te connoîtront, En toi,



Seigneur, espéreront; Car jamais ta main

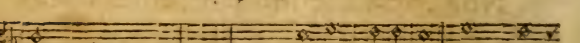


n'abandonne L'homme droit, qui son

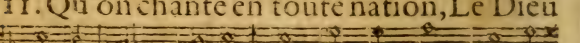


cœur te donne.

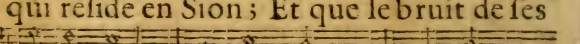
PAUSE II.



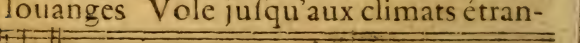
11. Qu'on chante en toute nation, Le Dieu



qui réside en Sion; Et que le bruit de ses

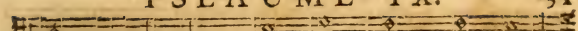


louanges Vole jusqu'aux climats étran-

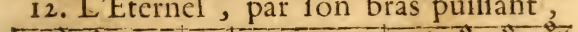


ges.

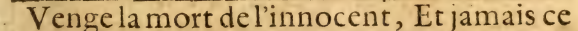
12. L'Eternel,



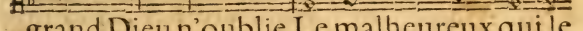
12. L'Eternel, par ſon bras puiſſant,



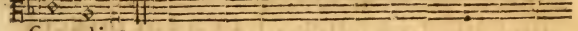
Venge la mort de l'innocent, Et jamais ce



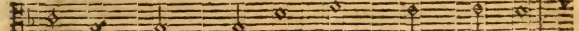
grand Dieu n'oublie Le malheureux qui le



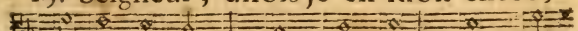
ſupplie.



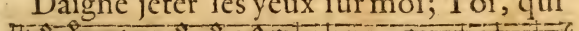
13. Seigneur, diſois-je en mon effroi,



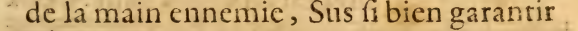
Daigne jeter les yeux ſur moi; Toi, qui



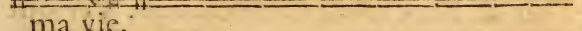
de la main ennemie, Sus ſi bien garantir



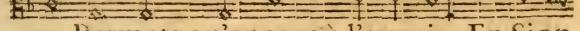
ma vie.



14. Permets qu'encore à l'avenir, En Sion

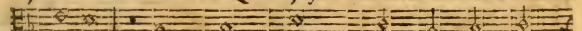


j'aille te bénir; Que j'y chante encore à ta

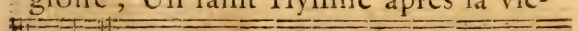


gloire, Un ſaint Hymne après la vic-

toire.



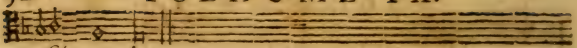
15. J'ai vu tomber ces inſenſés, Dans les



piéges qu'ils m'ont dreſſés; Leur pied léger

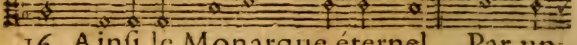
s'eſt venu prendre Aux filets qu'ils m'ont

oſé

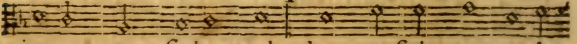


oſé tendre.

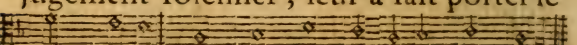
PAUSE III.



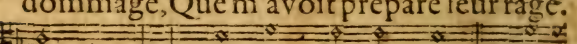
16. Ainſi le Monarque éternel, Par un



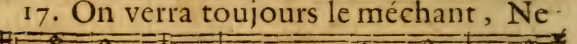
jugement ſolennel, leur a fait porter le



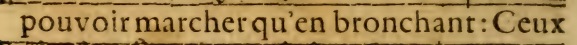
dommage, Que m'avoit préparé leur rage.



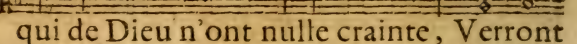
17. On verra toujours le méchant, Ne



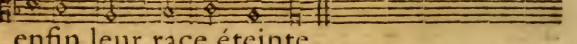
pouvoir marcher qu'en bronchant: Ceux



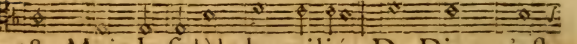
qui de Dieu n'ont nulle crainte, Verront



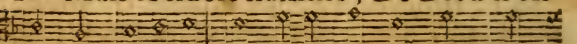
enfin leur race éteinte.



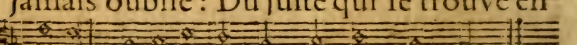
18. Mais le fidèle humilié, De Dieu n'eſt



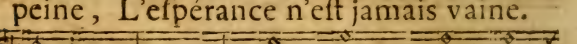
jamais oublié: Du juſte qui ſe trouve en



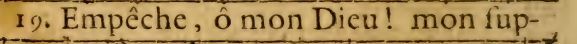
peine, L'eſpérance n'eſt jamais vaine.



19. Empêche, ô mon Dieu! mon ſup-



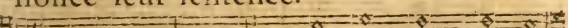
port, Que l'homme ne ſoit le plus fort;



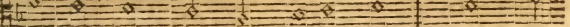
Cite-les tous en ta préſence, Et leur pro-

nonce

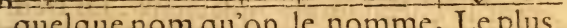
nonce leur ſentence.



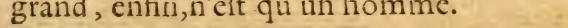
20. Qu'ils tremblent, & que ton pouvoir



A tous les mortels faſſe voir, Que, de

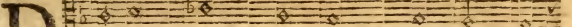


quelque nom qu'on le nomme, Le plus

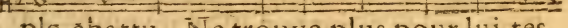


grand, enfin, n'eſt qu'un homme.

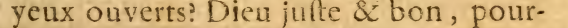
PSEAUME X.



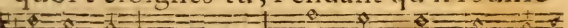
D'Où vient, Seigneur, que ton peu-



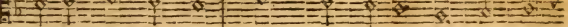
ple abattu, Ne trouve plus pour lui tes



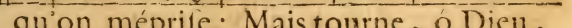
yeux ouverts? Dieu juſte & bon, pour-



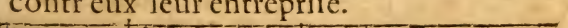
quoi t'éloignes-tu, Pendant qu'il ſouffre



en ce ſiécle pervers? Des orgueilleux les



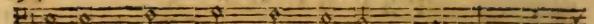
outrages divers, Font ſoupirer l'innocent



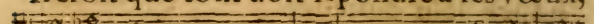
qu'on mépriſe: Mais tourne, ô Dieu,

contr'eux leur entrepriſe.

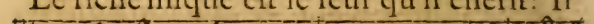
2. Dans ſon péché le méchant s'applaud'



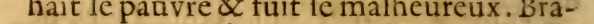
Il croit que tout doit répondre à ſes vœux;



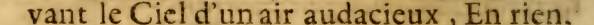
Le riche inique eſt le ſeul qu'il chérit: Il



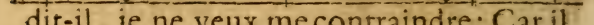
hait le pauvre & fuit le malheureux. Bra-



vant le Ciel d'un air audacieux, En rien,

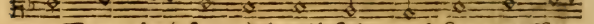


dit-il, je ne veux me contraindre: Car il

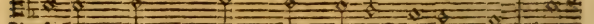


n'eſt point de Dieu qu'on doive craindre.

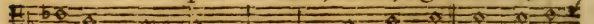
3. Tout lui ſuccède; il fait mal ſans ceſſer;



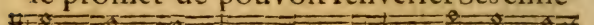
Il ne craint point ton juſte jugement; Il



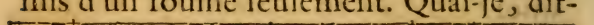
ſe promet de pouvoir renverſer Ses enne-



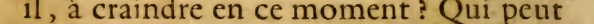
mis d'un ſouffle ſeulement. Quai-je, dit-



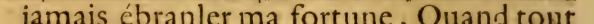
il, à craindre en ce moment? Qui peut



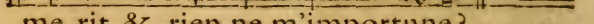
jamais ébranler ma fortune, Quand tout



me rit & rien ne m'importune?

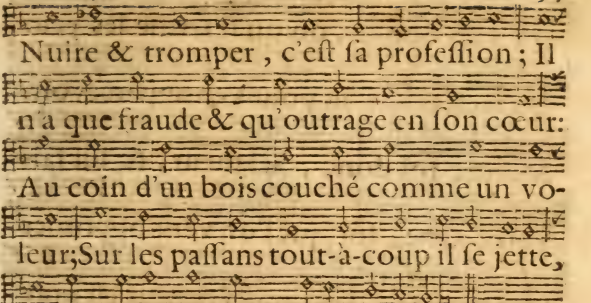


4. Ses faux diſcours, pleins d'affectation,



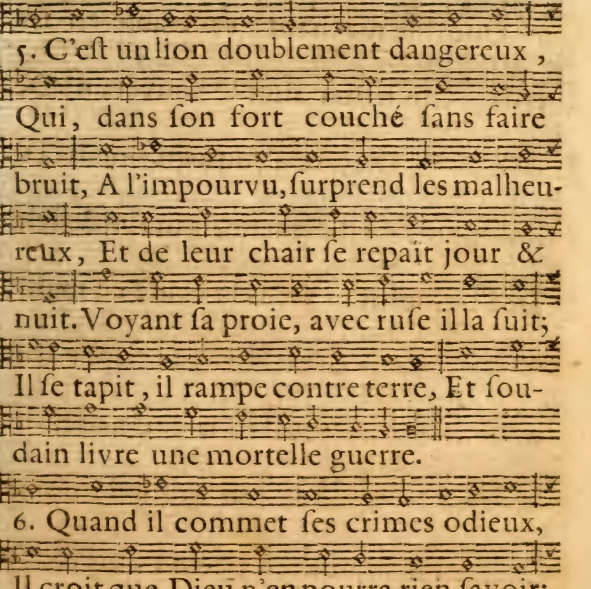
Ont du venin caché ſous leur douceur:

nuire



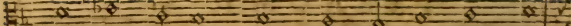
Nuire & tromper, c'eſt ſa profeſſion; Il n'a que fraude & qu'outrage en ſon cœur: Au coin d'un bois couché comme un voleur; Sur les paſſans tout-à-coup il ſe jette, Et tue ainſi l'innocent en cachette.

PAUSE.

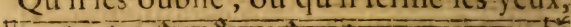


5. C'eſt un lion doublement dangereux, Qui, dans ſon fort couché ſans faire bruit, A l'impourvu, ſurprend les malheureux, Et de leur chair ſe repait jour & nuit. Voyant ſa proie, avec ruſe il la ſuit; Il ſe tapit, il rampe contre terre, Et ſoudain livre une mortelle guerre.

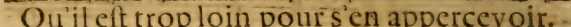
6. Quand il commet ſes crimes odieux, Il croit que Dieu n'en pourra rien ſavoir; Qu'il



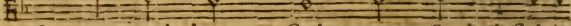
Qu'il les oublie, ou qu'il ferme les yeux,



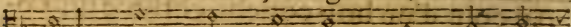
Qu'il eſt trop loin pour s'en appercevoir.



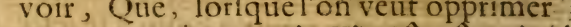
Montre toi donc, Seigneur, & lui fais



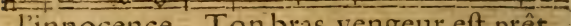
voir, Que, lorſque l'on veut opprimer



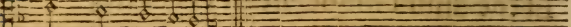
l'innocence, Ton bras vengeur eſt prêt



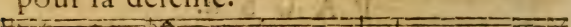
pour ſa défenſe.



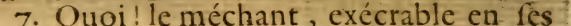
7. Quoi! le méchant, exécrable en ſes



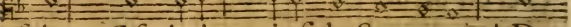
faits, Oſe irriter ainſi le Souverain! De



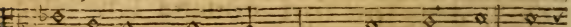
rien dit-il, Dieu ne s'enquiert jamais. Tu



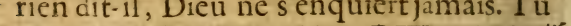
vois pourtant, Seigneur, tout ſon deſſein;



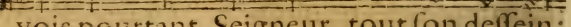
De l'innocent tu prens la cauſe en main;



Tu ſers de père au malheureux pupile, Qui,



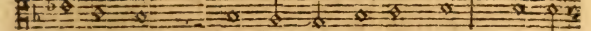
hors de toi, ne peut trouver d'aſyle.



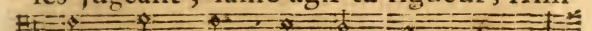
8. Ote la force & fait faillir le cœur

Aux inſolens, dont l'orgueil t'a bravé: En

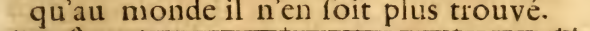
les



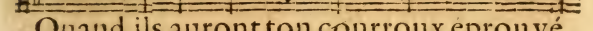
les jugeant, laisse agir ta rigueur, Afin



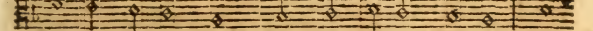
qu'au monde il n'en soit plus trouvé.



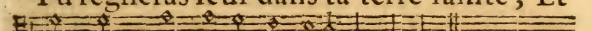
Quand ils auront ton courroux eprouvé,



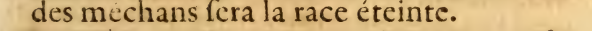
Tu régneras seul dans ta terre sainte, Et



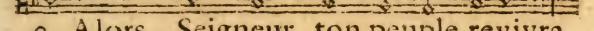
des mechans sera la race éteinte.



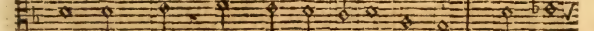
9. Alors, Seigneur, ton peuple revivra



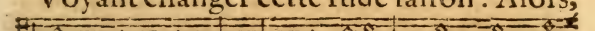
Voyant changer cette rude saison : Alors,



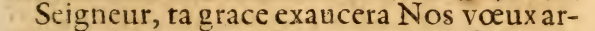
Seigneur, ta grace exaucera Nos vœux ar-



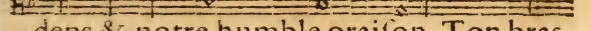
dens & notre humble oraison Ton bras



mettant chacun à la raison, L'homme

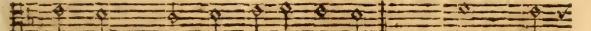


mortel, qui n'est que cendre & terre,

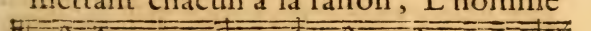


A tes enfans ne fera plus la guerre.

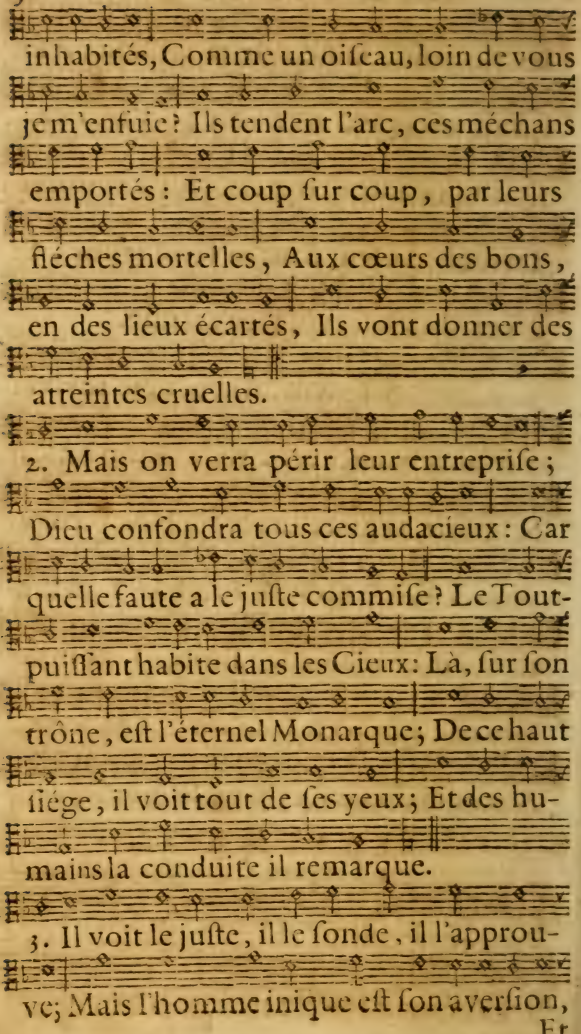
PSEAUME XI.



PUisque en tout tems, sur Dieu seul je



m'appuie, Pourquoi vouloir qu'aux monts



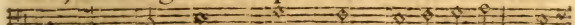
inhabités, Comme un oiſeau, loin de vous je m'enfuie? Ils tendent l'arc, ces méchans emportés: Et coup ſur coup, par leurs fléches mortelles, Aux cœurs des bons, en des lieux écartés, Ils vont donner des atteintes cruelles.

2. Mais on verra périr leur entrepriſe; Dieu confondra tous ces audacieux: Car quelle faute a le juſte commiſe? Le Tout-puiſſant habite dans les Cieux: Là, ſur ſon trône, eſt l'éternel Monarque; De ce haut ſiége, il voit tout de ſes yeux; Et des humains la conduite il remarque.

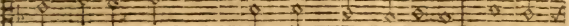
3. Il voit le juſte, il le ſonde, il l'approuve; Mais l'homme inique eſt ſon averſion,

Et

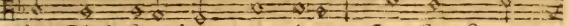
Et jamais grace auprès de lui ne trouve.



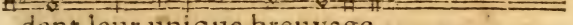
Sur les méchans, pour leur punition, On



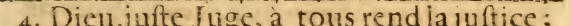
verra fondre un foudroyant orage; Le feu



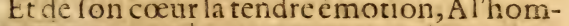
du Ciel sera leur portion, Le soufre ar-



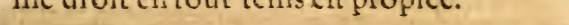
dent leur unique breuvage.



4. Dieu, juste Juge, à tous rend la justice;

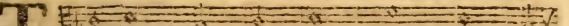


Et de son cœur la tendre émotion, A l'hom-

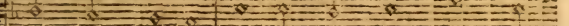


me droit en tout tems est propice.

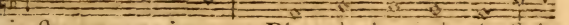
PSEAUME XII.



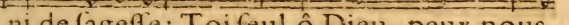
Tens-nous la main, Seigneur, le



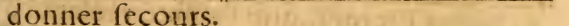
mal nous presse; On ne voit plus d'homme



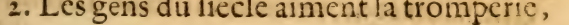
juste en nos jours; Plus de bonté, de foi



ni de sagesse: Toi seul, ô Dieu, peux nous

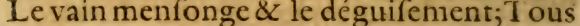


donner secours.



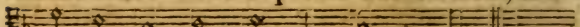
2. Les gens du siécle aiment la tromperie,

Le vain menſonge & le déguiſement; Tous

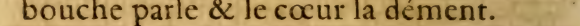


leurs diſcours ſont pleins de flatterie ; La

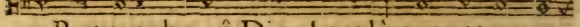
bouche parle & le cœur la dément.



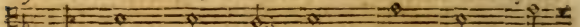
3. Retranche, ô Dieu! ces lèvres attrayan-



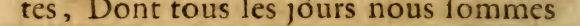
tes, Dont tous les jours nous ſommes



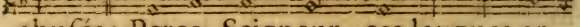
abuſés ; Perce, Seigneur, ces langues ar-



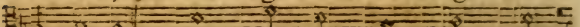
rogantes, Dont tous les jours nous ſom-



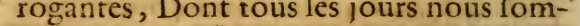
mes mépriſés.



4. Non, diſent-ils, nous n'avons rien à

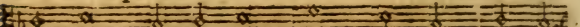


craindre ; Par nos diſcours nous l'empor-

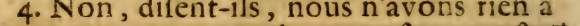


tons ſur tous : Eſt-il quelqu'un qui nous

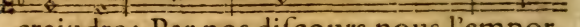
puiſſe contraindre? Parlons, mentons,



nos langues ſont à nous.

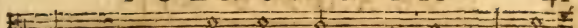


5. Mais l'Eternel, que l'affligé réclame,

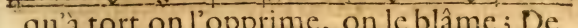


Crie à ſon tour, je me réveillerai, Je ſçais

qu'à

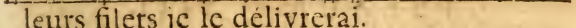


qu'à tort on l'opprime, on le blâme ; De

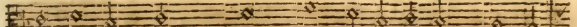


leurs filets je le délivrerai.

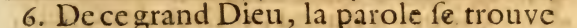
6. De ce grand Dieu, la parole se trouve



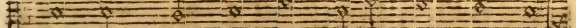
Constamment pure, & pures sont ses loix,



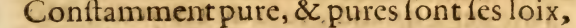
Comme l'argent lorsque le feu l'éprouve,



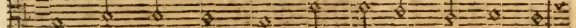
Ou qu'on l'affine au fourneau par sept fois.



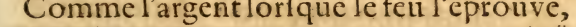
7. Ton peuple, ô Dieu! gémit dans la



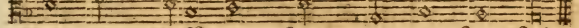
souffrance : Montre-toi donc plus facile



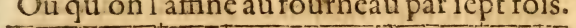
à nos vœux ; Et, réprimant une juste li-



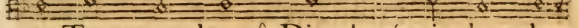
cence, Prens soin de nous dans ces tems



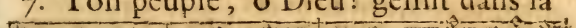
malheureux.



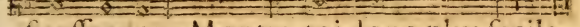
8. Tu vois, Seigneur, que les méchans



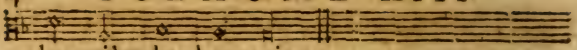
dominent ; Ils sont par-tout, la force



est en leurs mains ; Les plus abjets contre

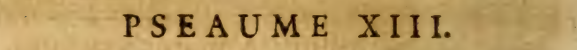


nous se mutinent, Et nous servons aux

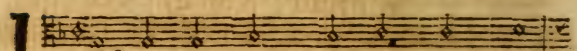


plus vils des humains.

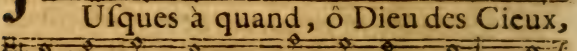
PSEAUME XIII.



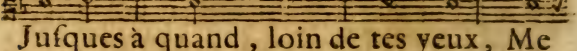
JUſques à quand, ô Dieu des Cieux,



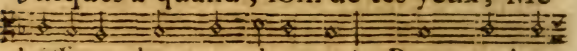
Juſques à quand, loin de tes yeux, Me



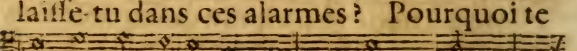
laiſſe-tu dans ces alarmes? Pourquoi te



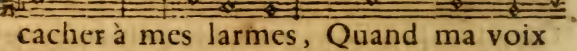
cacher à mes larmes, Quand ma voix



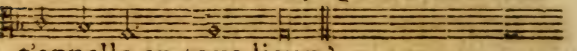
t'appelle en tous lieux?



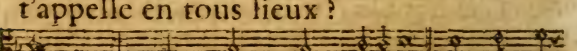
2. Faut-il que mon cœur agité, Et nuit&



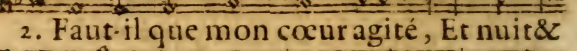
jour, ſoit tourmenté? Qu'à mes vœux tout



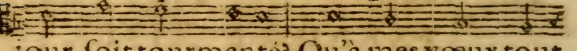
ſemble contraire? Faut-il qu'un cruel ad-



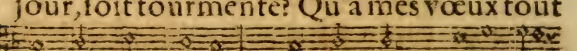
verſaire, S'élève avec tant de fierté?



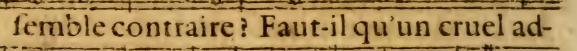
3. Grand Dieu! j'implore ton ſecours; De



mes maux arrête le cours; Exauce mon



humble prière; Fais luire ſur moi ta lu-

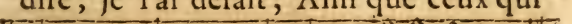


mière, Ou la mort va trancher mes jours.

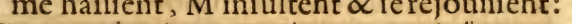
4. De

4. De cet orgueilleux, le ſouhait Eſt de

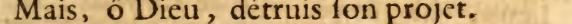
dire, je l'ai défait; Afin que ceux qui



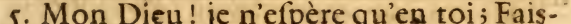
me haïſſent, M'inſultent & ſe réjouiſſent:



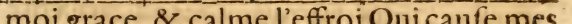
Mais, ô Dieu, détruis ſon projet.



5. Mon Dieu! je n'eſpère qu'en toi; Fais-



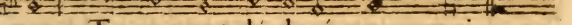
moi grace, & calme l'effroi Qui cauſe mes



peines étranges: Et je chanterai tes louan-

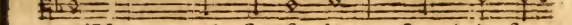
ges, Te voyant déclaré pour moi.

PSEAUME XIV.

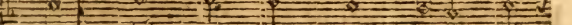


L'Homme inſenſé dit au fond de ſon

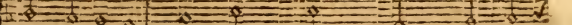
cœur, Que Dieu n'eſt point; cette pen-



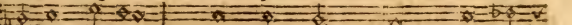
ſée impie Corrompt ſes mœurs & dé-



règle ſa vie: Que d'eſprits vains ſuivent

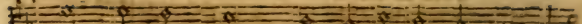


avec fureur, La même erreur!

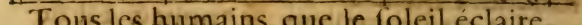


2. Le Tout-puiſſant a regardé des Cieux,

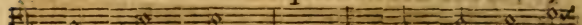
tous



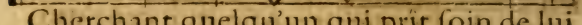
Tous les humains que le soleil éclaire,



Cherchant quelqu'un qui prît soin de lui

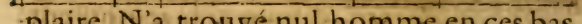


plaire, N'a trouvé nul homme en ces bas



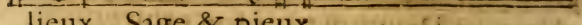
lieux, Sage & pieux.

3. Car, après tout, il a vu que chacun

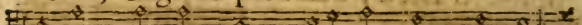


S'étoit souillé des ordures du vice; Ce

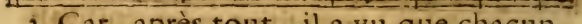
n'est par-tout que fraude & qu'injustice:



Nul n'est exempt de ce défaut commun,



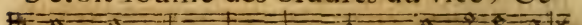
Non pas même un.



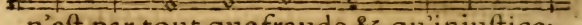
4. Privés de sens, ils mépriſent mes loix,

Dit le Seigneur, & jamais ils ne chan-

gent; Comme le pain, mon pauvre peu-



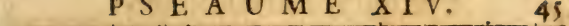
ple, ils mangent, Loin d'élever & leurs



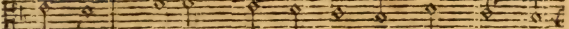
cœurs & leurs voix, Au Roi des Rois.

5. Mais, tôt ou tard, les méchans trem-

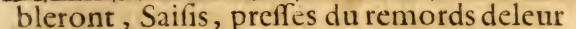
bleront,



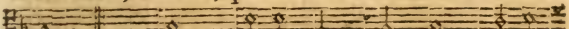
bleront, Saisis, presses du remords de leur



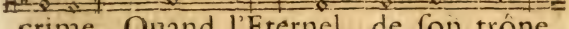
crime, Quand l'Eternel, de son trône



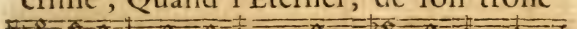
sublime, Exaucera ceux qui l'invoque-



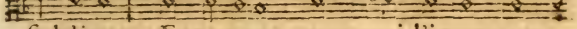
ront Et l'aimeront.



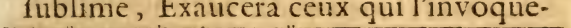
6. Ah! malheureux! vous vous étudiez



A vous moquer de l'intention pure,



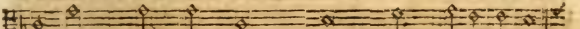
Que donne aux bons l'Auteur de la na-



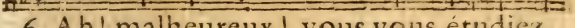
ture; Et, les voyant sur lui seul appuyés,

Vous en riez.

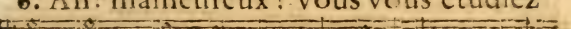
7. Mais quand, hélas! quand de Sion



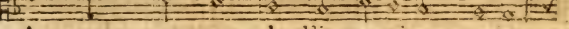
viendra L'Auteur divin de notre déli-



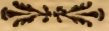
vrance, Qui d'Israël finira la souffrance?



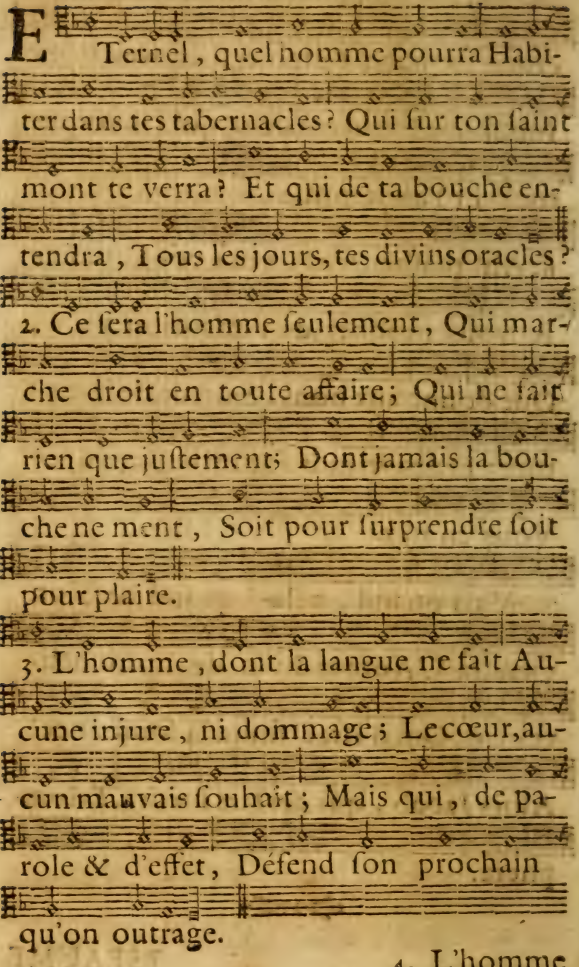
Alors Jacob, qui des fers sortira, Triom-



phera.



PSEAUME XV.

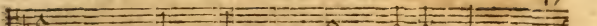


ETernel, quel homme pourra Habiter dans tes tabernacles? Qui sur ton saint mont te verra? Et qui de ta bouche entendra, Tous les jours, tes divins oracles?

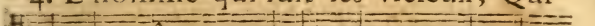
2. Ce sera l'homme seulement, Qui marche droit en toute affaire; Qui ne fait rien que justement; Dont jamais la bouche ne ment, Soit pour surprendre soit pour plaire.

3. L'homme, dont la langue ne fait Aucune injure, ni dommage; Le cœur, aucun mauvais souhait; Mais qui, de parole & d'effet, Défend son prochain qu'on outrage.

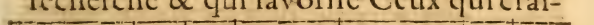
4. L'homme



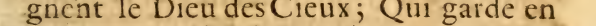
4. L'homme qui fuit les vicieux, Qui



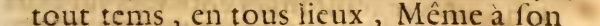
recherche & qui favorise Ceux qui crai-



gnent le Dieu des Cieux; Qui garde en

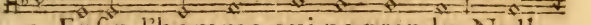


tout tems, en tous lieux, Même à son

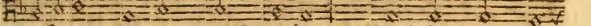


dam, la foi promise.

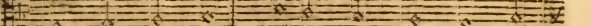
5. Enfin, l'homme qui ne prendra Nulle



usure de ce qu'il prête, Qui jamais le

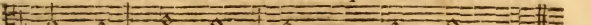


droit ne vendra. Celui qui ce chemin



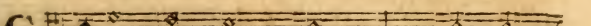
tiendra, Ne trouvera rien qui l'arrête.

PSEAUME XVI.

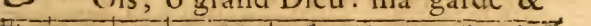


S Ois, ô grand Dieu! ma garde &

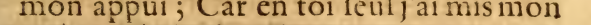
mon appui; Car en toi seul j'ai mis mon



espérance. Et toi, mon ame, à toute heure

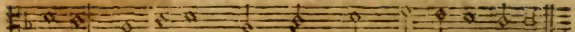


dis-lui: Je me soumets, Seigneur, à ta

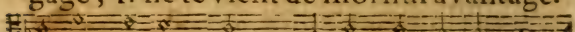


puissance; Et toutefois, à quoi que je m'en-

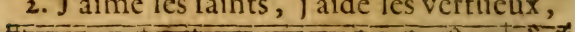
gage,



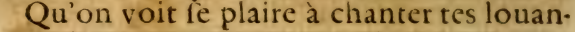
gage, Il ne te vient de moi nul avantage.



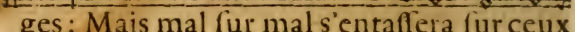
2. J'aime les saints, j'aide les vertueux,



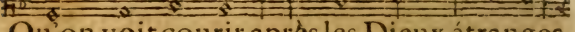
Qu'on voit se plaire à chanter tes louan-



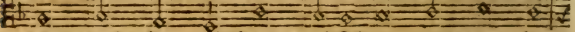
ges: Mais mal sur mal s'entassera sur ceux



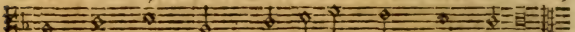
Qu'on voit courir après les Dieux étranges.



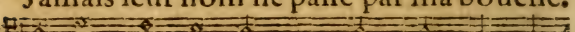
Ma main jamais leurs victimes ne touche;



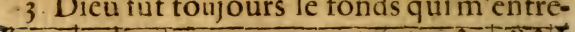
Jamais leur nom ne passe par ma bouche.



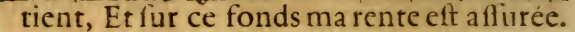
3. Dieu fut toujours le fonds qui m'entre-



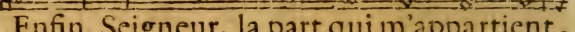
tient, Et sur ce fonds ma rente est assurée.



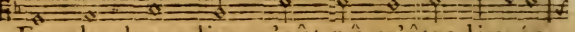
Enfin, Seigneur, la part qui m'appartient,



En plus beau lieu n'eût pû m'être livrée.

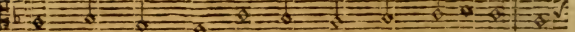


Le meilleur lot de ton riche héritage, Par



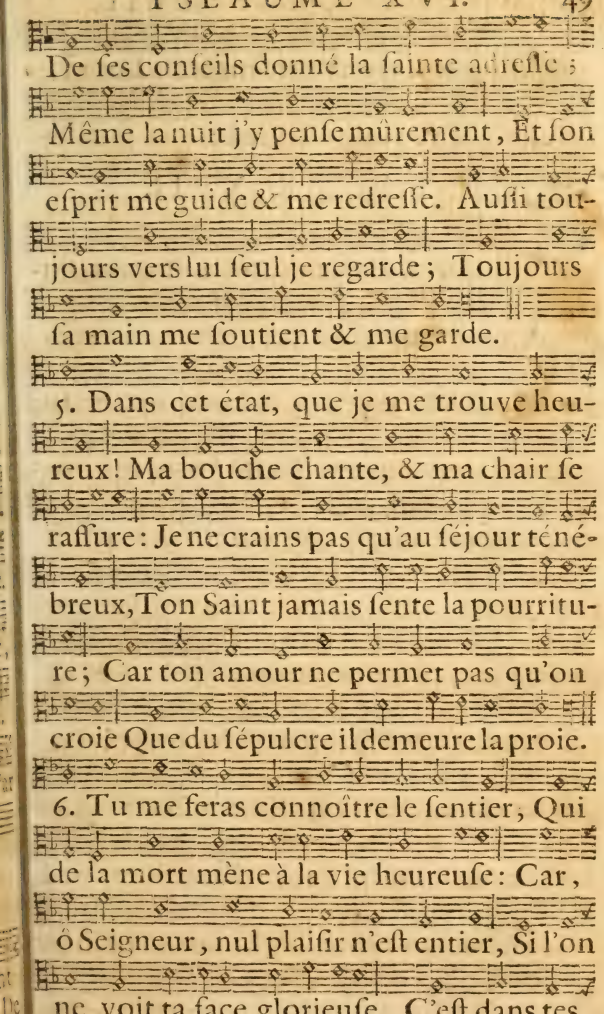
ta bonté, se trouve en mon partage.

PAUSE.



4. Bénit soit Dieu, qui m'a si sagement

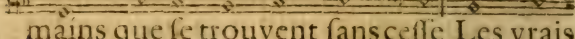
De



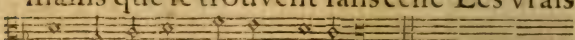
De ſes conſeils donné la ſainte adreſſe ;
Même la nuit j'y penſe mûrement, Et ſon
eſprit me guide & me redreſſe. Auſſi tou-
jours vers lui ſeul je regarde ; Toujours
ſa main me ſoutient & me garde.

5. Dans cet état, que je me trouve heu-
reux! Ma bouche chante, & ma chair ſe
raſſure : Je ne crains pas qu'au ſéjour téné-
breux, Ton Saint jamais ſente la pourritu-
re ; Car ton amour ne permet pas qu'on
croie Que du ſépulcre il demeure la proie.

6. Tu me feras connoître le ſentier, Qui
de la mort mène à la vie heureuſe : Car,
ô Seigneur, nul plaiſir n'eſt entier, Si l'on
ne voit ta face glorieuſe. C'eſt dans tes

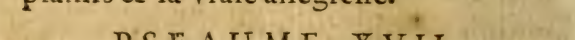


mains que ſe trouvent ſans ceſſe Les vrais

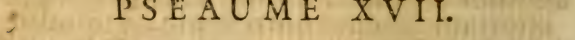


plaiſirs & la vraie allegreſſe.

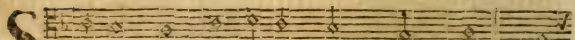
PSEAUME XVII.



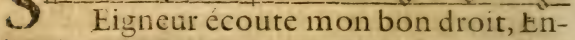
SEigneur écoute mon bon droit, En-



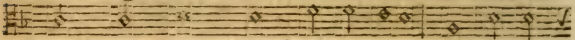
tends ma voix, lorſque je crie : Exauce-



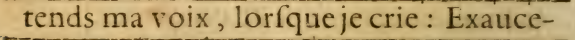
moi, quand je te prie D'un eſprit humble



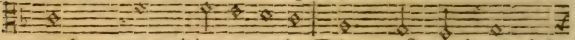
& d'un cœur droit. Grand Dieu, qui con-



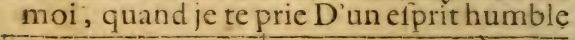
nois toute choſe, Prononce enfin ton



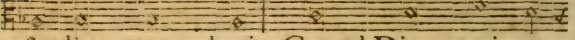
jugement, Et jette les yeux ſeulement



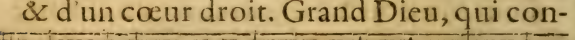
ſur la juſtice de ma cauſe.



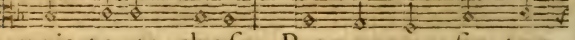
2. N'as-tu pas éprouvé mon cœur, La



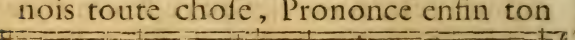
nuit même au lit où je couche? Il eſt d'ac-



cord avec ma bouche: Tu l'as ainſi trouvé,

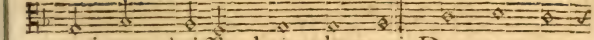


Seigneur. Quoique les hommes puiſſent

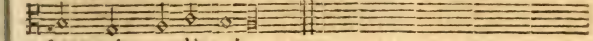


faire, Je veux toujours ſuivre ta loi, Et

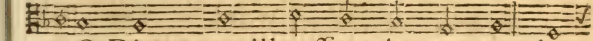
toujours



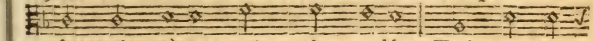
toujours laiſſer loin de moi, Des pervers



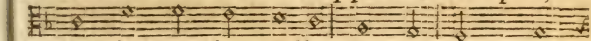
la voie ordinaire.



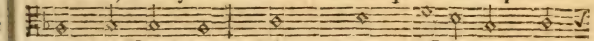
3. O Dieu, veuille affermir mes pas Au



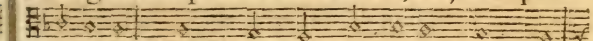
chemin où ta voix m'appelle; Fais que ja-



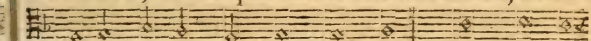
mais je n'y chancelle, Et que mes pieds



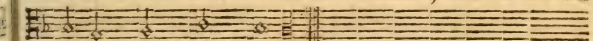
ne gliſſent pas! Mon Dieu, ſi je te prie



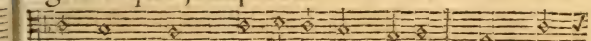
encore, C'eſt que tu m'exauces toujours:



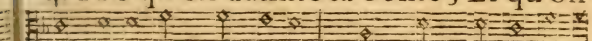
Prête l'oreille à mes diſcours; Car c'eſt ta



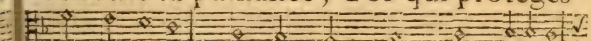
grace que j'implore.



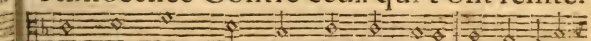
4. Fais qu'on admire ta bonté, Et qu'on



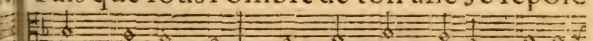
redoute ta puiſſance; Toi qui protéges



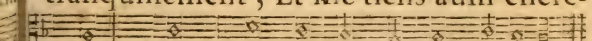
l'innocence Contre ceux qui t'ont réſiſté:



Fais que ſous l'ombre de ton aile Je repoſe

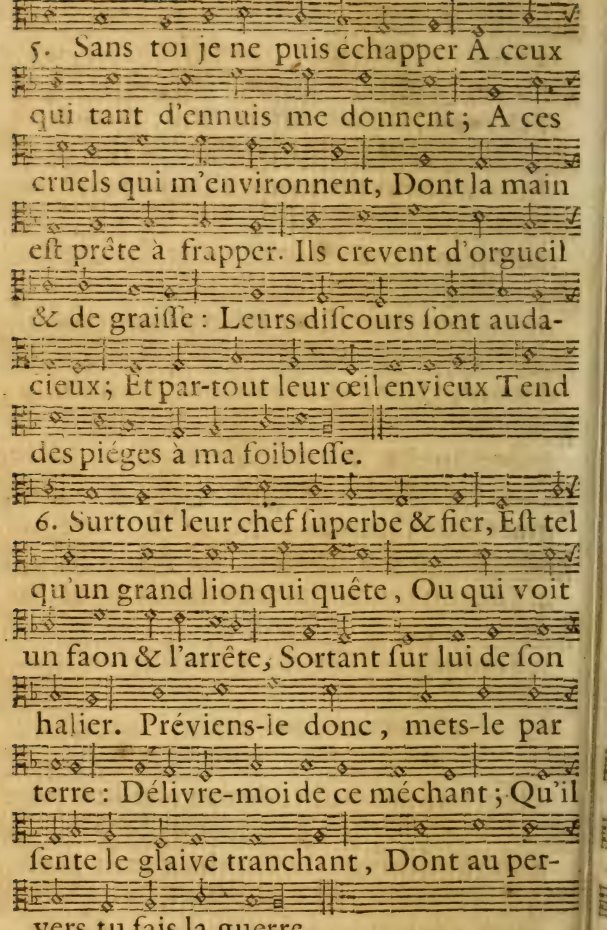


tranquillement; Et me tiens auſſi chère-



ment, Qu'on tient de ſon œil la prunelle.

PAUSE.



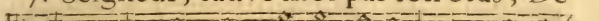
5. Sans toi je ne puis échapper A ceux qui tant d'ennuis me donnent; A ces cruels qui m'environnent, Dont la main eſt prête à frapper. Ils crevent d'orgueil & de graiſſe: Leurs diſcours ſont audacieux; Et par-tout leur œil envieux Tend des piéges à ma foibleſſe.

6. Surtout leur chef ſuperbe & fier, Eſt tel qu'un grand lion qui quête, Ou qui voit un faon & l'arrête, Sortant ſur lui de ſon halier. Préviens-le donc, mets-le par terre: Délivre-moi de ce méchant; Qu'il ſente le glaive tranchant, Dont au pervers tu fais la guerre.

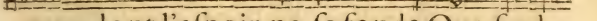
7. Seigneur

7. Seigneur, ſauve-moi par ton bras, De

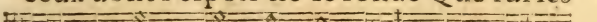
ceux dont l'eſpoir ne ſe fonde Que ſur les



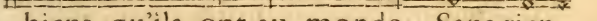
biens qu'ils ont au monde, Sans rien



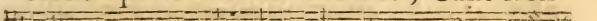
craindre après le trépas. Leurs cœurs na-



gent dans les délices: Tout ſemble répon-

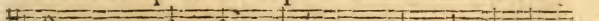


dre à leurs vœux; Leurs enfans même ont

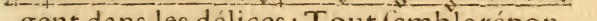


après eux, Leur abondance avec leurs vices.

8. Mais moi, dans un éclat nouveau, Je

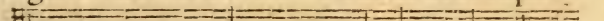


jouirai de ta préſence, Quand, paré de

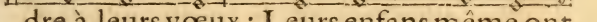


mon innocence, Je me lèverai du tombeau.

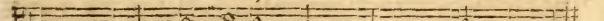
PSEAUME XVIII.



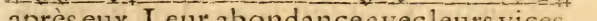
JE t'aimerai, Seigneur, d'un amour



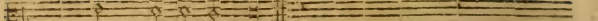
tendre, Toi, dont le bras me ſçut ſi bien



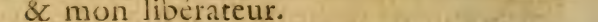
défendre. Dieu fut toujours mon fort,



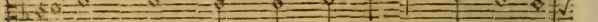
mon protecteur, Ma tour, ma roche



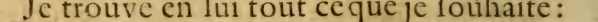
& mon libérateur.



Je trouve en lui tout ce que je souhaite:



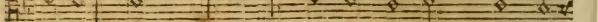
C'est mon bouclier, mon salut, ma re-



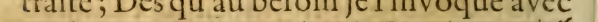
traite; Dès qu'au besoin je l'invoque avec

foi, Des ennemis délivré je me vois.

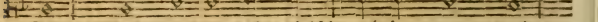
Tels qu'un torrent, ils pensoient me sur-



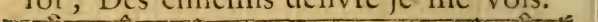
prendre; Cent fois la mort ses filets me



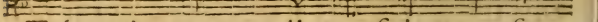
vint tendre, Et tous les jours quelque



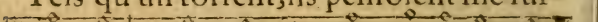
péril nouveau, Me conduisoit sur le



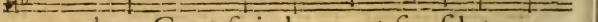
bord du tombeau.



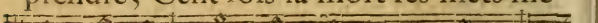
2. Dans cet effroi le grand Dieu que j'a-



dore, Me vient donner le secours que j'im-



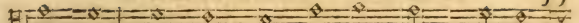
plore; Et de son trône écoutant mes sou-



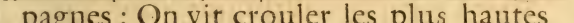
pirs, Se laisse vaincre à mes justes desirs.

Soudain par-tout tremblèrent les cam-

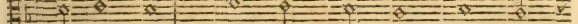
pagnes:



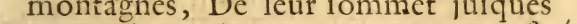
pagnes : On vit crouler les plus hautes



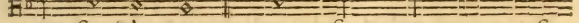
montagnes, De leur ſommet juſques



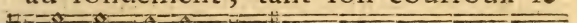
au fondement, tant ſon courroux ſe



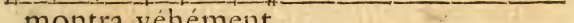
montra véhément.



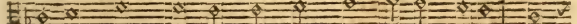
3. De tous côtés s'épandoit la fumée, Qui



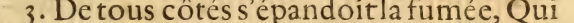
s'exhaloit de ſa bouche enflâmée : Il en



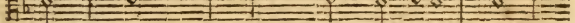
ſortoit des charbons embraſés, Qui con-



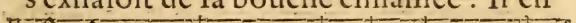
ſumoient tous les lieux oppoſés. Le ciel



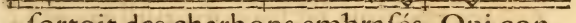
s'abaiſſe : il y fait ouverture ; L'air ſous



ſes pieds forme une nuit obſcure : En-

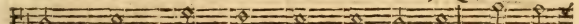


vironné de Chérubins volans, Il eſt

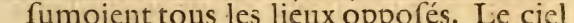


porté ſur les aîles des vents.

PAUSE I.

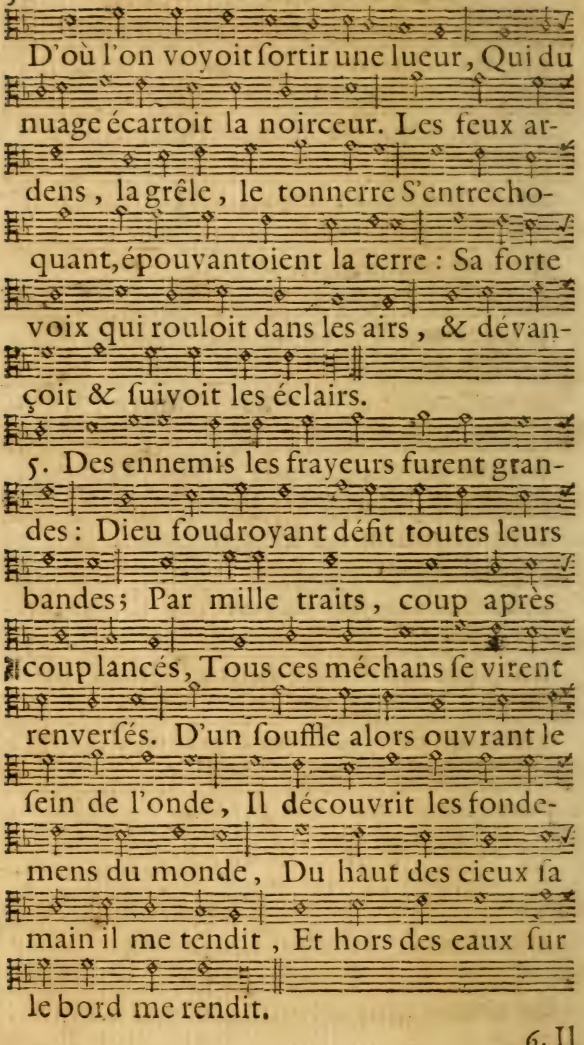


4. Il ſe couvroit des plus épaiſſes nues,



Comme une tente autour de lui tendues ;

D'où



D'où l'on voyoit sortir une lueur, Qui du
nuage écartoit la noirceur. Les feux ar-
dens, la grêle, le tonnerre S'entrecho-
quant, épouvantoient la terre : Sa forte
voix qui rouloit dans les airs, & dévan-
çoit & suivoit les éclairs.
5. Des ennemis les frayeurs furent gran-
des : Dieu foudroyant défit toutes leurs
bandes; Par mille traits, coup après
coup lancés, Tous ces méchans se virent
renversés. D'un souffle alors ouvrant le
sein de l'onde, Il découvrit les fonde-
mens du monde, Du haut des cieux sa
main il me tendit, Et hors des eaux sur
le bord me rendit.

6. Il a frappé mes plus fiers adverſaires,

Et diſſipé tous les partis contraires: Ses

yeux perçans ont prévu mon danger; Sa

main puiſſante a ſçu m'en dégager. J'étois

preſſé; mais le Seigneur qui m'aime,

M'a ſecouru dans mon angoiſſe extrême.

Dieu, de mes mains voyant la pureté,

Me rend enfin ſelon mon équité.

7. Il ſe ſouvient que, malgré mes diſgra-

ces, De ſes ſentiers je ſuis toujours les

traces; Qu'avec ardeur je m'attache à ſa

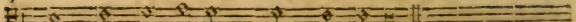
Loi; Que ſa parole eſt l'objet de ma foi.

Toujours ſoumis à ſa volonté ſainte, Je

fuis le mal, & je marche en ſa crainte;

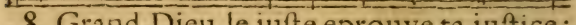
Et le Seigneur qui voit ma pureté, Me

rend

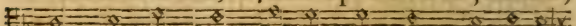


rend enfin ſelon mon équité.

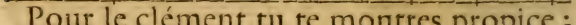
PAUSE II.



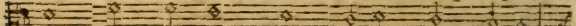
8. Grand Dieu, le juſte eprouve ta juſtice;



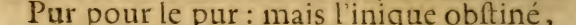
Pour le clément tu te montres propice;



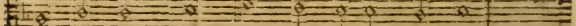
Pur pour le pur: mais l'inique obſtiné,



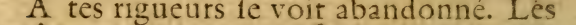
A tes rigueurs ſe voit abandonné. Les



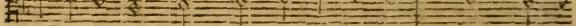
affligés jamais tu ne délaiſſes; Des or-



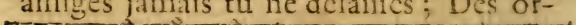
gueilleux le ſourcil tu rabaiſſes. Tu



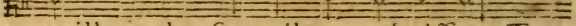
m'as tiré de la nuit de mes maux; Et ta



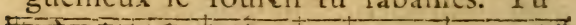
lumiére adoucit mes travaux.



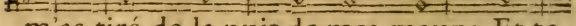
9. Par ton ſecours je gagne les batailles;



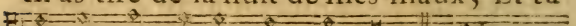
Par ton ſecours je force les murailles: Ta



providence eſt un guide aſſuré, Et ta pa-



role eſt de l'or épuré; C'eſt le rempart,



c'eſt la forte défenſe, De ceux qui n'ont

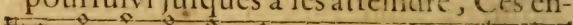
qu'en

qu'en toi leur eſpérance. Quel Dieu ſem-
blable au nôtre ſe peut voir ? Et quelle
force égale ſon pouvoir ?

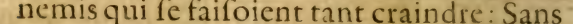
10. C'eſt l'Eternel qui ſoutient ma foi-
bleſſe, Dans les chemins où ſa clarté m'a-
dreſſe : Aux pieds des cerfs il rend les
miens égaux, Et m'affermit ſur les lieux
les plus hauts. De lui ma main tient ſon
adreſſe exquiſe ; Par lui ſans peine un arc
d'acier je briſe. Il me protége en mon ad-
verſité ; Il me ſoulage en mon infirmité.

11. Tant de faveurs que ſa bonté m'envoie,
Hauſſant mon rang, élargiſſent ma voie :
Il applanit mon chemin ſous mes pas ; Et
déſormais mes pieds ne gliſſent pas. J'ai
pourſuivi

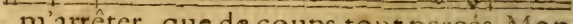
pourſuivi juſques à les atteindre, Ces en-



nemis qui ſe faiſoient tant craindre: Sans

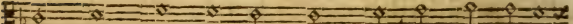


m'arrêter, que de coups tout percés, Mon

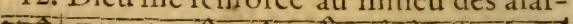


bras vengeur ne les eût terraſſés.

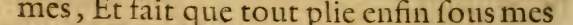
PAUSE III.



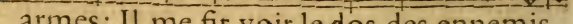
12. Dieu me renforce au milieu des alar-



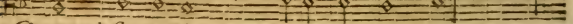
mes, Et fait que tout plie enfin ſous mes



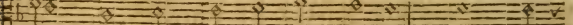
armes: Il me fit voir le dos des ennemis,



Quand ſa colère en fuite les eut mis. Ils ont

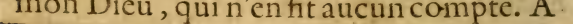


crié: mais en vain à leur honte, Même à

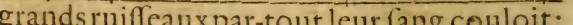


mon Dieu, qui n'en fit aucun compte. A

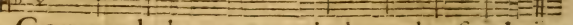
grands ruiſſeaux par-tout leur ſang couloit:



Comme la boue aux pieds on les fouloit.

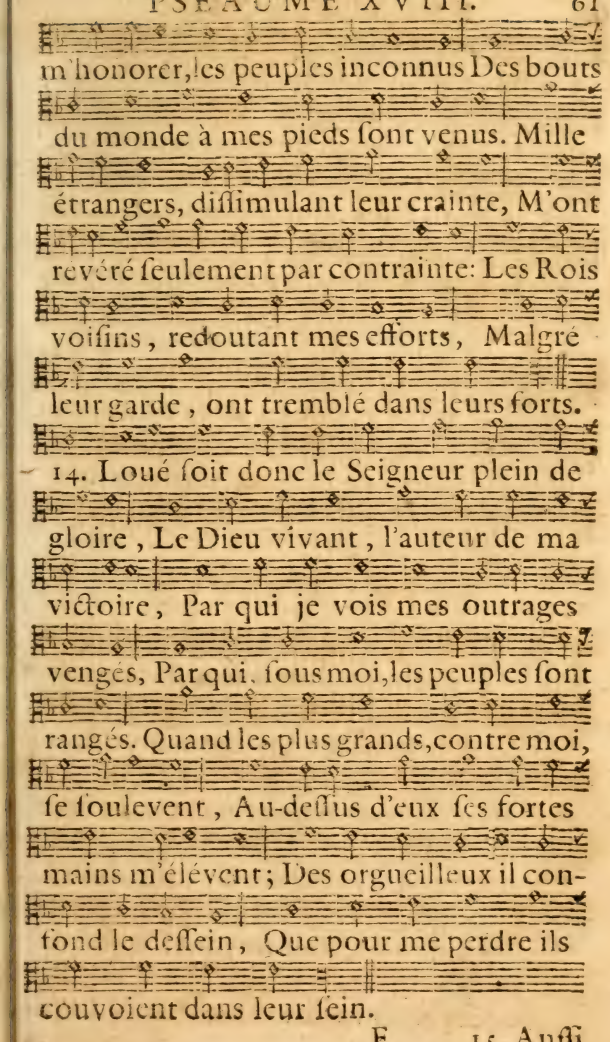


13. Il m'a ſauvé des fureurs populaires; Il



m'a rendu les Princes tributaires. Pour

m'honorer,



m'honorer, les peuples inconnus Des bouts du monde à mes pieds ſont venus. Mille étrangers, diſſimulant leur crainte, M'ont revéré ſeulement par contrainte: Les Rois voiſins, redoutant mes efforts, Malgré leur garde, ont tremblé dans leurs forts.

14. Loué ſoit donc le Seigneur plein de gloire, Le Dieu vivant, l'auteur de ma victoire, Par qui je vois mes outrages vengés, Par qui, ſous moi, les peuples ſont rangés. Quand les plus grands, contre moi, ſe ſoulevent, Au-deſſus d'eux ſes fortes mains m'élévent; Des orgueilleux il confond le deſſein, Que pour me perdre ils couvoient dans leur ſein.

15. Auſſi toujours, juſqu'aux climats etran-
ges, Ma voix, Seigneur, portera tes louan-
ges. Je bénis Dieu, qui, pour ſon Roi, fait
voir Les hauts effets d'un merveilleux pou-
voir. Il a ſauvé, par ſa faveur immenſe,
David, ſon Oint, l'objet de ſa clémence;
Et pour jamais ce Dieu de verité, Sera le
Dieu de ſa poſterité.

PSEAUME XIX.

LEs cieux, en chaque lieu, De la gloire
de Dieu inſtruiſent les humains. Dans
leur immenſe tour, Ils prêchent tour à tour
Les œuvres de ſes mains. Le jour qui va
devant, inſtruit le jour ſuivant Par ſon ex-
périence; & de même la nuit, A celle qui
la

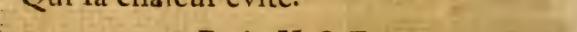
la suit, Fait part de sa science.

2. Oui, toute nation, Sans autre instruction, Aux plus sauvages lieux, Peut discerner le son Et la docte leçon Du langage des cieux. Cette leçon s'apprend; Ce langage s'entend Sur la terre & sur l'onde; Surtout quand le soleil, Sous ce dais sans pareil, Vient se montrer au monde.

3. Tel qu'un nouvel époux, Qu'on voit riant & doux, Quand de sa chambre il sort: Tel qu'un Prince fameux, Qui, sur un char pompeux, paroit brillant & fort. D'un jour à l'autre jour, Du monde il fait le tour, Tant il court juste & vite: Cet astre glorieux Ne voit rien sous les cieux

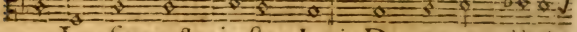
Qui ſa chaleur évite.

PAUSE.

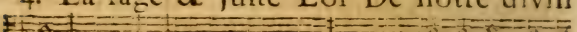


4. La ſage & juſte Loi De notre divin

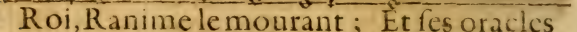
Roi, Ranime le mourant ; Et ſes oracles



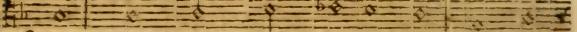
ſaints, Toujours clairs & certains, Inſtrui-



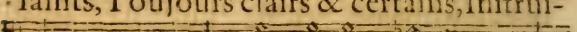
ſent l'ignorant. Que de ce Roi des Rois



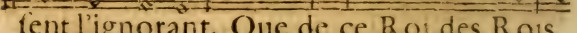
Les jugemens ſont droits ! Le cœur ils ré-



jouiſſent : Ses conſeils précieux Illuminent

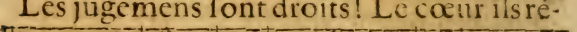


les yeux De ceux qui les chériſſent.

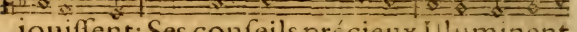


5. La crainte du Seigneur Aſſure leur

bonheur A perpétuité : Tous ſes comman-

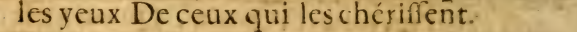


demens Et tous ſes réglemens Sont rem-



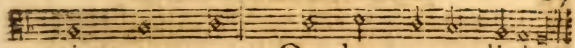
plis d'équité. C'eſt un riche tréſor, Plus

précieux que l'or Qu'au creuſet on affine ;

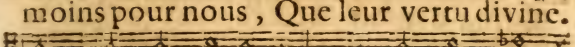


Et le miel le plus doux L'eſt beaucoup

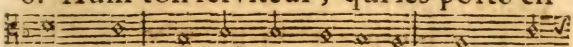
moins



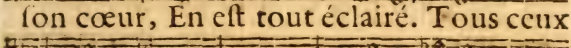
moins pour nous, Que leur vertu divine.



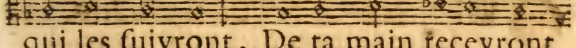
6. Auſſi ton ſerviteur, qui les porte en



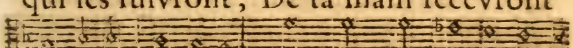
ſon cœur, En eſt tout éclairé. Tous ceux



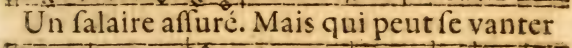
qui les ſuivront, De ta main recevront



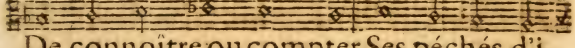
Un ſalaire aſſuré. Mais qui peut ſe vanter



De connoître ou compter Ses péchés d'i-

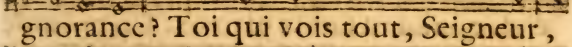


gnorance? Toi qui vois tout, Seigneur,

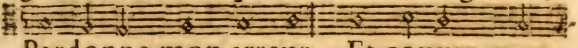


Pardonne mon erreur, Et couvre mon

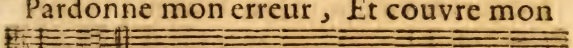
offenſe.



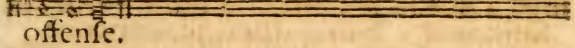
7. Que tous ces grands forfaits, Qui par



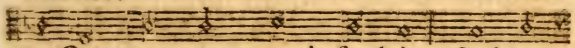
fierté ſont faits, Ne régnent point en



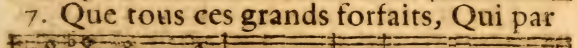
moi. Alors par ta bonté, Dans mon inté-



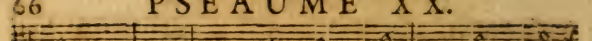
grité, Je vivrai ſans effroi: Ma bouche ne



dira, Mon cœur ne penſera; On ne me



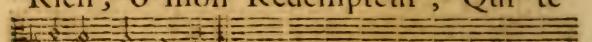
verra faire Rien, ô Dieu, mon Sauveur,



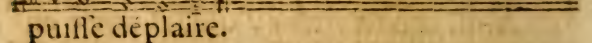
Rien, ô mon Rédempteur, Qui te

puisse déplaire.

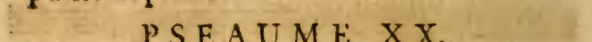
PSEAUME XX.



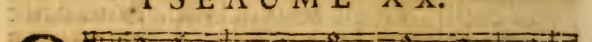
QUe le Seigneur tes vœux entende,



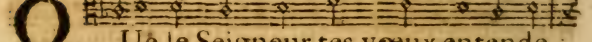
Dans ta nécessité; Que son puissant nom



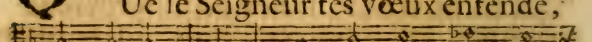
te défende dans ton adversité; Que du



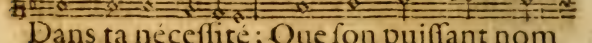
ciel, quand tu fais ta plainte, Un prompt



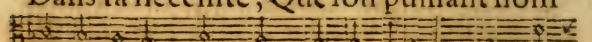
secours te vienne; Que de Sion, sa mai-



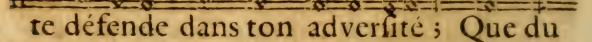
son sainte, Notre Dieu te soutienne.



2. Que tous tes dons & tes services Soient

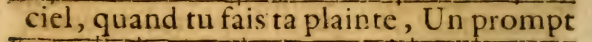


présens à ses yeux; Qu'il fasse sur tes sa-

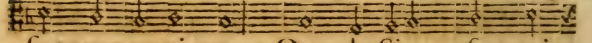


crifices Tomber son feux des cieux; Que

par des succès salutaires, Tels que tu les



demandes, Il rende heureuses tes affaires,

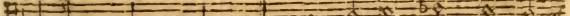


Et petites & grandes.

3. Dieu

3. Dieu veuille exaucer tes prières ; Et

notre camp joyeux Déploira toutes ſes



bannières, & ſon nom glorieux : Le voilà,

ce Dieu favorable, Qui montre au Roi

ſa face, Et qui, par ſa main ſecourable,

le ſauve de diſgrace.

4. L'un en ſes chars a confiance, Et l'autre

en ſes chevaux ; Mais nous implorons ta

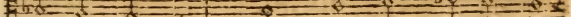
puiſſance, Seigneur, en tous nos maux.

Auſſi voyons-nous abolie Leur vanité ſi

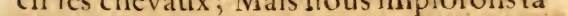
fière, Et notre force rétablie, Et ſa gloire

prémière.

5. O grand Dieu, veuille nous défendre ;



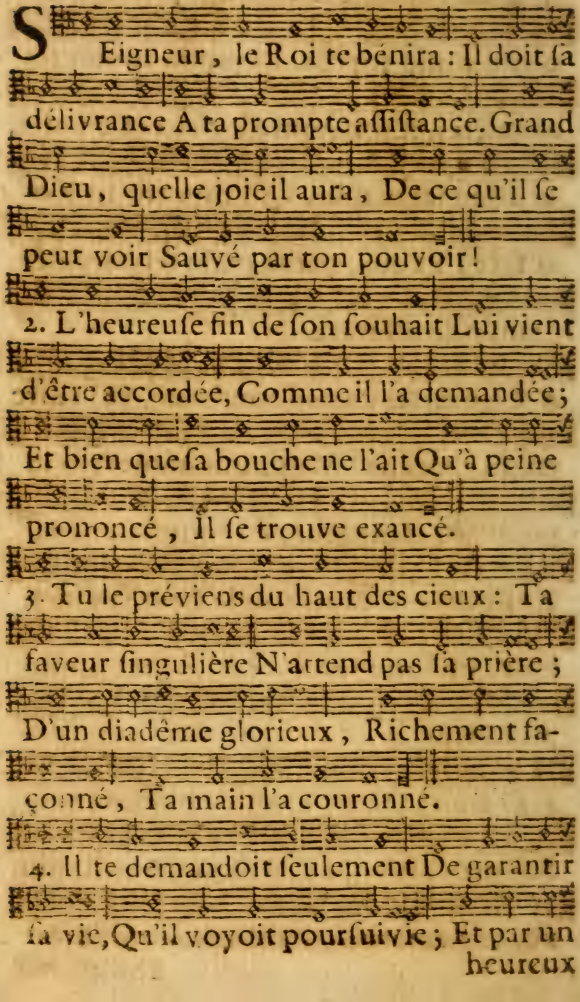
Seigneur, fais que le Roi puiſſe au beſoin



nos cris entendre, Et calmer notre effroi.

PSEAUME

PSEAUME XXI.

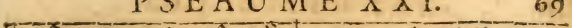


SEigneur, le Roi te bénira : Il doit sa délivrance A ta prompte assistance. Grand Dieu, quelle joie il aura, De ce qu'il se peut voir Sauvé par ton pouvoir!

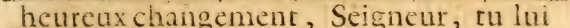
2. L'heureuse fin de son souhait Lui vient d'être accordée, Comme il l'a demandée; Et bien que sa bouche ne l'ait Qu'à peine prononcé, Il se trouve exaucé.

3. Tu le préviens du haut des cieux : Ta faveur singulière N'attend pas sa prière; D'un diadême glorieux, Richement façonné, Ta main l'a couronné.

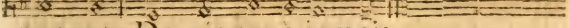
4. Il te demandoit seulement De garantir sa vie, Qu'il voyoit poursuivie; Et par un heureux



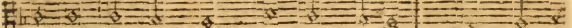
heureux changement, Seigneur, tu lui



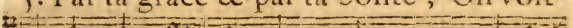
permets De régner à jamais.



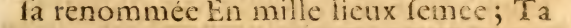
5. Par ta grace & par ta bonté, On voit



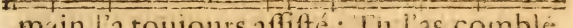
ſa renommée En mille lieux ſemée; Ta



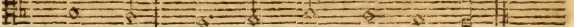
main l'a toujours aſſiſté; Tu l'as comblé



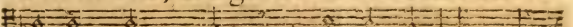
d'honneur, De gloire & de bonheur.



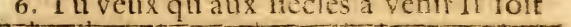
6. Tu veux qu'aux ſiécles à venir Il ſoit



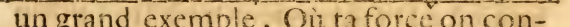
un grand exemple, Où ta force on con-



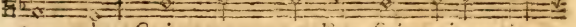
temple: Seigneur, tu l'as fait rajeunir,



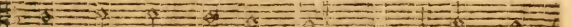
Lui donnant de tes yeux Un regard gra-



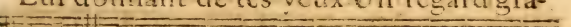
cieux.



7. Puiſque le Roi, dans tout aſſaut, Met



avec aſſurance En Dieu ſon eſpérance,

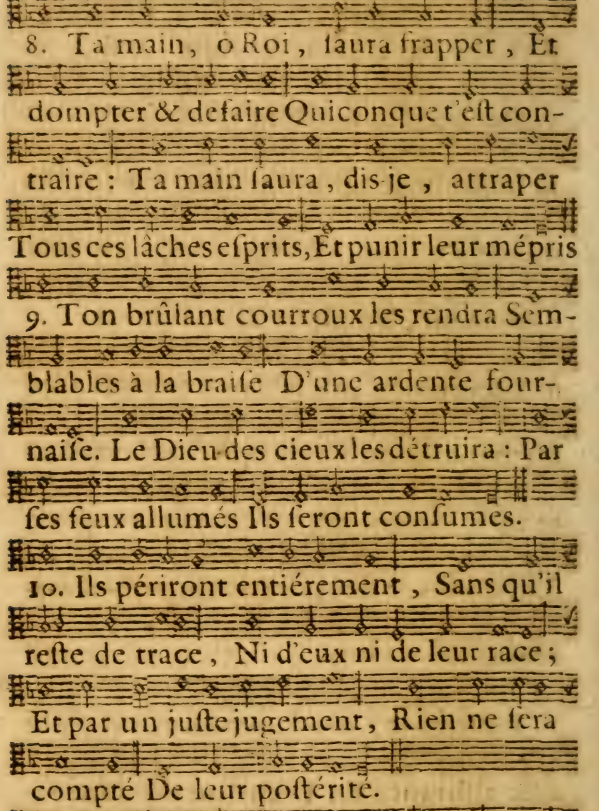


Par le ferme appui du Très-haut, Il eſt

ſûr déſormais De ne tomber jamais.

PAUSE.

PAUSE.



8. Ta main, ô Roi, saura frapper, Et dompter & defaire Quiconque t'est contraire : Ta main saura, dis-je, attraper Tous ces lâches esprits, Et punir leur mépris

9. Ton brûlant courroux les rendra Semblables à la braise D'une ardente fournaise. Le Dieu des cieux les détruira : Par ses feux allumés Ils seront consumés.

10. Ils périront entiérement, Sans qu'il reste de trace, Ni d'eux ni de leur race ; Et par un juste jugement, Rien ne sera compté De leur postérité.

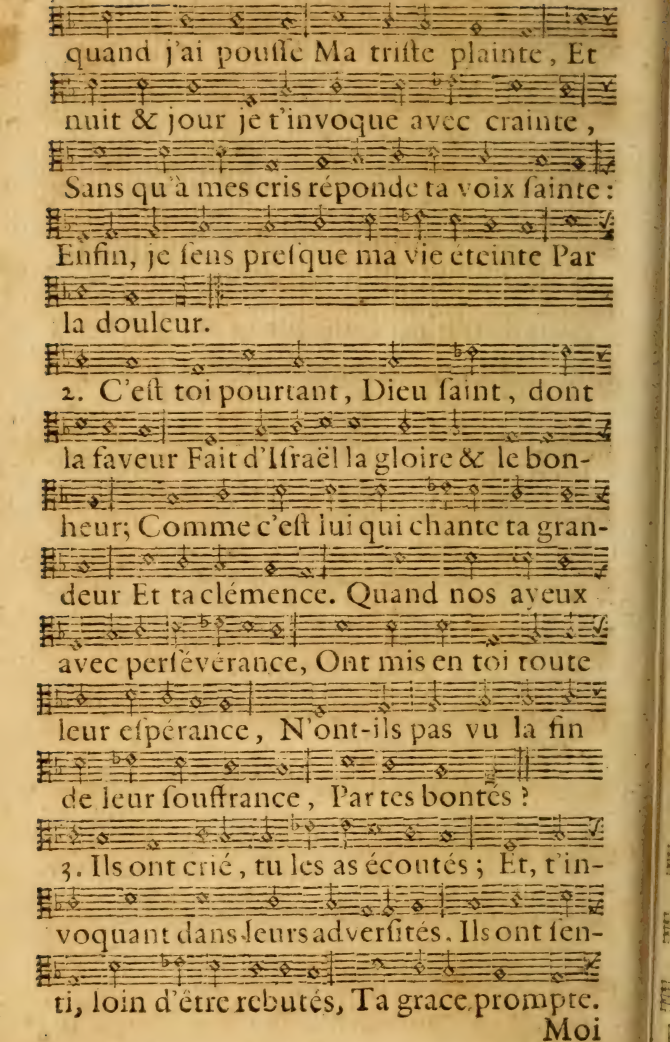
11. Ces méchans avoient entrepris, Avec trop d'insolence, D'abattre ta puissance ;

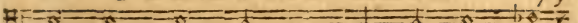
Entre

entr'eux le conſeil en fut pris; Mais leur
trop foible bras Ne l'accomplira pas.
12. La troupe de ces envieux, Qui contre
toi diſpute, A tes coups eſt en bute; Et
pour les frapper droit aux yeux, Tes traits
bien aſſurés Contr'eux ſeront tirés.
13. Viens donc, ô Dieu, viens donc, Sei-
gneur: Fais, pour notre défenſe, Eclater
tà puiſſance. Quand nous aurons eu ce
bonheur, Nous dirons a jamais La
gloire de tes faits.

PSEAUME XXII.

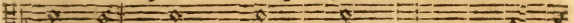
MOn Dieu, mon Dieu, pourquoi
m'as-tu laiſſé? Loin de ſecours, de mille
ennuis preſſé, Loin de ta face, hélas!
quand


quand j'ai pouſſé Ma triſte plainte, Et
nuit & jour je t'invoque avec crainte,
Sans qu'à mes cris réponde ta voix ſainte:
Enfin, je ſens preſque ma vie éteinte Par
la douleur.
2. C'eſt toi pourtant, Dieu ſaint, dont
la faveur Fait d'Iſraël la gloire & le bon-
heur; Comme c'eſt lui qui chante ta gran-
deur Et ta clémence. Quand nos ayeux
avec perſévérance, Ont mis en toi toute
leur eſpérance, N'ont-ils pas vu la fin
de leur ſouffrance, Par tes bontés?
3. Ils ont crié, tu les as écoutés; Et, t'in-
voquant dans leurs adverſités. Ils ont ſen-
ti, loin d'être rebutés, Ta grace prompte.
Moi

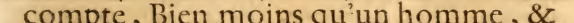


Moi, tel qu'un ver que pour un rien l'on

compte, Bien moins qu'un homme, &

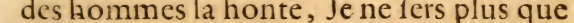


des hommes la honte, Je ne sers plus que



de fable & de conte Au peuple bas.

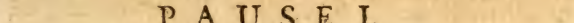
PAUSE I.



4. Chacun qui voit, Seigneur, que tu

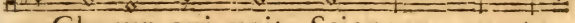
m'abas, Rit de ma peine & ne s'en cache

pas, Me montre au doigt, m'insulte à



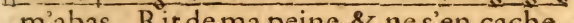
chaque pas, Hochant la tête. C'est, di-

sent-ils, c'est à Dieu qu'il s'arrête: Il fait



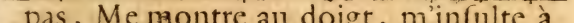
à Dieu requête sur requête: Que son

Dieu donc un prompt secours lui prête,

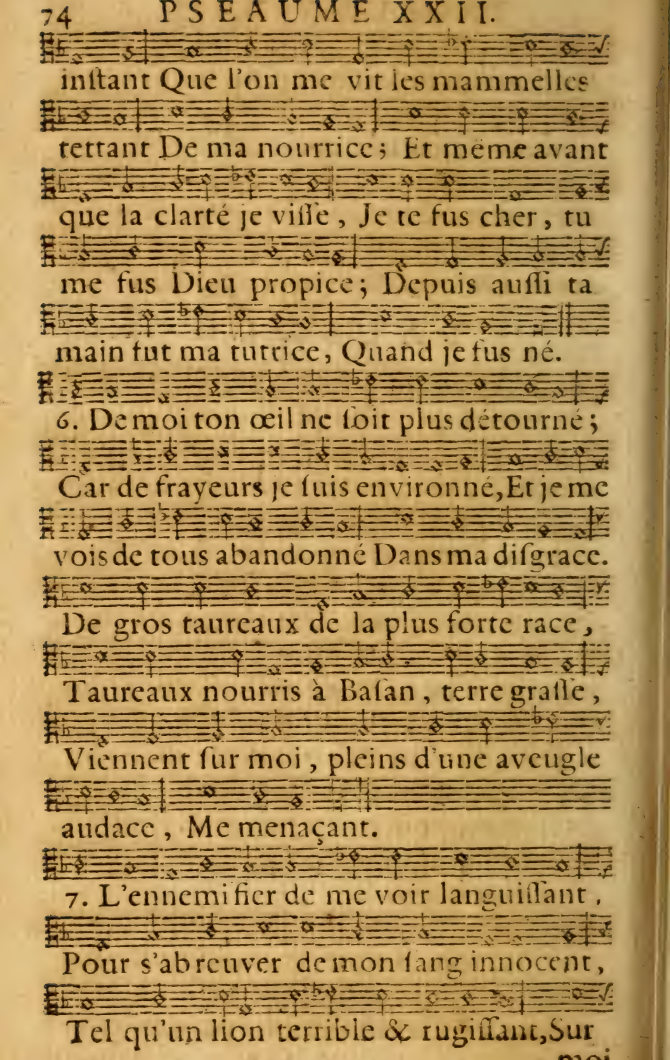


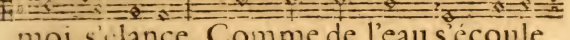
S'il l'aime tant.

5. C'est toi, Seigneur, qui m'as formé

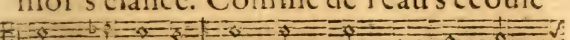


pourtant; Tu me soutins dès le premier

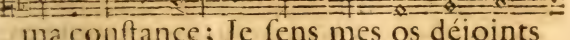

instant Que l'on me vit les mammelles
tettant De ma nourrice; Et même avant
que la clarté je visse, Je te fus cher, tu
me fus Dieu propice; Depuis aussi ta
main fut ma tutrice, Quand je fus né.
6. De moi ton œil ne soit plus détourné;
Car de frayeurs je suis environné, Et je me
vois de tous abandonné Dans ma disgrace.
De gros taureaux de la plus forte race,
Taureaux nourris à Basan, terre grasse,
Viennent sur moi, pleins d'une aveugle
audace, Me menaçant.
7. L'ennemi fier de me voir languissant,
Pour s'abreuver de mon sang innocent,
Tel qu'un lion terrible & rugissant, Sur
moi



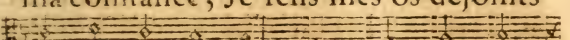
moi s'élance. Comme de l'eau s'écoule



ma conſtance; Je ſens mes os déjoints

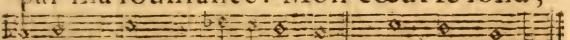


par ma ſouffrance: Mon cœur ſe fond;

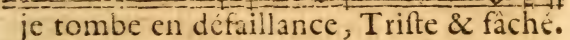


je tombe en défaillance, Triſte & fâché.

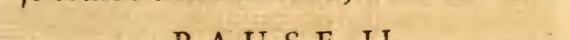
PAUSE II.



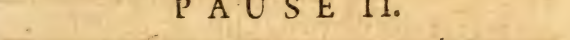
8. Mon corps n'eſt plus qu'un ſquélette



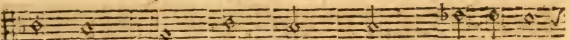
ſéché: J'ai le palais à la langue attaché;



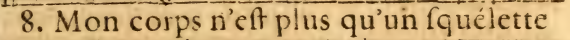
Me voilà prêt d'être au tombeau couché,



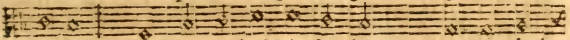
Réduit en cendre. Des chiens cruels s'a-



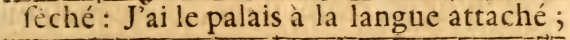
meutent pour me prendre: Leur nombre



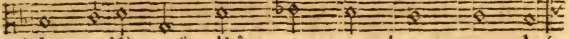
eſt grand; tu peux ſeul me défendre:



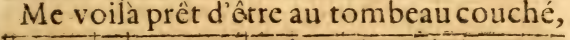
Ces furieux m'oſent percer, & fendre Et



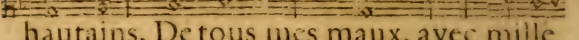
pieds & mains.



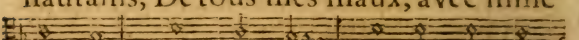
9. Je puis compter mes os ſecs & mal-



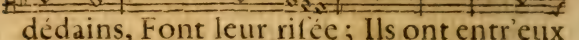
ſains: Mais ces méchans, par des regards



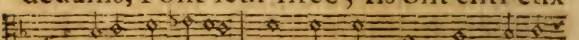
hautains, De tous mes maux, avec mille



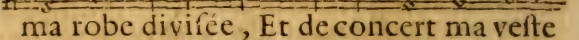
dédains, Font leur risée ; Ils ont entr'eux



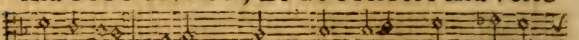
ma robe divisée, Et de concert ma veste



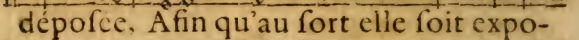
déposée. Afin qu'au sort elle soit expo-



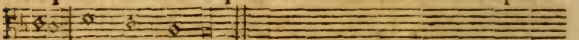
sée, A qui l'aura.



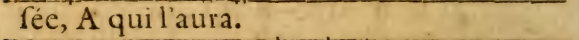
10. Le Seigneur donc de moi s'approche-



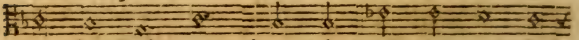
ra. Il est ma force, il me délivrera ; Et ton



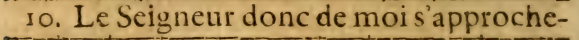
secours, ô grand Dieu, me viendra En



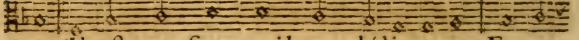
diligence. Ne permets pas que le glaive



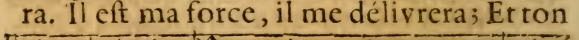
m'offense. Sauve ma vie, & foible & sans



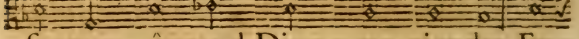
défense, Des dents du chien qui contre



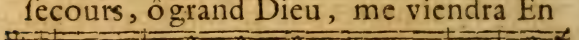
moi s'avance, Chien enragé.



11. Fais, par tes soins, que bientôt dé-

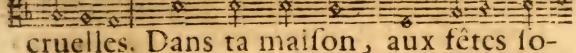


gagé Du fier lion qui me tient assiégé, Je

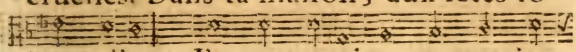


sois aussi des licornes vengé, Bêtes

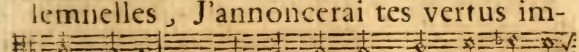
cruelles.



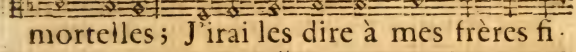
cruelles. Dans ta maiſon, aux fêtes ſo-



lemnelles, J'annoncerai tes vertus im-

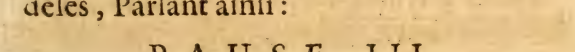


mortelles; J'irai les dire à mes frères fi-

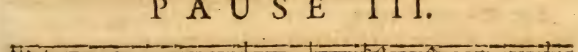


dèles, Parlant ainſi:

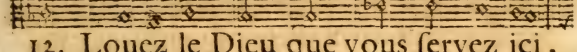
PAUSE III.



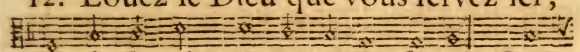
12. Louez le Dieu que vous ſervez ici,



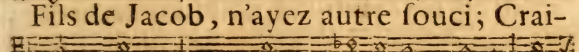
Fils de Jacob, n'ayez autre ſouci; Crai-



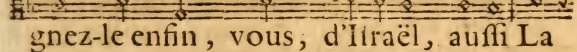
gnez-le enfin, vous, d'Iſraël, auſſi La



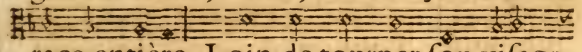
race entière. Loin de tourner ſon viſage



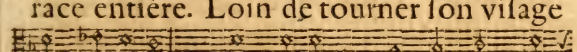
en arrière, Des affligés il entend la



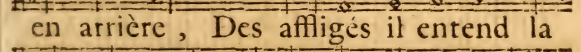
prière; Il fait paroître un amour ſin-



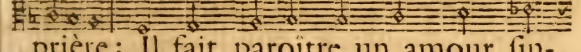
gulier en leur faveur.



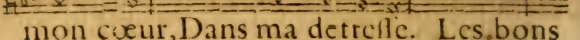
13. Devant tous ceux qui te craignent,



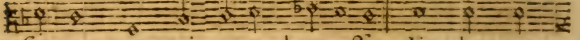
Seigneur, J'irai chanter un hymne à ton



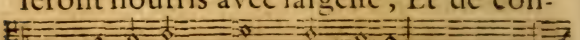
h onneur, Et m'acquitter des vœux que fit



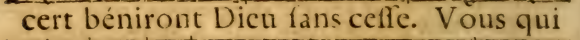
mon cœur, Dans ma detreſſe. Les bons



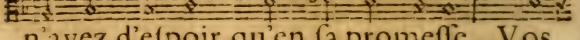
ſeront nourris avec largeſſe, Et de con-



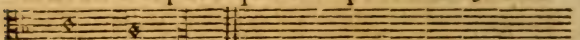
cert béniront Dieu ſans ceſſe. Vous qui



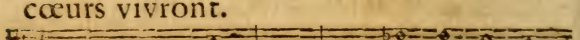
n'avez d'eſpoir qu'en ſa promeſſe, Vos



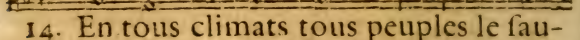
cœurs vivront.



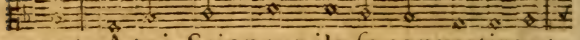
14. En tous climats tous peuples le ſau-



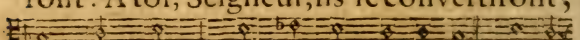
ront: A toi, Seigneur, ils ſe convertiront;



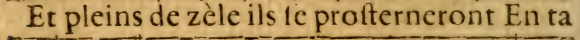
Et pleins de zèle ils ſe proſterneront En ta



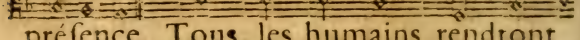
préſence. Tous les humains rendront



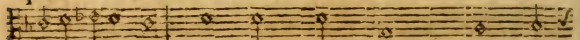
obéiſſance Au Roi des Rois, dont la



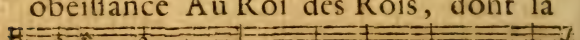
douce puiſſance Le fait des cœurs, mal-



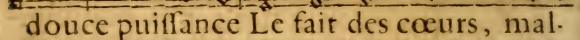
gré leur réſiſtance, Le conquérant.



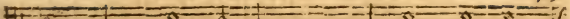
15. Depuis le riche, & ſain, & proſpé-



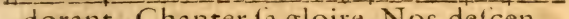
rant, Juſqu'au plus pauvre, en langueur



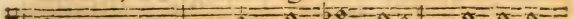
expirant, Tous, à l'envi, ſeront vus l'a-



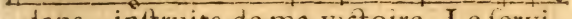
dorant, Chanter ſa gloire. Nos deſcen-



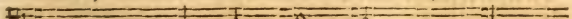
dans, inſtruits de ma victoire, Le ſervi-



ront, en lui ſeul voudront croire; Et



d'âge en âge il ſera fait mémoire Du



Tout-puiſſant.

16. Toujours quelqu'un ſes bontés an-

nonçant Au peuple ſaint à l'avenir naiſ-

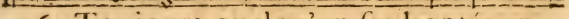
ſant, De ſon empire heureux & floriſſant

Fera l'hiſtoire.

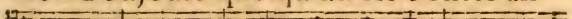
PSEAUME XXIII.

Dieu me conduit par ſa bonté ſu-

prême: C'eſt mon berger qui me garde



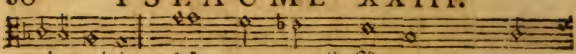
& qui m'aime; Rien ne me manque en ſes



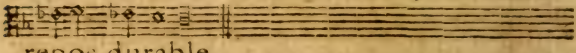
gras pâturages, Des clairs ruiſſeaux je ſuis

les verts rivages; Et ſous l'abri de ſon nom

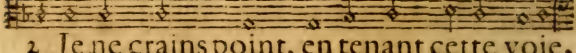
adorable,



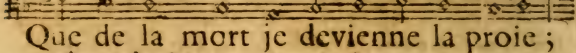
adorable, Ma route eſt ſûre, & mon



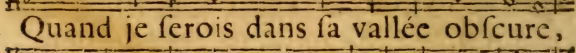
repos durable.



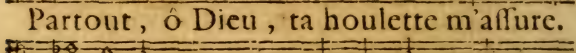
2 Je ne crains point, en tenant cette voie,



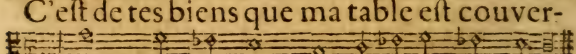
Que de la mort je devienne la proie;



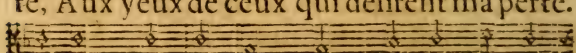
Quand je ſerois dans ſa vallée obſcure,



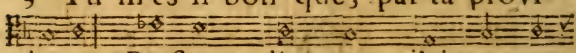
Partout, ô Dieu, ta houlette m'aſſure.



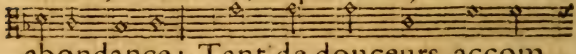
C'eſt de tes biens que ma table eſt couver-



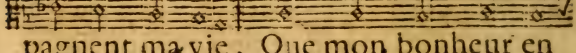
te, Aux yeux de ceux qui deſirent ma perte.



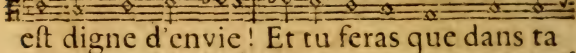
3 Tu m'es ſi bon que, par ta provi-



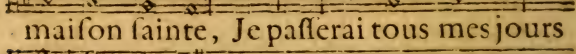
dence, Parfums, liqueurs, j'ai tout en



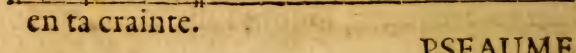
abondance: Tant de douceurs accom-



pagnent ma vie, Que mon bonheur en



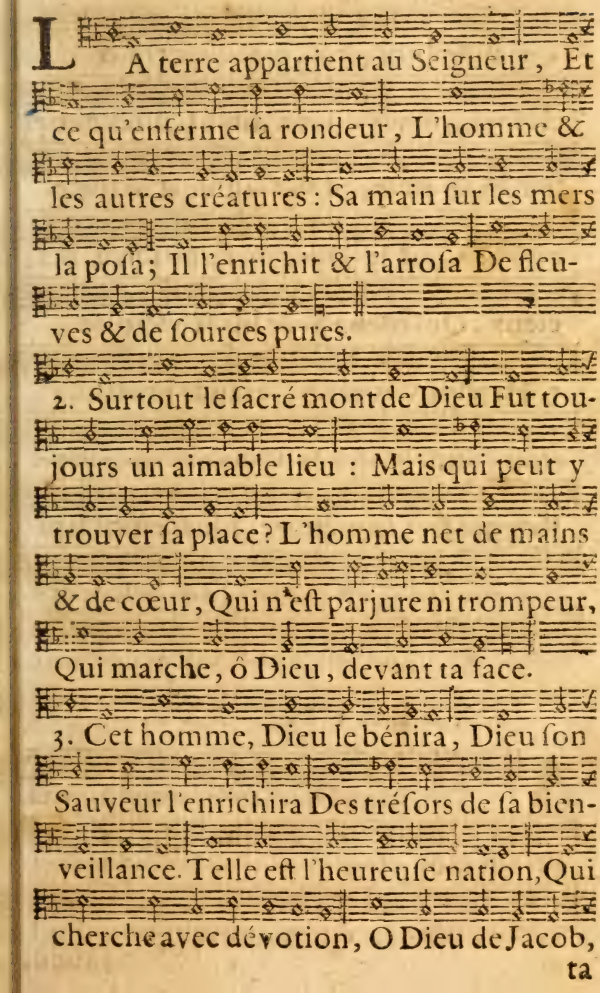
eſt digne d'envie! Et tu feras que dans ta

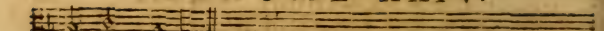


maiſon ſainte, Je paſſerai tous mes jours

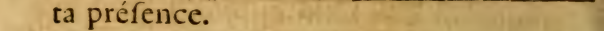
en ta crainte.

PSEAUME XXIV.

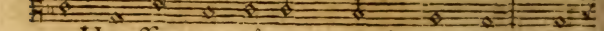




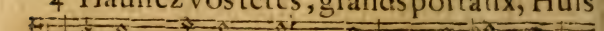
ta préſence.



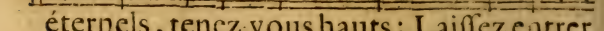
4 Hauſſez vos têtes, grands portaux, Huis



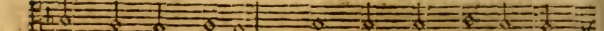
éternels, tenez vous hauts; Laiſſez entrer



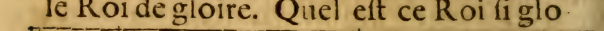
le Roi de gloire. Quel eſt ce Roi ſi glo



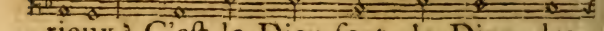
rieux? C'eſt le Dieu fort, le Dieu des



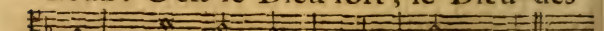
cieux, Qui mène avec lui la victoire.



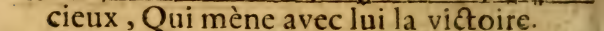
5. Hauſſez vos têtes, grands porteaux;



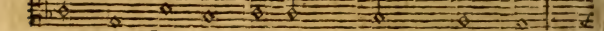
Huis éternels, tenez-vous hauts, Pour le



Roi qui ſuit la victoire. Quel eſt ce Roi

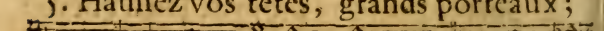


ſi glorieux? C'eſt le Dieu fort, le Roi des

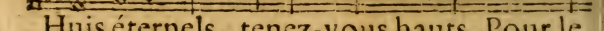


cieux. Ce grand Dieu, c'eſt le Roi de gloire.

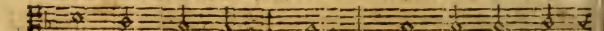
PSEAUME XXV.



A Toi, mon Dieu, mon cœur monte.

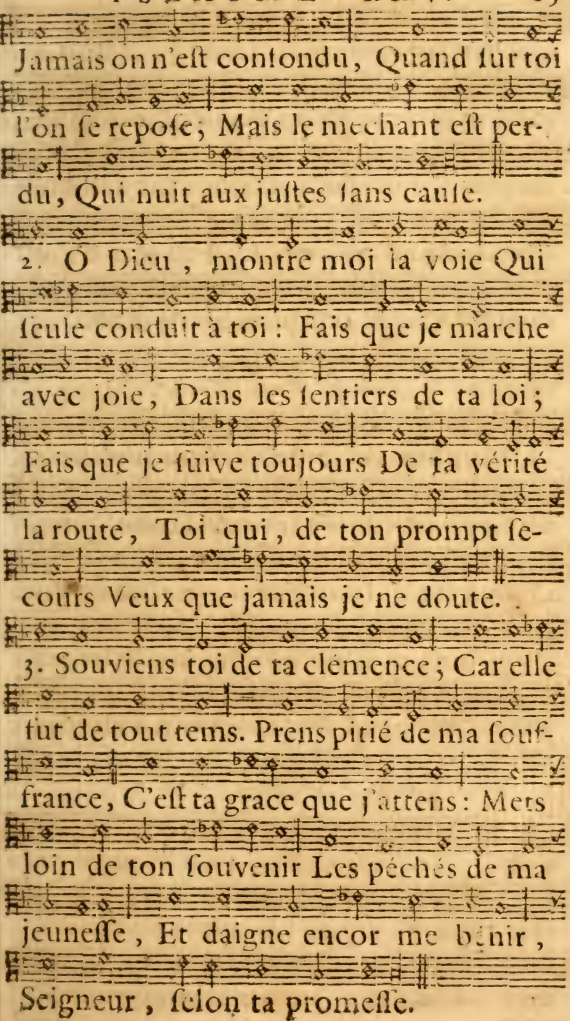


En toi mon eſpoir j'ai mis: Serois-je cou-



vert de honte, Au gré de mes ennemis?

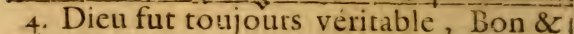
Jamais



Jamais on n'eſt confondu, Quand ſur toi
l'on ſe repoſe; Mais le mechant eſt per-
du, Qui nuit aux juſtes ſans cauſe.

2. O Dieu, montre moi la voie Qui
ſeule conduit à toi: Fais que je marche
avec joie, Dans les ſentiers de ta loi;
Fais que je ſuive toujours De ta vérité
la route, Toi qui, de ton prompt ſe-
cours Veux que jamais je ne doute.

3. Souviens toi de ta clémence; Car elle
fut de tout tems. Prens pitié de ma ſouf-
france, C'eſt ta grace que j'attens: Mets
loin de ton ſouvenir Les péchés de ma
jeuneſſe, Et daigne encor me bénir,
Seigneur, ſelon ta promeſſe.

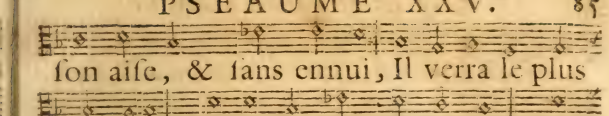


4. Dieu fut toujours véritable, Bon &
juſte: il le ſera, Et du pécheur miſérable,
La voie il redreſſera Il fera tenir aux bons
Une conduite innocente; Et les comblant
de ſes dons, Il remplira leur attente.

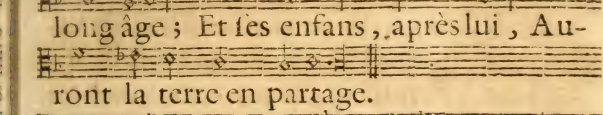
PAUSE.

5. La vérité, la clemence Sont les ſentiers
du Seigneur, Pour ceux qui ſon alliance
Obſervent de tout leur cœur. O Seigneur,
par ton ſaint nom Et par ta bonté ſu-
prême, Accorde-moi le pardon De ma
faute, quoiqu'extrême.

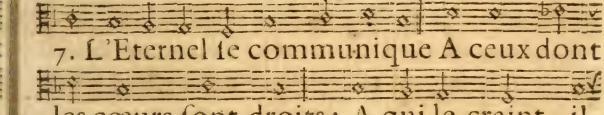
6. Qui craint Dieu, qui veut bien vivre,
Jamais ne s'égarera; Car au chemin qu'il
doit ſuivre, Dieu même le conduira: A
ſon



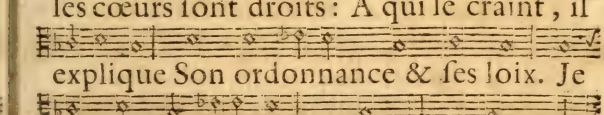
ſon aiſe, & ſans ennui, Il verra le plus



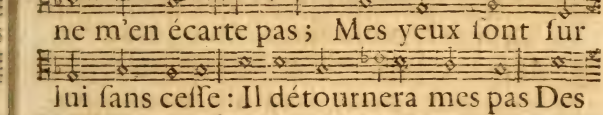
long âge ; Et ſes enfans, après lui, Au-



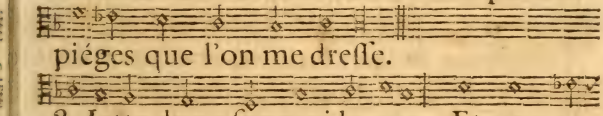
ront la terre en partage.



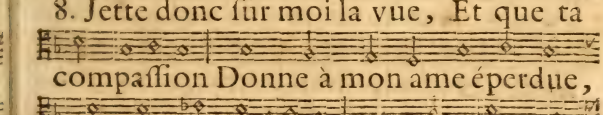
7. L'Eternel ſe communique A ceux dont



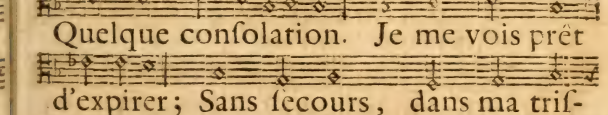
les cœurs ſont droits : A qui le craint, il



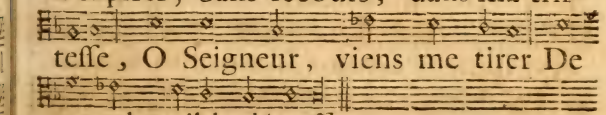
explique Son ordonnance & ſes loix. Je



ne m'en écarte pas ; Mes yeux ſont ſur



lui ſans ceſſe : Il détournera mes pas Des



piéges que l'on me dreſſe.

8. Jette donc ſur moi la vue, Et que ta

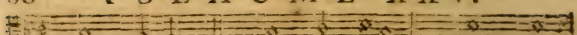
compaſſion Donne à mon ame éperdue,

Quelque conſolation. Je me vois prêt

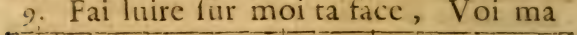
d'expirer ; Sans ſecours, dans ma triſ-

teſſe, O Seigneur, viens me tirer De

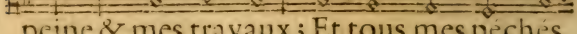
cette horrible détreſſe.



9. Fai luire ſur moi ta face, Voi ma

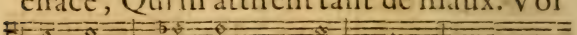


peine & mes travaux; Et tous mes péchés

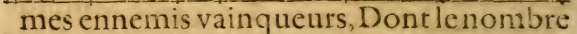


efface, Qui m'attirent tant de maux. Voi

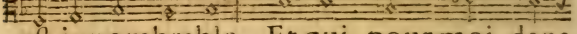
mes ennemis vainqueurs, Dont le nombre



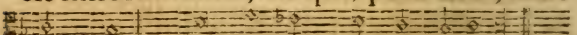
eſt innombrable, Et qui, pour moi, dans



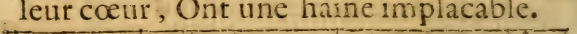
leur cœur, Ont une haine implacable.



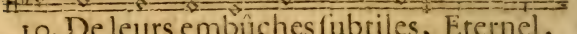
10. De leurs embûches ſubtiles, Eternel,



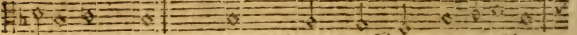
délivre-moi: Rends leurs efforts inutiles:



Tout mon eſpoir eſt en toi. Soutien mon

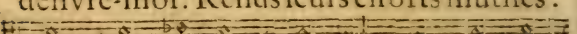


intégrité, Protége mon innocence, Et dans

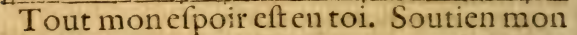


toute adverſité, Sois d'Iſraël la défenſe.

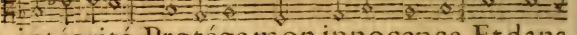
PSEAUME XXVI.



FAi-moi juſtice, ô Dieu, Toi qui

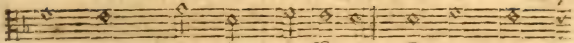


vois qu'en tout lieu Je marche ſans dé-

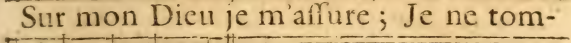


guiſement. Quelques maux que j'endure,

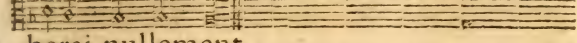
Sur



Sur mon Dieu je m'assure ; Je ne tom-

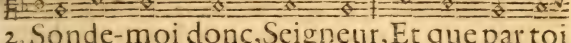


berai nullement.

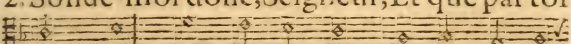


2. Sonde-moi donc, Seigneur, Et que par toi

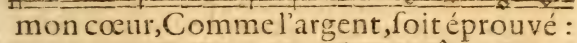
mon cœur, Comme l'argent, soit éprouvé :



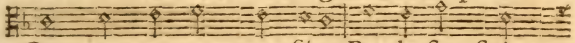
Que toutes mes pensées Par le feu soient



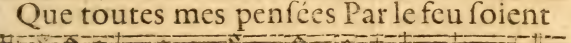
passées, Pour voir quel je serai trouvé.



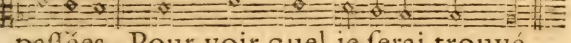
3. A toute heure mes yeux Se tournent



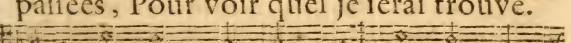
vers les cieux : Je ne pense qu'à ta bonté ;



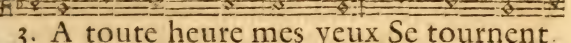
Et toute mon envie Est de régler ma vie



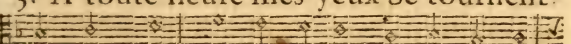
Selon ta sainte vérité.



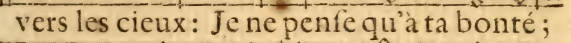
4. Pour les esprits flatteurs, Volages, ou



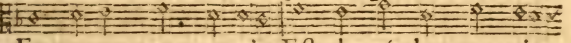
menteurs, J'eus toujours de l'aversion :



De ceux qui l'artifice Joignent à la ma-



lice, Je fuis la conversation.



5. De leurs desseins couverts, De leurs

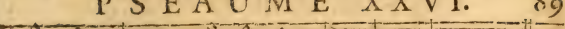
complots divers, Je me suis toujours écar-
té; Toujours leur compagnie Loin de moi
j'ai bannie, De crainte d'en être infecté.

PAUSE.

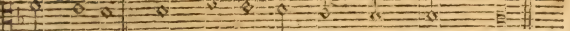
6. Suivant tes ordres saints, Je laverai
mes mains; Et puis, autour de ton autel,
Je ferai le service De l'humble sacrifice,
Qu'on offre à ton Nom immortel.

7. C'est-là que chaque jour, Brûlant de ton
amour, Au ciel j'élèverai ma voix; Chan-
tant tes saints oracles, Et tant de grands
miracles Que pour nous tu fis autrefois.

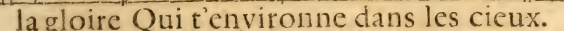
8. Que j'aime ce saint lieu, Où tu parois,
mon Dieu, Sous ton pavillon précieux!
J'y trace en ma mémoire, Un crayon de
la



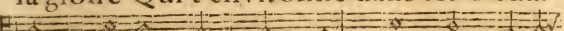
la gloire Qui t'environne dans les cieux.



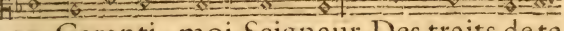
10. Garanti-moi, Seigneur, Des traits de ta



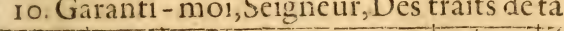
fureur, Quand les méchans tu frapperas;



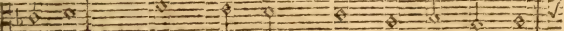
Que ma vie innocente Soit de la peine



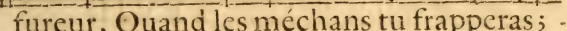
exempte, Dont leurs crimes tu puniras.



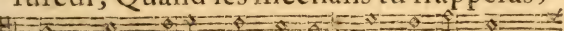
10. Toujours un noir dessein Se couve



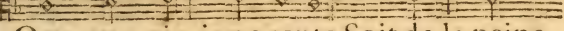
dans leur sein; Complot, meurtre, accusa-



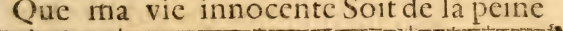
tion. Leur ame est inhumaine, Et leur main



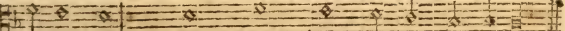
toujours pleine De rapine & d'extorsion.



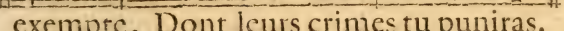
11. Mais moi, par ton secours, Je veux



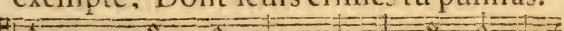
suivre toujours Le droit sentier de l'équi-



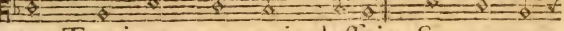
té: Fai-moi miséricorde, O Seigneur,



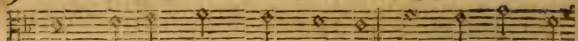
& m'accorde La grace d'être racheté.



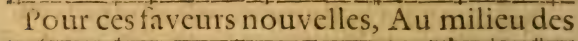
12. Mes vœux sont exaucés; Mes ennuis



sont cessés; Je vois mon chemin applani.

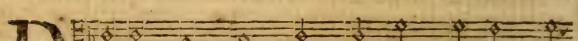


Pour ces faveurs nouvelles, Au milieu des

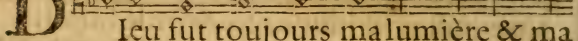


fidèles, Mon Dieu, par moi, sera béni.

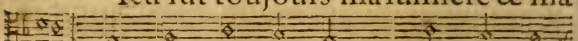
PSEAUME XXVII.



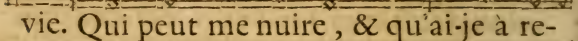
Dieu fut toujours ma lumière & ma



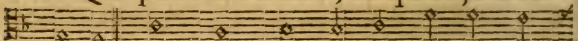
vie. Qui peut me nuire, & qu'ai-je à re-



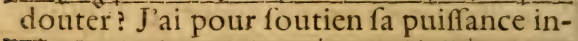
douter? J'ai pour soutien sa puissance in-



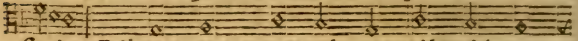
finie. L'homme mortel peut-il m'épou-



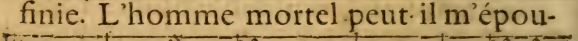
vanter? Quand les méchans m'ont livré



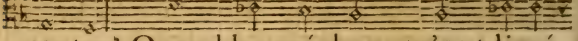
cent combats, Et qu'ils m'ont cru dé-



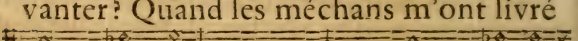
chirer de leurs dents, Je les ai vus, ces



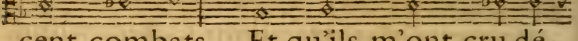
ennemis ardens, Broncher par-tout,



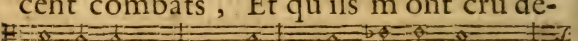
tomber à chaque pas.



2. Que tout un camp m'approche & m'en-

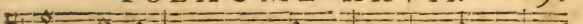


vironne, Mon cœur jamais ne s'en alar-

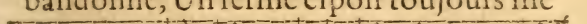


mera; Qu'en ce péril tout secours m'a-

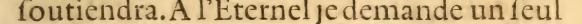
bandonne,



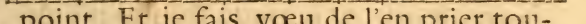
bandonne, Un ferme eſpoir toujours me



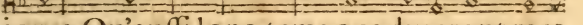
ſoutiendra. A l'Eternel je demande un ſeul



point, Et je fais vœu de l'en prier tou-

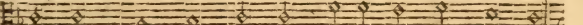


jours, Qu'auſſi long-tems que dureront mes

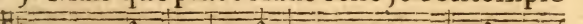


jours, De ſa maiſon il ne m'éloigne point.

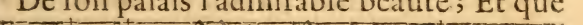
3. Mais que plutôt ſans ceſſe je contemple



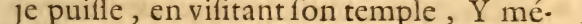
De ſon palais l'admirable beauté; Et que



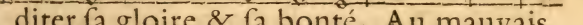
je puiſſe, en viſitant ſon temple, Y mé-



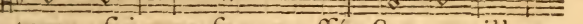
diter ſa gloire & ſa bonté. Au mauvais



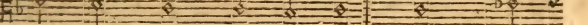
tems, ſi je me ſens preſſé, Son pavillon,



qui m'eſt toujours ouvert, M'offre un

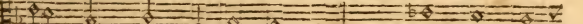


aſyle où je ſuis à couvert: Là on me

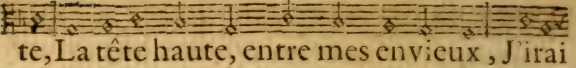


voit au plus haut lieu placé.

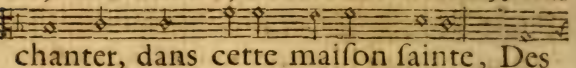
PAUSE.



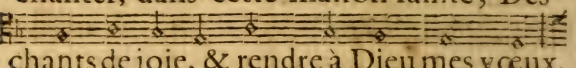
4. Déſormais donc je marcherai ſans crain-



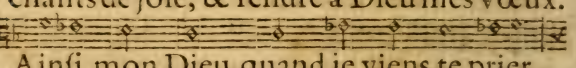
te, La tête haute, entre mes envieux, J'irai



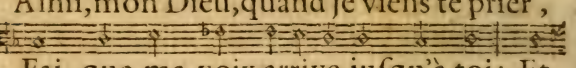
chanter, dans cette maiſon ſainte, Des



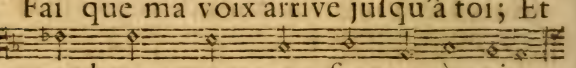
chants de joie, & rendre à Dieu mes vœux.



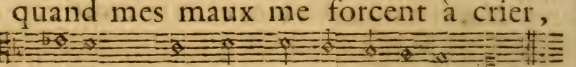
Ainſi, mon Dieu, quand je viens te prier,



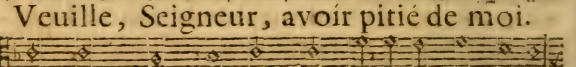
Fai que ma voix arrive juſqu'à toi; Et



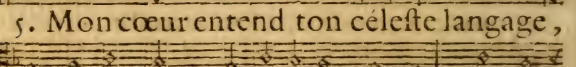
quand mes maux me forcent à crier,



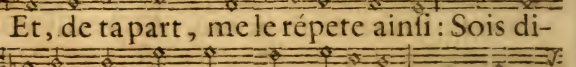
Veuille, Seigneur, avoir pitié de moi.



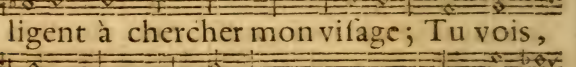
5. Mon cœur entend ton céleſte langage,



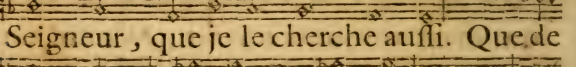
Et, de ta part, me le répete ainſi: Sois di-



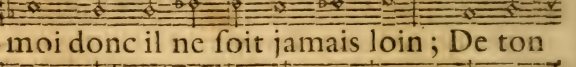
ligent à chercher mon viſage; Tu vois,



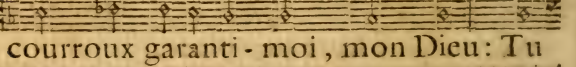
Seigneur, que je le cherche auſſi. Que de



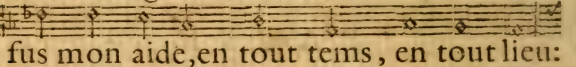
moi donc il ne ſoit jamais loin; De ton



courroux garanti-moi, mon Dieu: Tu

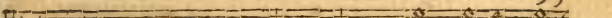


fus mon aide, en tout tems, en tout lieu:

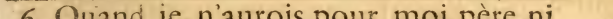


Et voudrois-tu me laiſſer au beſoin?

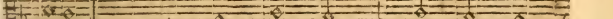
6. Quand



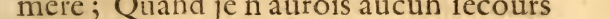
6. Quand je n'aurois pour moi père ni



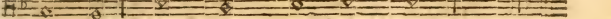
mère ; Quand je n'aurois aucun ſecours



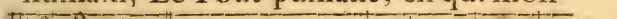
humain; Le Tout-puiſſant, en qui mon



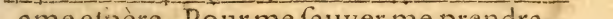
ame eſpère, Pour me ſauver me prendra



par la main. Condui-moi donc, ô Dieu

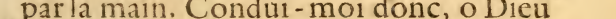


qui m'as aimé; Délivre-moi de mes perſécu-

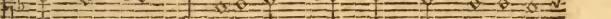


teurs; Ferme la bouche à mes accuſateurs :

Ne permets pas que j'en ſois opprimé.

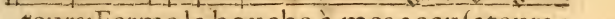


7. Si je n'euſſe eu cette douce eſpérance,

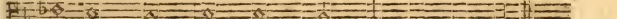


Qu'un jour en paix, après tant de travaux,

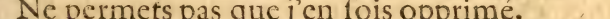
Des biens de Dieu j'aurois la jouiſſance,



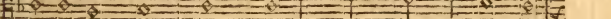
Je ſuccombois ſous le poids de mes maux.



Toi donc, mon ame, en ton plus grand

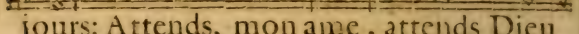


tourment, Attends de Dieu la grace & le

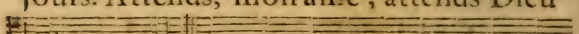


ſecours; Son bras puiſſant t'affermira tou-

jours.

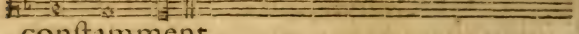


jours: Attends, mon ame, attends Dieu

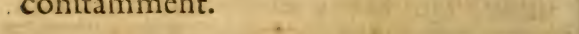


constamment.

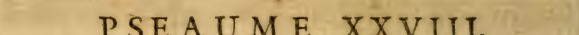
PSEAUME XXVIII.



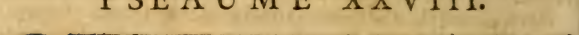
O Dieu, ma haute forteresse, C'est à



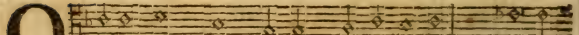
toi que mon cri s'adresse. Réponds-moi,



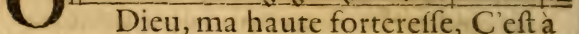
soulage ma peine; Autrement, ma fin est



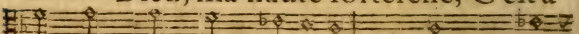
prochaine; Et déja je ressemble à ceux



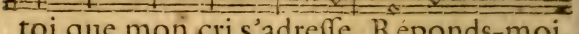
Qu'on descend au sépulcre affreux.



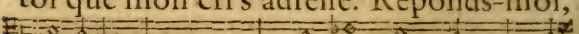
2. Entends ma voix, lorsque je crie: Exau-



ce-moi quand je te prie, Du lieu saint, où

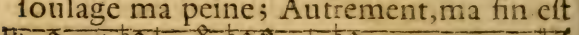


je me viens rendre. Grand Dieu, voudrois-



tu me comprendre Parmi les méchans

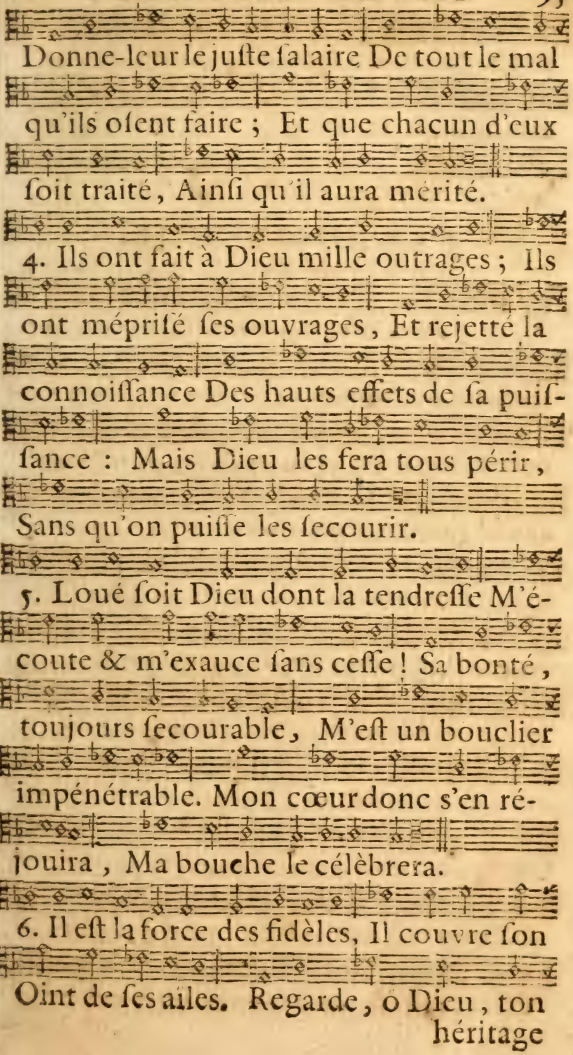
obstinés, Qui sont aux tourmens destinés!



3. Dans la bouche ils n'ont que concor-

de, Mais leur cœur à tout mal s'accorde.

Donne-

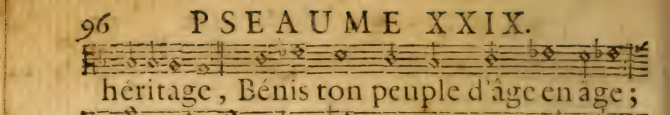


Donne-leur le juſte ſalaire De tout le mal qu'ils oſent faire ; Et que chacun d'eux ſoit traité, Ainſi qu'il aura mérité.

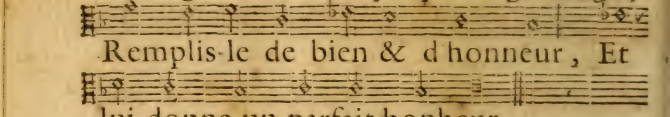
4. Ils ont fait à Dieu mille outrages ; Ils ont mépriſé ſes ouvrages, Et rejetté la connoiſſance Des hauts effets de ſa puiſſance : Mais Dieu les fera tous périr, Sans qu'on puiſſe les ſecourir.

5. Loué ſoit Dieu dont la tendreſſe M'écoute & m'exauce ſans ceſſe ! Sa bonté, toujours ſecourable, M'eſt un bouclier impénétrable. Mon cœur donc s'en réjouira, Ma bouche le célèbrera.

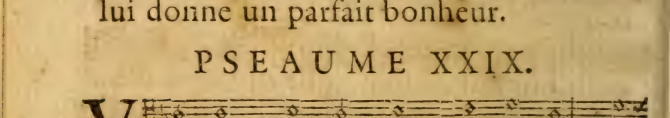
6. Il eſt la force des fidèles, Il couvre ſon Oint de ſes ailes. Regarde, ô Dieu, ton



héritage, Bénis ton peuple d'âge en âge;

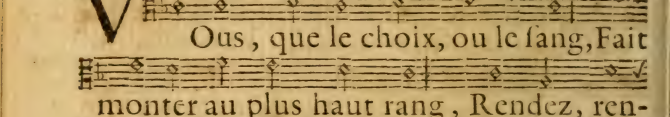


Remplis-le de bien & d'honneur, Et

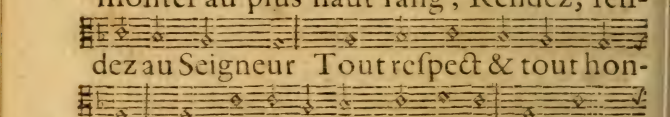


lui donne un parfait bonheur.

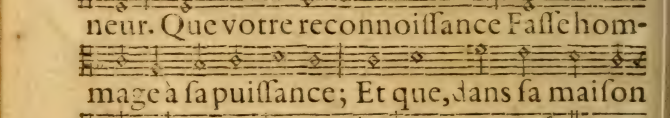
PSEAUME XXIX.



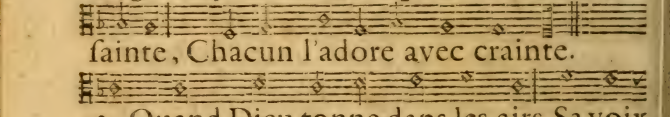
VOus, que le choix, ou le sang, Fait



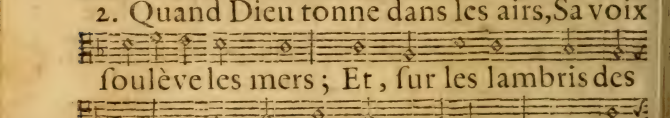
monter au plus haut rang, Rendez, ren-



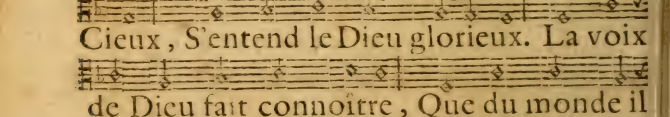
dez au Seigneur Tout respect & tout hon-



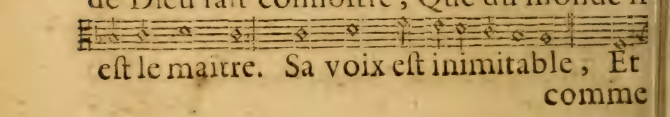
neur. Que votre reconnoissance Fasse hom-



mage à sa puissance; Et que, dans sa maison



sainte, Chacun l'adore avec crainte.



2. Quand Dieu tonne dans les airs, Sa voix

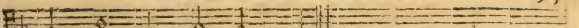
soulève les mers; Et, sur les lambris des

Cieux, S'entend le Dieu glorieux. La voix

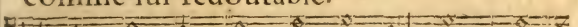
de Dieu fait connoître, Que du monde il

est le maître. Sa voix est inimitable, Et

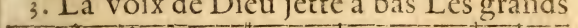
comme



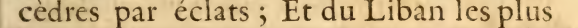
comme lui redoutable.



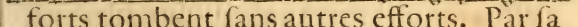
3. La voix de Dieu jette à bas Les grands



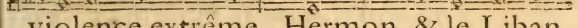
cèdres par éclats ; Et du Liban les plus



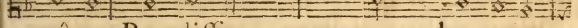
forts tombent ſans autres efforts. Par ſa



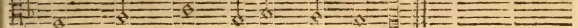
violence extrême, Hermon, & le Liban



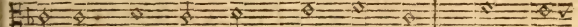
même, Bondiſſent, comme aux bocages,



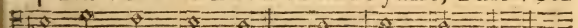
Les faons des bêtes ſauvages.



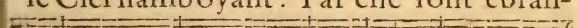
4. La voix de Dieu foudroyant, Fait voir



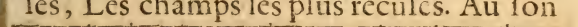
le Ciel flamboyant : Par elle ſont ébran-



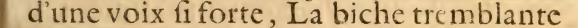
lés, Les champs les plus reculés. Au ſon



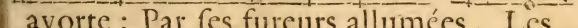
d'une voix ſi forte, La biche tremblante



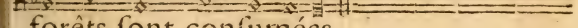
avorte : Par ſes fureurs allumées, Les



forêts ſont conſumées.



5. Mais, pendant tout ce fracas, Son peu-



ple ne laiſſe pas D'aller au temple ſans

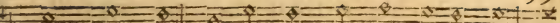
peur, Chanter cet hymne au Seigneur:
Dieu, sur les eaux du déluge, Préside en
souverain Juge: Son trône est inébran-
lable, Son regne à jamais durable.

6. Le Roi des Cieux, le Dieu fort, Des
siens sera le support: Il nous fera désor-
mais, Jouir d'une heureuse paix.

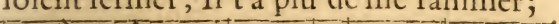
PSEAUME XXX.

ETernel, tu m'as dégagé Du péril où
j'étois plongé; Mes ennemis n'ont plus
de quoi Rire malignement de moi: Il
faut donc aussi que je chante Le bien-
fait de ta main puissante.

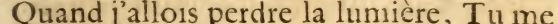
2. Quand j'ai reclamé ta bonté, Tu m'as
redonné la santé; Lorsque mes yeux s'al-
loient



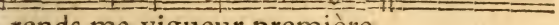
loient fermer, Il t'a plu de me ranimer;



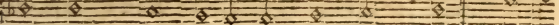
Quand j'allois perdre la lumière, Tu me



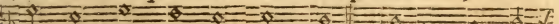
rends ma vigueur première.



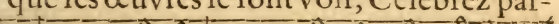
3. Vous, qui révérez ſon pouvoir, Tel



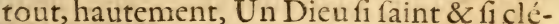
que ſes œuvres le font voir, Célébrez par-



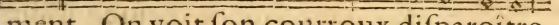
tout, hautement, Un Dieu ſi ſaint & ſi clé-



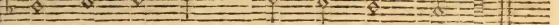
ment. On voit ſon courroux diſparoître,



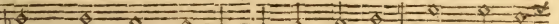
Dans le moment qu'on le voit naître.



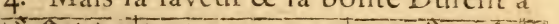
4. Mais ſa faveur & ſa bonté Durent à



perpétuité; Et ſi, par quelqu'un de ſes coups,

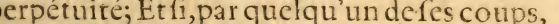


Le deuil entre le ſoir chez nous, Du matin

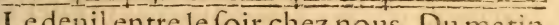


la clarté nouvelle Ramène la joie avec elle.

PAUSE.



5. Quand j'étois ſain & vigoureux, Quand



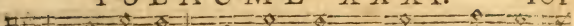
tout ſembloit rire à mes vœux, Qui peut,

disois-je, désormais Troubler mon bonheur & ma paix? Dieu me voit d'un œil favorable; C'est mon rocher inébranlable.

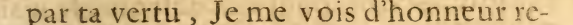
6. Mais ton visage étant tourné, Soudain mon cœur s'est étonné: Alors, mon Dieu, je t'ai prié, Et me suis ainsi récrié: Faut-il donc, Seigneur, que je meure? Hélas! quel profit t'en démeure?

7. La poudre & la cendre, Seigneur, Chanteront-elles ton honneur? Diront-elles ta vérité, Ton pouvoir, ta fidélité? Mon Dieu, regarde ma souffrance; Seigneur, hâte ma délivrance.

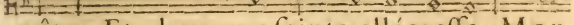
8. Enfin, touché de mes soupirs, Tu changes mon deuil en plaisirs: Au lieu d'un sac, par



par ta vertu, Je me vois d'honneur re-

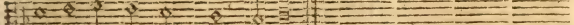


vêtu; Et, dans une ſainte allégreſſe, Mon

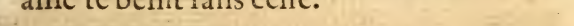


ame te bénit ſans ceſſe.

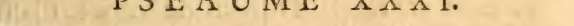
PSEAUME XXXI.

J 

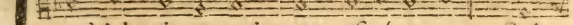
'Ai mis en toi mon eſpérance, Sei-



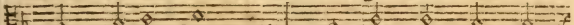
gneur, je ne crains plus De me trouver con-



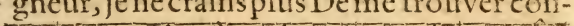
fus. Accorde-moi ma délivrance; Et, ſe-



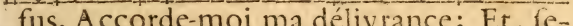
lon ta promeſſe, Veille pour moi ſans ceſſe.



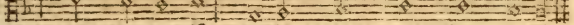
2. Prête une oreille favorable A mes triſtes



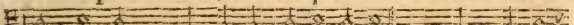
diſcours: Hâte, ô Dieu, ton ſecours: Sois



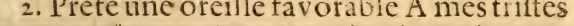
ma tour, ma place imprenable, Où je ſau-



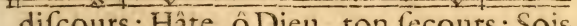
ve ma vie, Quand elle eſt pourſuivie.



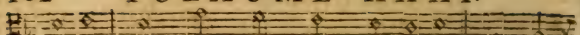
3. Tu fus toujours ma forteresſe: Pour



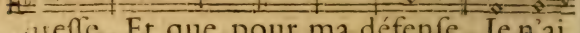
ton nom glorieux, Sois mon guide en



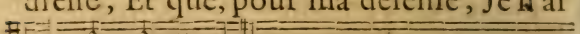
tous lieux. Tu vois les piéges qu'on me



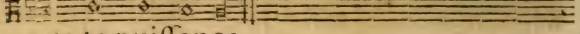
dreſſe, Et que, pour ma défenſe, Je n'ai



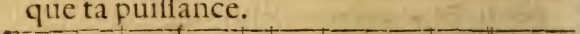
que ta puiſſance.



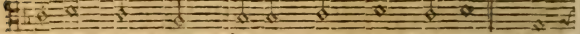
4. En tes mains je remets mon ame : Car



tu m'as racheté, O Dieu de vérité. C'eſt

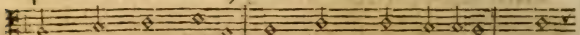


toi, mon Dieu, que je réclame ; Et, dans



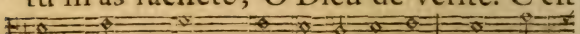
toutes mes peines, Je fuis les erreurs vaines.

PAUSE I.

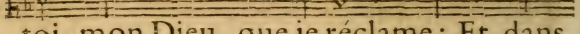


5. Saiſi d'une ſainte allégreſſe, Je publierai,

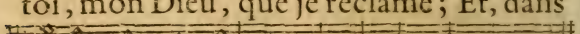
Seigneur, Ta gloire & ton honneur;



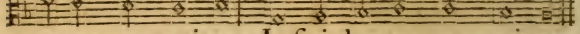
Quand ta bonté, dans ma détreſſe, D'un



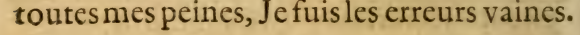
regard favorable, Me ſera ſecourable.



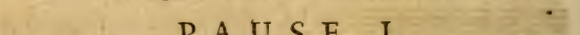
6. Loin de livrer ma vie en proie A l'ad-



verſaire armé, Qui m'avoit enfermé, Tu

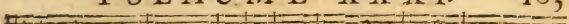


m'as fait une ſûre voie, Où je ſuis hors

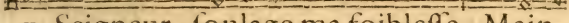


d'atteinte, Et marche ſans contrainte.

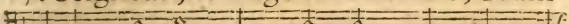
7. Seigneur



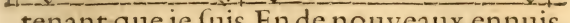
7. Seigneur, ſoulage ma foibleſſe, Main-



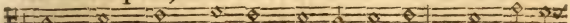
tenant que je ſuis En de nouveaux ennuis.



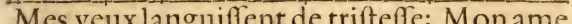
Mes yeux languiſſent de triſteſſe; Mon ame



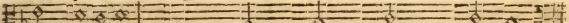
s'inquiète, Mon corps n'eſt qu'un ſquélète.



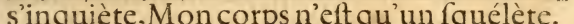
8. Mes péchés conſument ma vie; Mille



ſoucis cuiſans Accourciſſent mes ans: De

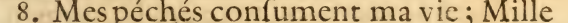


douleur mon ame eſt ſaiſie; Mes forces m'a-

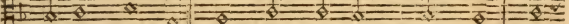


bandonnent, Mes os même s'étonnent.

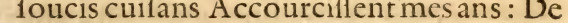
PAUSE II.



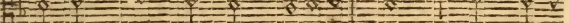
9. Entre tous ceux qui me haïſſent, On



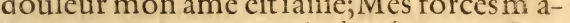
voit au premier rang, Ceux de mon pro-



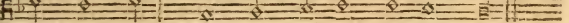
pre ſang: Mes amis même me trahiſſent;



Ils ont, quand je me montre, Horreur

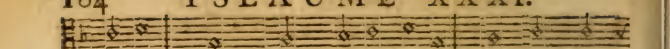


de ma rencontre.

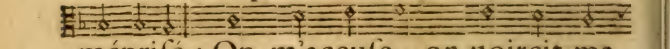


10. Tel qu'un mort, hors de leur mé-

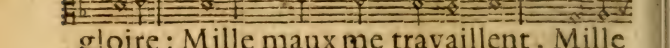
moire,



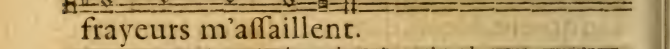
moire, Tel qu'un vaſe briſé, Je me vois



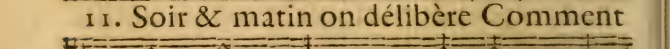
mépriſé : On m'accuſe, on noircit ma



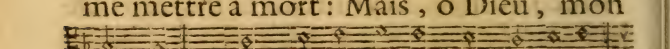
gloire : Mille maux me travaillent, Mille



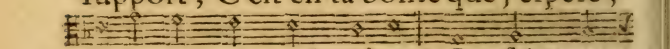
frayeurs m'aſſaillent.



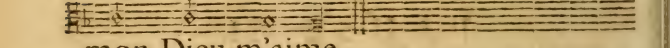
11. Soir & matin on délibère Comment



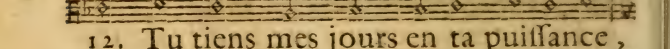
me mettre à mort : Mais, ô Dieu, mon



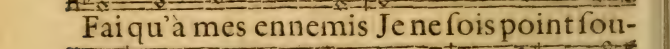
ſupport, C'eſt en ta bonté que j'eſpère ;



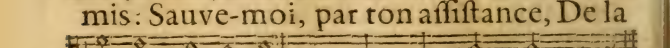
Et je dis en moi-même, Je ſai que



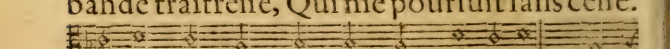
mon Dieu m'aime.



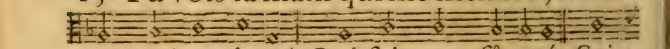
12. Tu tiens mes jours en ta puiſſance,



Fai qu'à mes ennemis Je ne ſois point ſou-



mis : Sauve-moi, par ton aſſiſtance, De la

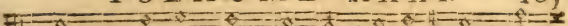


bande traitreſſe, Qui me pourſuit ſans ceſſe.

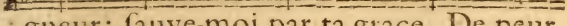
13. Tu vois la main qui me menace ; Mon-

tre-moi ta clarté, Qui fait ma ſûreté, Sei-

gneur,

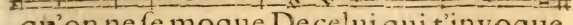


gneur; ſauve-moi par ta grace, De peur



qu'on ne ſe moque De celui qui t'invoque.

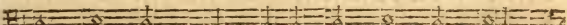
PAUSE III.



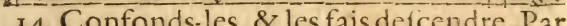
14. Confonds-les, & les fais deſcendre, Par

un prompt jugement, Muets au monu-

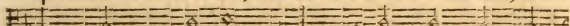
ment. Sur le juſte ils oſent répandre, Avec



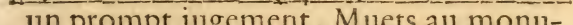
trop d'inſolence, Leur noire médiſance.



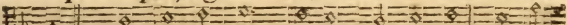
15. O que de graces ſans pareilles, Que



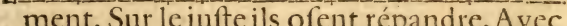
de céleſtes biens Tu gardes pour les



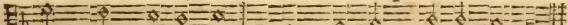
tiens! Que, pour eux, tu fais de merveil-



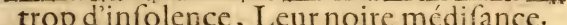
les, Même au ſiècle où nous ſommes,



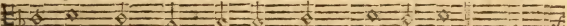
Aux yeux des fils des hommes!



16. Ton ſanctuaire eſt leur retraite, Au

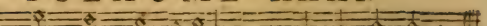


tems le plus fâcheux, Quand tout s'arme

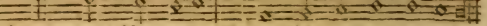


contr'eux: C'eſt-là que ta bonté parfaite,

Défend

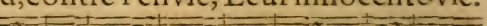


Défend, contre l'envie, Leur innocente vie.

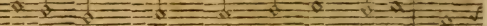


17 Loué soit Dieu, qui, par sa grace, Me

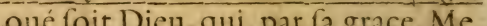
fait voir en ce jour, Jusqu'où va son amour.



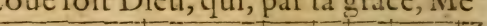
Il m'est une si forte place, Qu'il n'est lieu



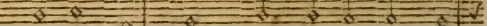
sur la terre, Si sûr en tems de guerre.



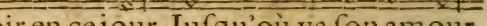
18. Un jour, dans l'excès de ma crainte, Je



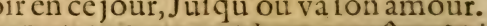
dis, Dieu m'a laissé; Hélas! il m'a chassé.



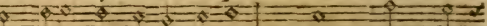
Mais, touché de ma triste plainte, Au fort



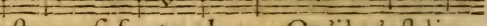
de ma détresse, Tu soutins ma foiblesse.



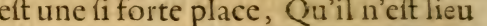
19. Aimez Dieu, vous, ames sincères; Il



conserve les Saints, Il perd les esprits vains.

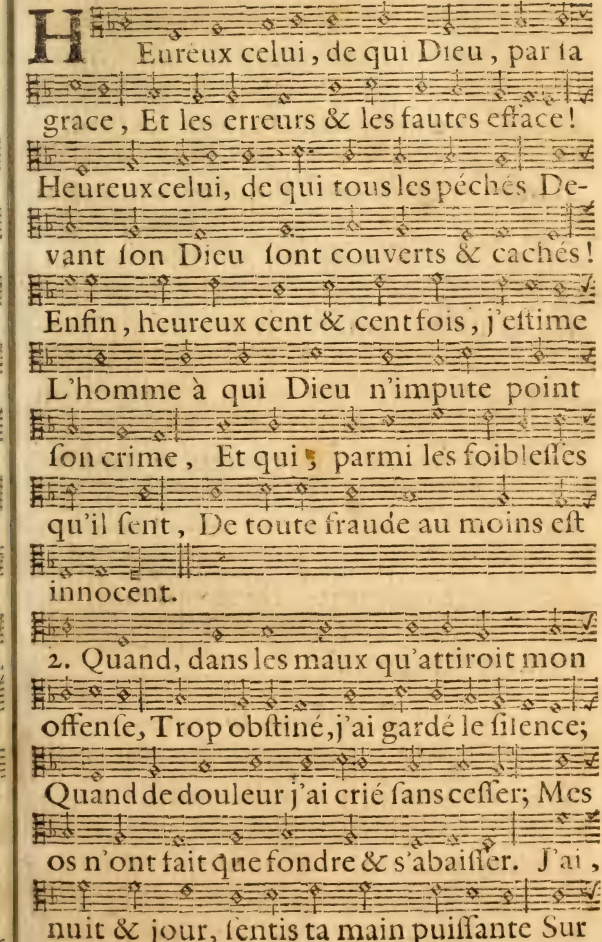


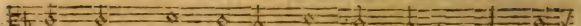
Tenez bon dans les tems contraires; Sa



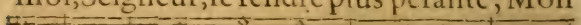
grace fortifie Quiconque en lui se fie.

PSEAUME XXXII.

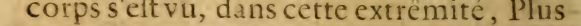




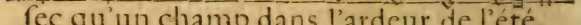
moi, Seigneur, se rendre plus pesante; Mon



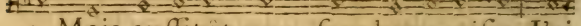
corps s'est vu, dans cette extrémité, Plus



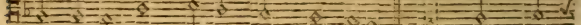
sec qu'un champ dans l'ardeur de l'été.



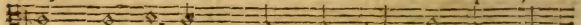
3. Mais aussitôt que, sans hypocrisie, J'ai



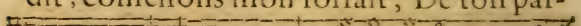
déploré les fautes de ma vie; Dès que j'ai



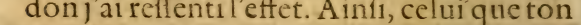
dit, confessons mon forfait, De ton par-



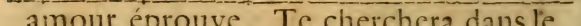
don j'ai ressenti l'effet. Ainsi, celui que ton



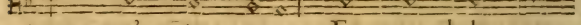
amour éprouve, Te cherchera dans le



tems qu'on te trouve; Et quand de maux

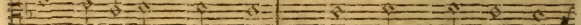


un déluge courroit, De tout danger ta

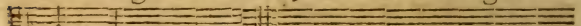


main le sauveroit.

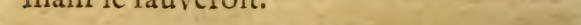
PAUSE.



4. En toi, Seigneur, je trouve un sûr asyle:

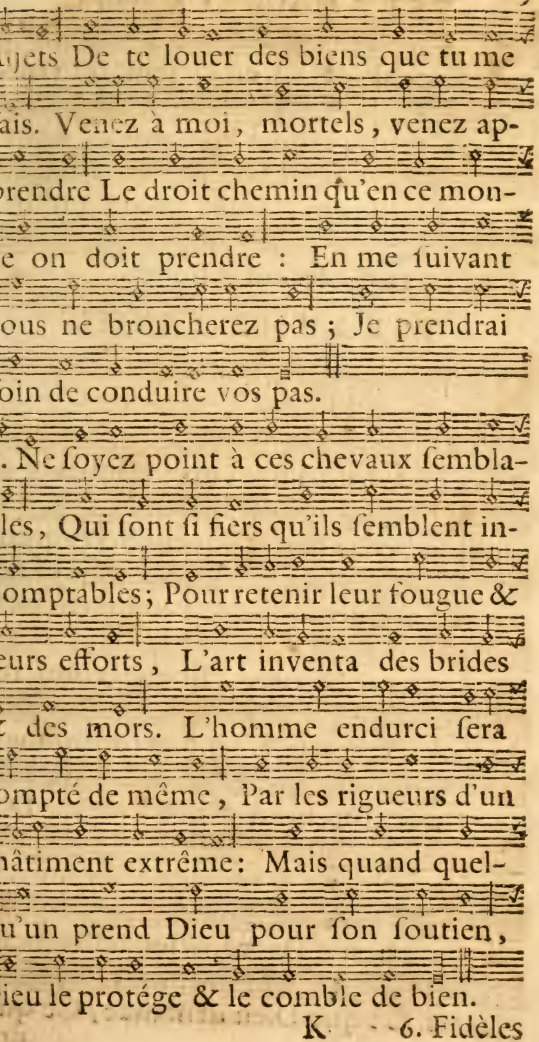


Rien ne m'alarme, & mon ame est tran-



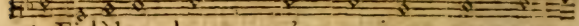
quille; Et chaque jour j'ai de nouveaux

sujets

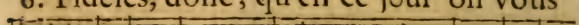


ſujets De te louer des biens que tu me
fais. Venez à moi, mortels, venez ap-
prendre Le droit chemin qu'en ce mon-
de on doit prendre : En me ſuivant
vous ne broncherez pas ; Je prendrai
ſoin de conduire vos pas.

5. Ne ſoyez point à ces chevaux ſembla-
bles, Qui ſont ſi fiers qu'ils ſemblent in-
domptables; Pour retenir leur fougue &
leurs efforts, L'art inventa des brides
& des mors. L'homme endurci ſera
dompté de même, Par les rigueurs d'un
châtiment extrême: Mais quand quel-
qu'un prend Dieu pour ſon ſoutien,
Dieu le protége & le comble de bien.

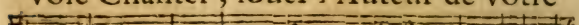


6. Fidèles, donc, qu'en ce jour on vous



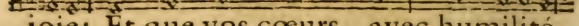
voie Chanter, louer l'Auteur de votre

joie; Et que vos cœurs, avec humilité,

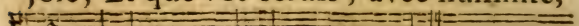


De l'Eternel adorent la bonté.

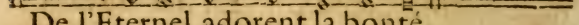
PSEAUME XXXIII.



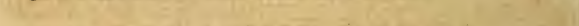
REveillez-vous, peuple fidèle, Pour



louer Dieu tout d'une voix: Sa louange fut

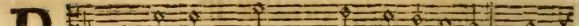


toujours belle Dans la bouche des hommes

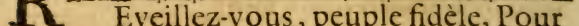


droits. Sur la douce harpe, Pendue en échar-

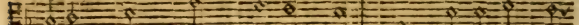
pe, Louez le Seigneur; Et que la musette,



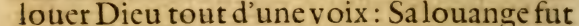
Le luth, l'épinette, Chantent son honneur.



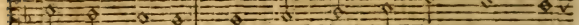
2. Louez son nom par l'harmonie Des



vers nombreux & mesurés: Ajoutez-y

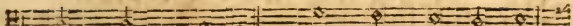


la symphonie De tous les instrumens



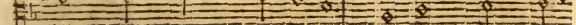
sacrés. Ce que Dieu demande, Ce qu'il

nous

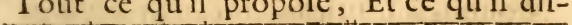


nous commande, Tout ce qu'il a fait,

Tout ce qu'il propose, Et ce qu'il dis-

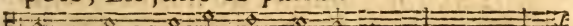


pose, Est juste & parfait.

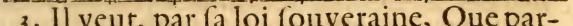


3. Il veut, par sa loi souveraine, Que par-

tout la justice ait lieu. Qui ne voit que la

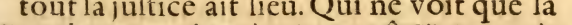


terre est pleine De la grande bonté de Dieu?



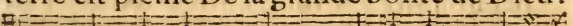
L'un & l'autre pole Sont de sa parole L'ef-

fet glorieux : D'un mot fut formée La

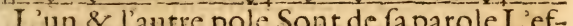


céleste armée, Qui brille à nos yeux.

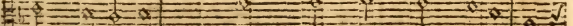
PAUSE I.



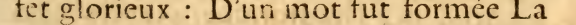
4. Il rassembla les eaux profondes, Les



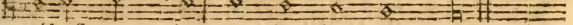
tenant comme en un vaisseau; Il mit les



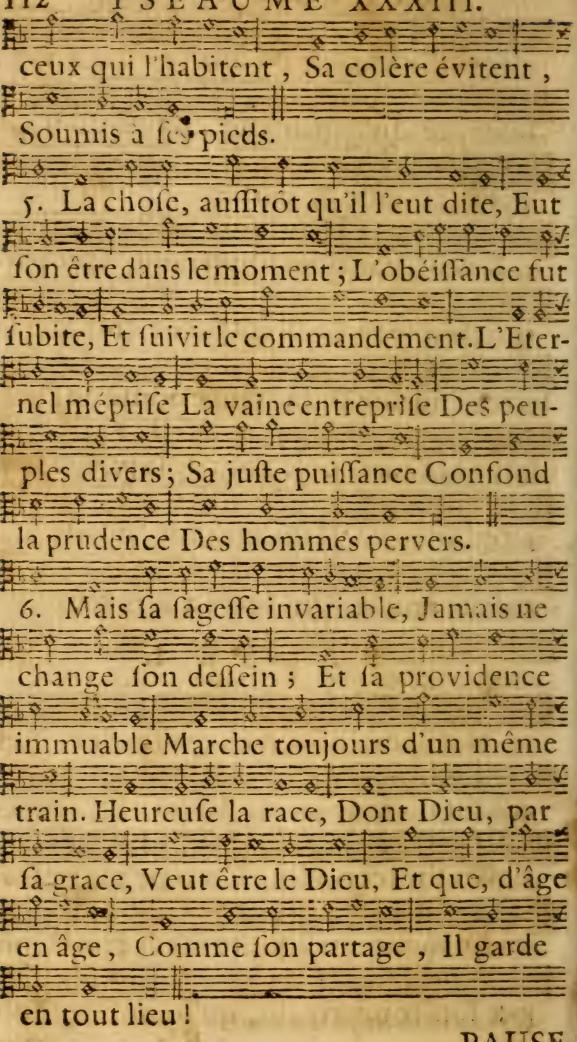
ondes sur les ondes, Comme un trésor



en un monceau. Que toute la terre Crai-

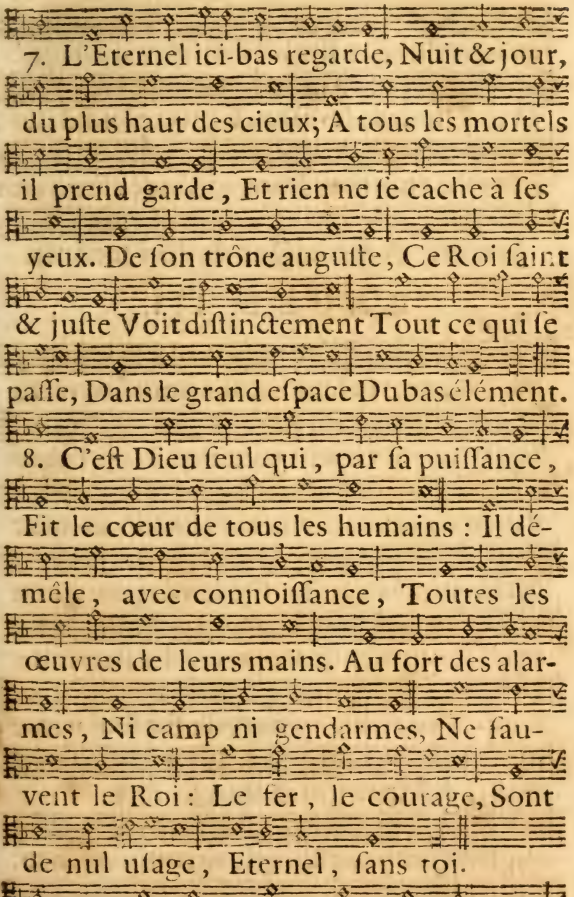


gne son tonnerre; Et, qu'humiliés, Tous

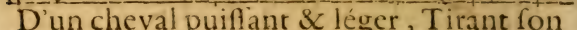

ceux qui l'habitent, Sa colère évitent,
Soumis à ſes pieds.
5. La choſe, auſſitôt qu'il l'eut dite, Eut
ſon être dans le moment; L'obéiſſance fut
ſubite, Et ſuivit le commandement. L'Eter-
nel mépriſe La vaine entrepriſe Des peu-
ples divers; Sa juſte puiſſance Confond
la prudence Des hommes pervers.
6. Mais ſa ſageſſe invariable, Jamais ne
change ſon deſſein; Et ſa providence
immuable Marche toujours d'un même
train. Heureuſe la race, Dont Dieu, par
ſa grace, Veut être le Dieu, Et que, d'âge
en âge, Comme ſon partage, Il garde
en tout lieu!

PAUSE

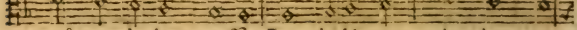
PAUSE II.


7. L'Eternel ici-bas regarde, Nuit & jour,
du plus haut des cieux; A tous les mortels
il prend garde, Et rien ne se cache à ses
yeux. De son trône auguste, Ce Roi saint
& juste Voit distinctement Tout ce qui se
passe, Dans le grand espace Du bas élément.
8. C'est Dieu seul qui, par sa puissance,
Fit le cœur de tous les humains : Il dé-
mêle, avec connoissance, Toutes les
œuvres de leurs mains. Au fort des alar-
mes, Ni camp ni gendarmes, Ne sau-
vent le Roi : Le fer, le courage, Sont
de nul usage, Eternel, sans toi.
9. C'est en vain qu'on croit que l'adresse

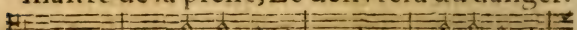
D'un cheval puiſſant & léger, Tirant ſon



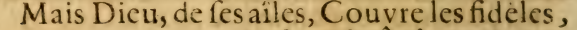
maître de la preſſe, Le delivrera du danger.



Mais Dieu, de ſes aîles, Couvre les fidèles,

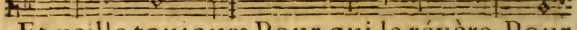


Et veille toujours Pour qui le révère, Pour

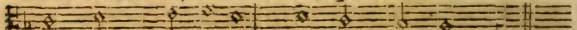


qui rien n'eſpère Que de ſon ſecours.

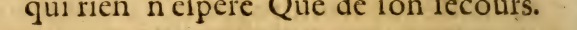
PAUSE III.



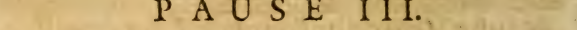
10. Si la mort vient à nous pourſuivre, Le



Seigneur lui retient la main; Dans l'abon-

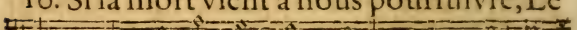


dance il nous fait vivre, Quand par-tout

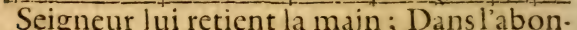


on manque de pain. Qu'ainſi donc notre

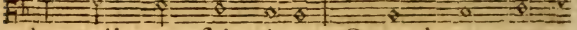
ame Toujours le réclame, Et s'attende



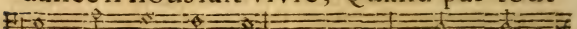
à lui: Son trône immobile Eſt ſeul notre



aſyle, Eſt ſeul notre appui.

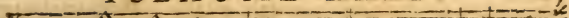


11. Nos cœurs, pleins de reconnoiſſance,

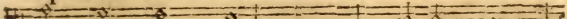


Béniront le Nom du Seigneur: Nous

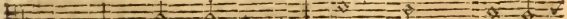
repoſant



reposant sur sa clémence, Nous célébre-

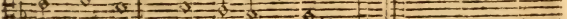


rons son honneur. Que ta bonté grande



sur nous se répande : O Dieu, notre

Roi, Rempli notre attente : Notre ame

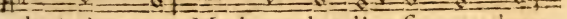


contente N'espère qu'en toi.

PSEAUME XXXIV.

JAmais je ne serai Sans bénir le nom

du Seigneur ; Ma bouche dira sa grandeur,



Tandis que je vivrai. Mon seul plaisir sera

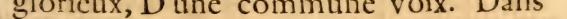
De voir mon Dieu glorifié ; Et le fidèle

édifié, A mon chant se joindra.

2. Que donc du Roi des Rois le nom ré-

sonne jusqu'aux cieux ; Célébrons ses faits

glorieux, D'une commune voix. Dans

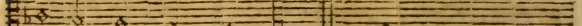


toutes mes douleurs, Je l'ai cherché d'un

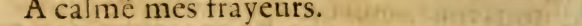
cœur

cœur ardent; Et sa bonté, me répondant,

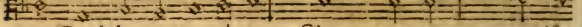
A calmé mes frayeurs.



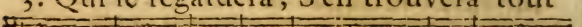
3. Qui le regardera, S'en trouvera tout



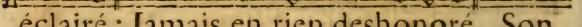
éclairé; Jamais en rien deshonoré, Son



front ne rougira. Le pauvre, en son besoin,

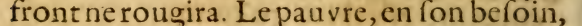


Crie au ciel; & Dieu l'exauçant, Le délivre



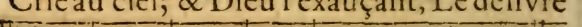
des maux qu'il sent, Et le garde avec soin.

PAUSE I.

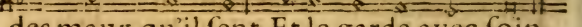


4. Les Anges du Seigneur Campent en tout

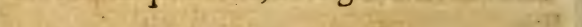
tems, en tous lieux, Autour de ceux qui crai-



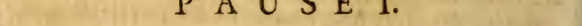
gnent Dieu, Assurant leur bonheur. Venez



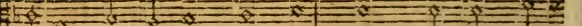
donc aujourd'hui, Et goûtez combien il



est doux: Heureux, cent fois heureux,

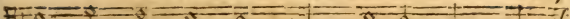


vous tous Qui n'espérez qu'en lui.

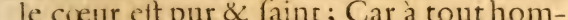


5. Craignez le Dieu très haut, Vous dont

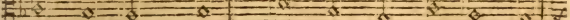
le



le cœur eſt pur & ſaint ; Car à tout hom-



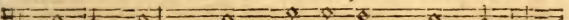
me qui le craint, Jamais rien ne défaut.



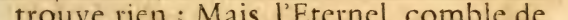
Le Lion affamé Cherche, & ſouvent ne

trouve rien : Mais l'Eternel comble de

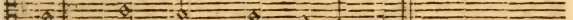
bien Ceux qui l'ont réclamé.



6. Vous, enfans bienheureux, Venez m'é-

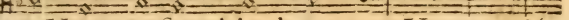


couter en ce lieu ; Venez apprendre à

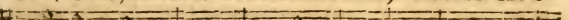


craindre Dieu : Il entendra vos vœux.

Eſt-il quelqu'un de vous Qui veuille vi-

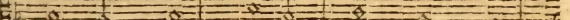


vre longuement, Qui veuille couler sû-



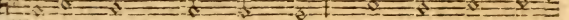
rement Ses jours calmes & doux ?

7. Que jamais du prochain Il ne cherche



à flétrir l'honneur, Ni par un langage

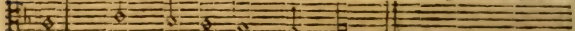
trompeur, A faire un mauvais gain. Fui



le mal, fai le bien ; Recherche avec ar-

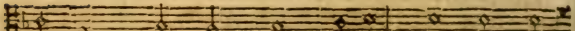
deur

deur la paix : Le Seigneur ſera pour ja-

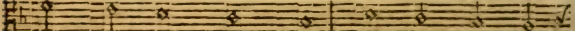


mais Des juſtes le ſoutien.

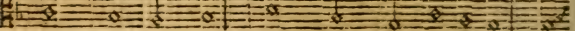
PAUSE II.



8. Dieu, d'un œil courroucé, Voit les mé-

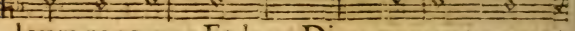


chans & tous leurs faits : Il veut que du

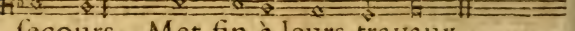


monde, à jamais, Leur nom ſoit effacé. Les

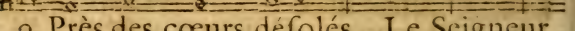
juſtes, dans leurs maux, A l'Eternel ont



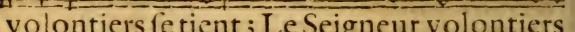
leurs recours ; Et leur Dieu, par un prompt



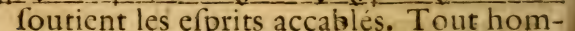
ſecours, Met fin à leurs travaux.



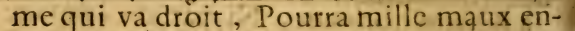
9. Près des cœurs déſolés, Le Seigneur



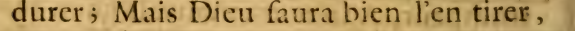
volontiers ſe tient ; Le Seigneur volontiers



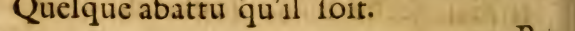
ſoutient les eſprits accablés. Tout hom-



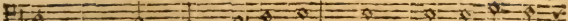
me qui va droit, Pourra mille maux en-



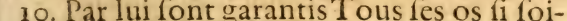
durer ; Mais Dieu ſaura bien l'en tirer,



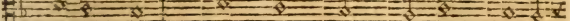
Quelque abattu qu'il ſoit.



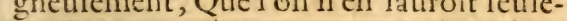
10. Par lui ſont garantis Tous ſes os ſi ſoi-



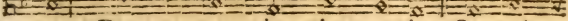
gneuſement, Que l'on n'en ſauroit ſeule-



ment Rompre un des plus petits. Le pé-

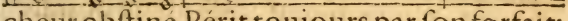


cheur obſtiné Périt toujours par ſon forfait;

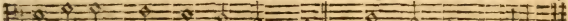


Et celui que le juſte hait, Eſt enfin ruiné.

11. L'Eternel ſauvera L'homme qui ſouf-



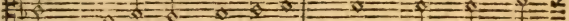
fre en le ſervant: Quiconque eſpère au



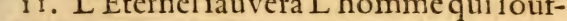
Dieu vivant, Jamais ne périra.

PSEAUME XXXV.

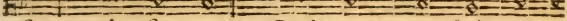
REns confus mes accuſateurs, Et



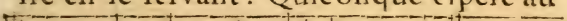
pourſuis mes perſécuteurs: Prens, ô Dieu,



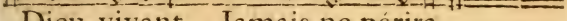
prens pour ma défenſe, Le bouclier, l'epée



& la lance: Charge-les pour les diſperſer,

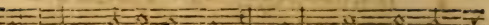


Et les empêche d'avancer: Parle à mon ame

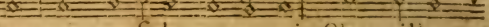


en ſa frayeur, Et lui dis, je ſuis ton Sauveur.

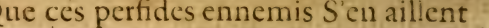
2. Que



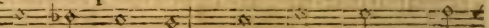
2. Que ces perfides ennemis S'en aillent



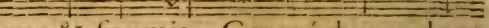
honteux & soumis ; Ces méchans, dont



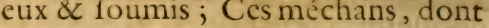
la noire envie Fait des complots contre



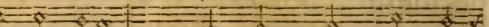
ma vie, Qu'ils soient comme la poudre



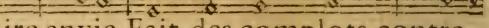
au vent : Que ton Ange les poursuivant,



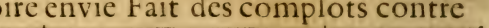
Leur livre la guerre par-tout, D'un bout



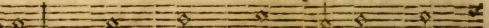
du monde à l'autre bout.



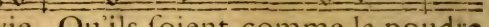
3. Que leur chemin soit ténébreux ; Qu'il



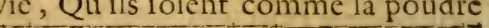
soit par-tout glissant pour eux ; Qu'enfin



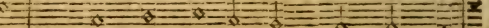
l'Ange de Dieu les chasse Jour & nuit,



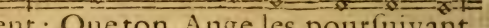
& de place en place : Car ils ont couvert



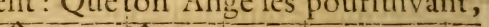
le fossé Où leur piége ils m'avoient dressé ;



Et tu sçais combien c'est à tort, Qu'ils

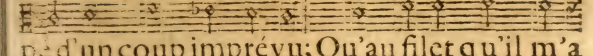


ont voulu hâter ma mort

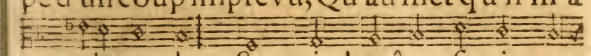


4. Qu'ainsi le méchant dépourvu Soit frap-

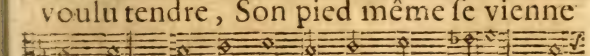
pé



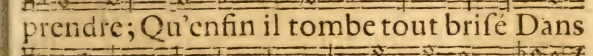
pé d'un coup imprévu; Qu'au filet qu'il m'a



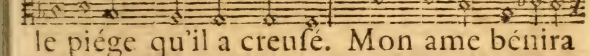
voulu tendre, Son pied même se vienne



prendre; Qu'enfin il tombe tout brisé Dans

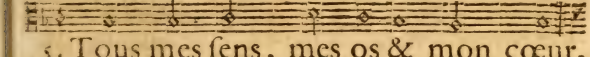


le piége qu'il a creusé. Mon ame bénira

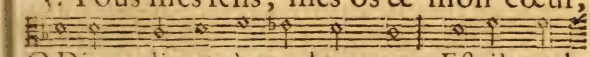


mon Dieu, Qui m'aura conduit en tout lieu.

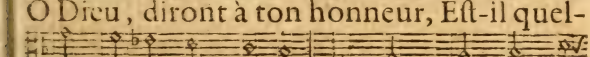
PAUSE I.



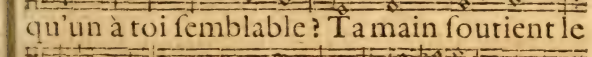
5. Tous mes sens, mes os & mon cœur,



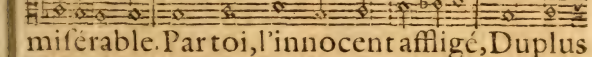
O Dieu, diront à ton honneur, Est-il quel-



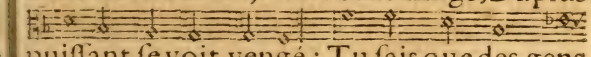
qu'un à toi semblable? Ta main soutient le



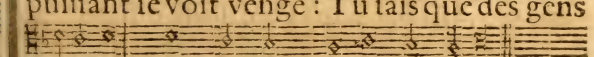
misérable. Par toi, l'innocent affligé, Du plus



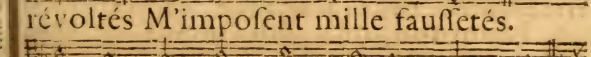
puissant se voit vengé: Tu sais que des gens



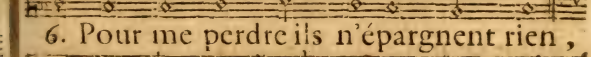
révoltés M'imposent mille fausletés.



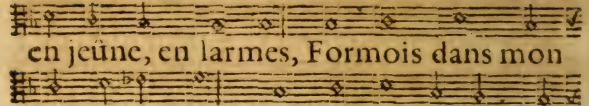
6. Pour me perdre ils n'épargnent rien,



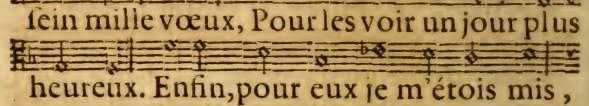
Me rendant le mal pour le bien; A moi



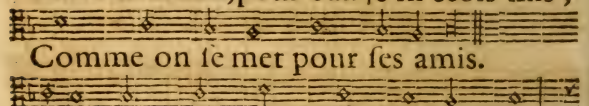
qui, pendant leurs alarmes, Vêtu d'un sac,



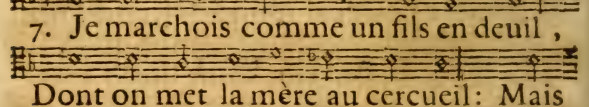
en jeûne, en larmes, Formois dans mon



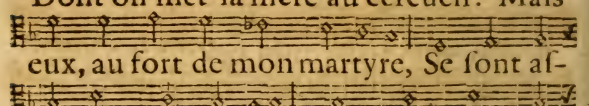
ſein mille vœux, Pour les voir un jour plus



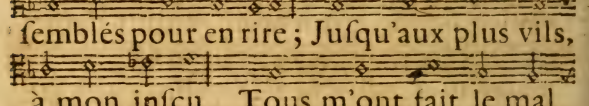
heureux. Enfin, pour eux je m'étois mis,



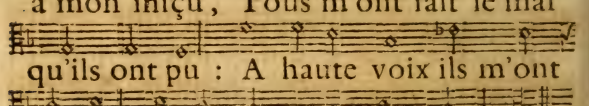
Comme on ſe met pour ſes amis.



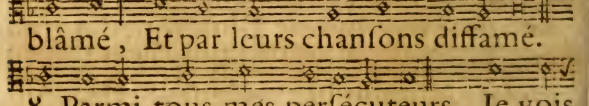
7. Je marchois comme un fils en deuil,



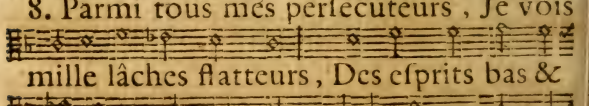
Dont on met la mère au cercueil: Mais



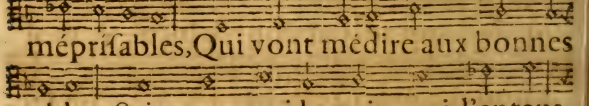
eux, au fort de mon martyre, Se ſont aſ-



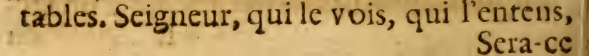
ſemblés pour en rire; Juſqu'aux plus vils,



à mon inſçu, Tous m'ont fait le mal



qu'ils ont pu: A haute voix ils m'ont



blâmé, Et par leurs chanſons diffamé.

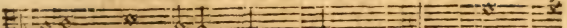
8. Parmi tous mes perſécuteurs, Je vois

mille lâches flatteurs, Des eſprits bas &

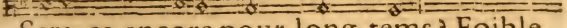
mépriſables, Qui vont médire aux bonnes

tables. Seigneur, qui le vois, qui l'entens,

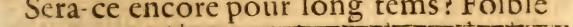
Sera-ce



Sera-ce encore pour long tems? Foible

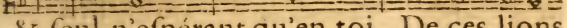


& seul, n'espérant qu'en toi, De ces lions

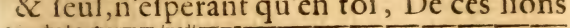


délivre-moi.

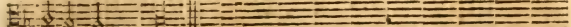
PAUSE II.



9. J'irai te bénir, ô mon Dieu, Devant



ton peuple, en ton saint lieu; J'irai



parmi tous les fidèles, Louer tes vertus

immortelles. Ne souffre donc pas, ô

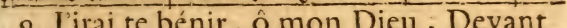
Seigneur, Que sans cause on m'ôte

l'honneur, Ni que d'un air injurieux,

On me mépriſe sous tes yeux.

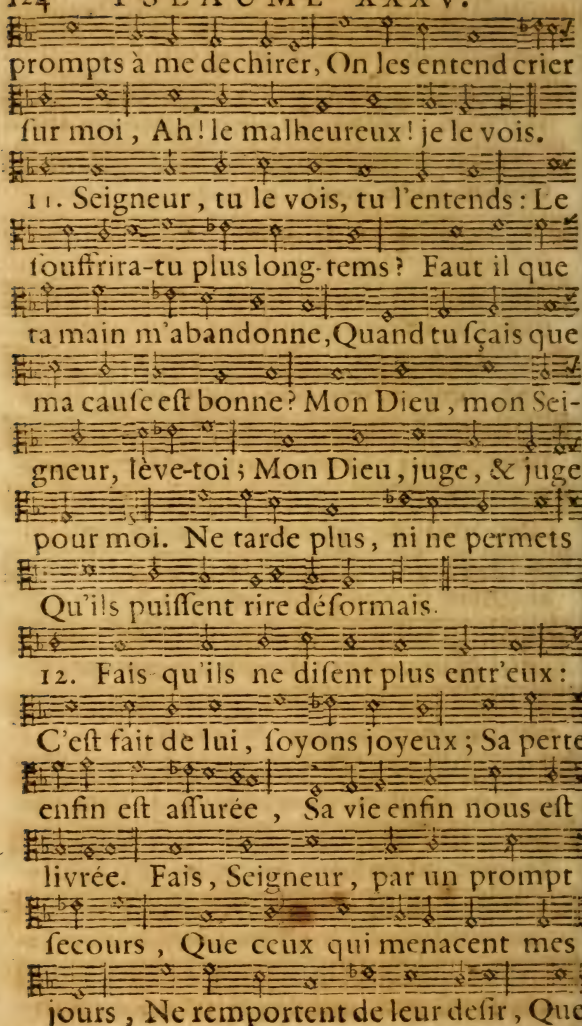
10. Ces cruels ne parlent jamais D'accord.

de trêve, ni de paix; Mais plutôt, par des

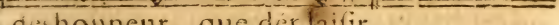


tours obliques, Ils oppriment les pacifiques.

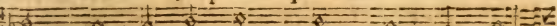
Toujours prêts à me dévorer, Toujours


prompts à me dechirer, On les entend crier
ſur moi, Ah! le malheureux! je le vois.
11. Seigneur, tu le vois, tu l'entends: Le
ſouffrira-tu plus long-tems? Faut il que
ta main m'abandonne, Quand tu ſçais que
ma cauſe eſt bonne? Mon Dieu, mon Sei-
gneur, lève-toi; Mon Dieu, juge, & juge
pour moi. Ne tarde plus, ni ne permets
Qu'ils puiſſent rire déſormais.
12. Fais qu'ils ne diſent plus entr'eux:
C'eſt fait de lui, ſoyons joyeux; Sa perte
enfin eſt aſſurée, Sa vie enfin nous eſt
livrée. Fais, Seigneur, par un prompt
ſecours, Que ceux qui menacent mes
jours, Ne remportent de leur deſir, Que
deshonneur

deshonneur, que de plaisir.

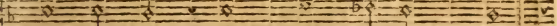


13. Mais bénis ceux qui, sous tes lois,

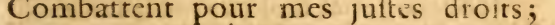


Combattent pour mes justes droits;

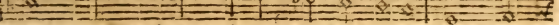
Fais que, pleins de réjouissance, Ils chan-



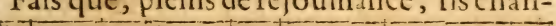
tent, ô Dieu, ta puissance; Qu'ils di-



sent que c'est toi qui fais Que mes jours

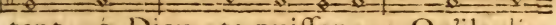


vont couler en paix. Avec eux ma langue

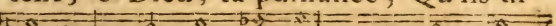


à son tour, Dira tes bontés tout le jour.

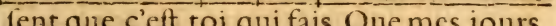
PSEAUME XXXVI.



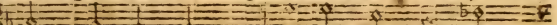
DU mechant le train déréglé Me dit



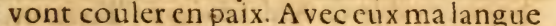
que son cœur aveuglé N'a de Dieu nulle



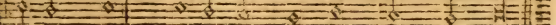
crainte: Bien que son crime fasse horreur,



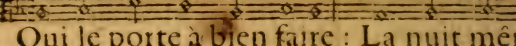
Il s'applaudit dans son erreur, Et la suit



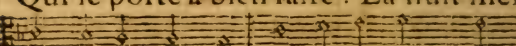
sans contrainte; Son plus ordinaire entre-



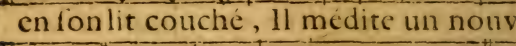
tien N'est que fraude, il n'écoute rien



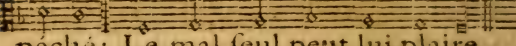
Qui le porte à bien faire : La nuit même,



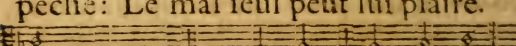
en son lit couché, Il médite un nouveau



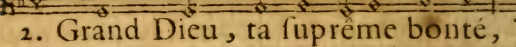
péché: Le mal seul peut lui plaire.



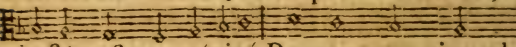
2. Grand Dieu, ta suprême bonté, Ta



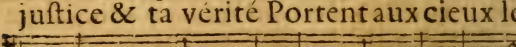
justice & ta vérité Portent aux cieux leurs



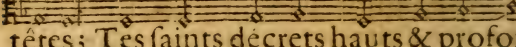
têtes; Tes saints décrets hauts & profonds,



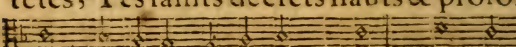
Sont des abîmes & des monts : Tu nourris



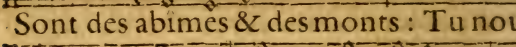
jusqu'aux bêtes. Oh! qu'admirable est ta



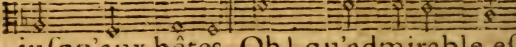
bonté! Ton ombre fait la sûreté De



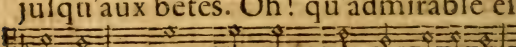
l'homme exempt de vices : Tes biens



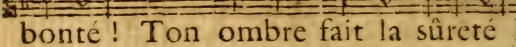
rempliſſent ſes deſirs; Et tu l'abreuves



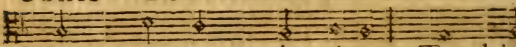
de plaiſirs Au fleuve de délices.



3. Ce qui vit ne vit que par toi; Et c'eſt



ta clarté, puiſſant Roi, Qui nos yeux illu-



mine. Continue, ô Dieu, tous les jours, A

tes

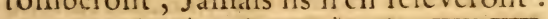
tes fidèles, le secours De ta grace divine.

Seigneur, soutiens-moi par ta main ; Ne

permets pas que l'homme vain M'insulte

ni m'outrage. C'est fait, les méchans

tomberont ; Jamais ils n'en releveront :



La mort est leur partage.

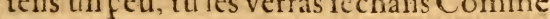
PSEAUME XXXVII.

NE conçois point de dépit ni d'envie,

Lorsque tu vois prospérer les méchans. S'ils

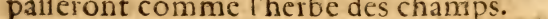
sont heureux souvent dans cette vie, At-

tens un peu, tu les verras séchans Comme

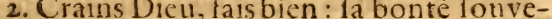


le foin, qu'en peu d'heures on fêne : Ils

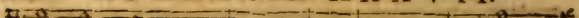
passeront comme l'herbe des champs.



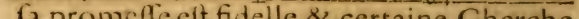
2. Crains Dieu, fais bien : sa bonté souve-



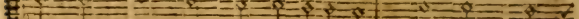
raine Mettra la terre en ta possession ; Car



ſa promeſſe eſt fidelle & certaine, Cherche

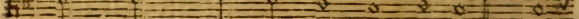


en lui ſeul ta conſolation ; Et des vrais



biens, qui ſeuls te doivent plaire, Tu

jouiras ſous ſa protection.



3. Remets à Dieu le ſoin de ton affaire ;

Eſpère en lui, ſa màin te conduira, Sans

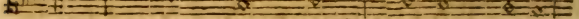
qu'à tes vœux rien puiſſe être contraire.

Ta vertu pure au jour il produira, Et par

ſes ſoins ta vie égale & bonne, Comme

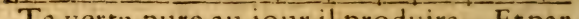
un ſoleil en ſon midi, luira.

4. Laiſſe-le faire, attends ce qu'il ordonne,

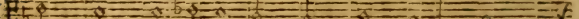


Et n'ouvre point ton cœur au déplaiſir ;

Quand à quelqu'un d'heureux ſuccès il



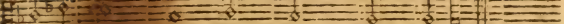
donne, D'aucun dépit ne te laiſſes ſaiſir ;



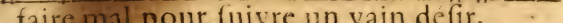
Et que jamais l'exemple ne t'engage A

faire

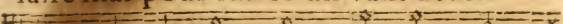
faire mal pour ſuivre un vain déſir.



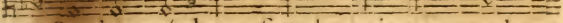
5. Sur les méchans fond toujours quelque



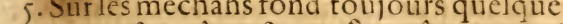
orage : Mais qui craint Dieu, qui l'attend



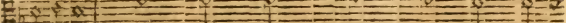
conſtamment, Poſſédera la terre en hérita-



ge. Oui, le pécheur périt ſi promptement,

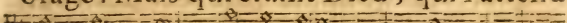


Qu'en vain l'on va le chercher dans ſa place,

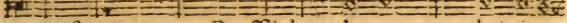


On n'y voit plus ſa trace ſeulement.

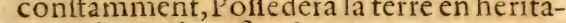
PAUSE I.



6. Mais pour les bons, Dieu les tient en

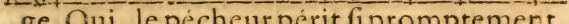


ſa grace, Et ſur la terre il remplit leurs



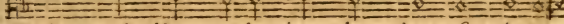
ſouhaits, Les délivrant du mal qui les

ménace. En vain contr'eux, ſans ſe



laſſer jamais, Grinçant les dents, l'hom-

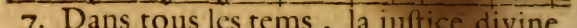
me inique machine ; Dieu confondra



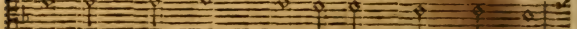
ſes injuſtes projets.

7. Dans

7. Dans tous les tems, la justice divine

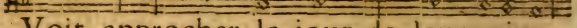


Rit des méchans, & de ses yeux ouverts,

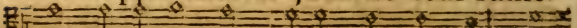


Voit approcher le jour de leur ruine.

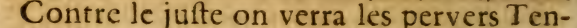
Contre le juste on verra les pervers Ten-



dre leur arc, & tirer leur épée, Pour lui

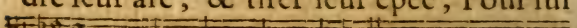


livrer mille combats divers.

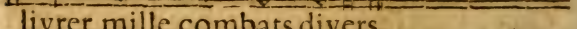


8. Mais, après tout, leur attente est trom-

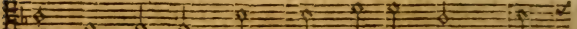
pée, Leur arc se rompt, & le cœur leur dé-



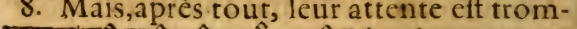
faut, Leur propre fer a leur trame coupée.



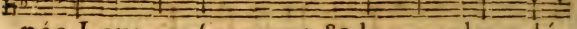
Certes, le peu de l'homme juste, vaut Mille



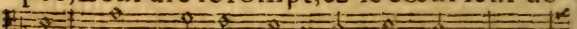
fois mieux que la riche abondance Des



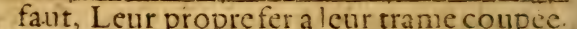
vicieux, quoiqu'élevés plus haut.



9. Dieu, de leurs bras, rompt l'injuste puis-

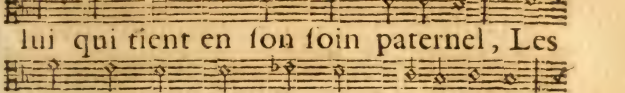


sance: Il se souvient du traité solennel Qui

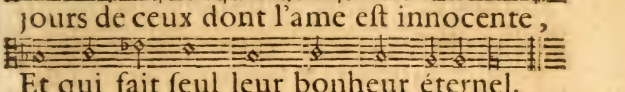


fait des siens la force & l'assurance. C'est

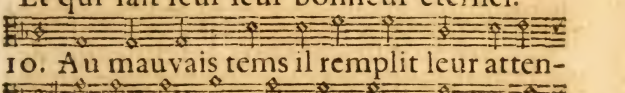
lui



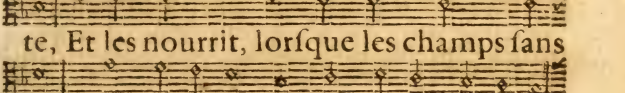
lui qui tient en ſon ſoin paternel, Les



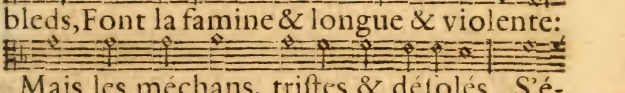
jours de ceux dont l'ame eſt innocente,



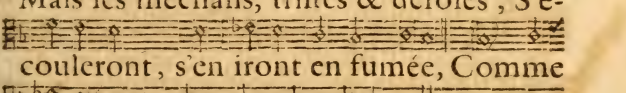
Et qui fait ſeul leur bonheur éternel.



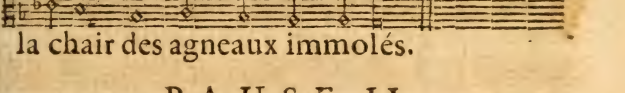
10. Au mauvais tems il remplit leur atten-



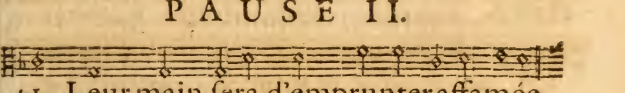
te, Et les nourrit, lorſque les champs ſans



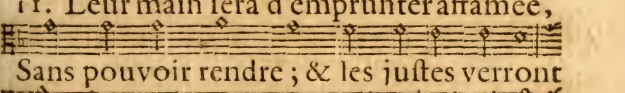
bleds, Font la famine & longue & violente:



Mais les méchans, triſtes & déſolés, S'é-

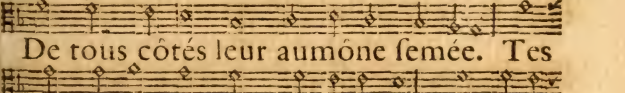


couleront, s'en iront en fumée, Comme

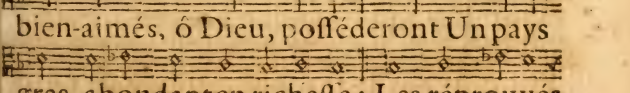


la chair des agneaux immolés.

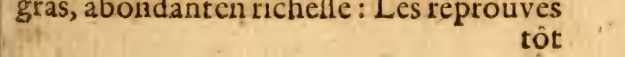
PAUSE II.



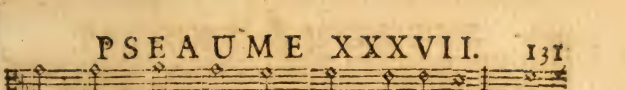
11. Leur main ſera d'emprunter affamée,



Sans pouvoir rendre ; & les juſtes verront



De tous côtés leur aumône ſemée. Tes

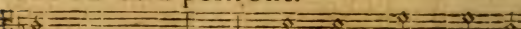


bien-aimés, ô Dieu, poſſéderont Un pays

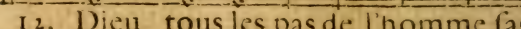
gras, abondant en richeſſe : Les réprouvés

tôt

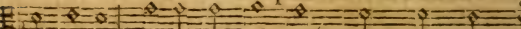
tot ou tard periront.



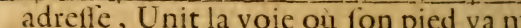
12. Dieu tous les pas de l'homme ſage,



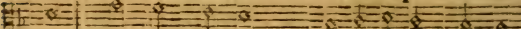
adreſſe, Unit la voie où ſon pied va mar-



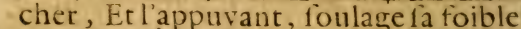
cher, Et l'appuyant, ſoulage ſa foibleſſe:



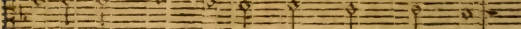
Si de tomber il ne peut s'empêcher, De



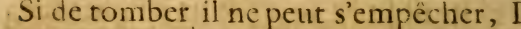
ſe bleſſer il n'aura nulle crainte; Dieu



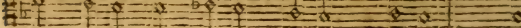
le retient quand il vient à broncher.



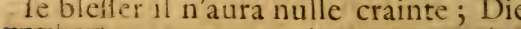
13. J'ai beaucoup vu, J'ai la vieilleſſe at-



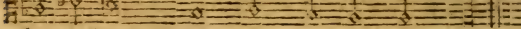
teinte, Et n'ai point vu le juſte abandonné,



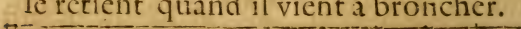
Et ſa famille mendier contrainte, J'ai vu



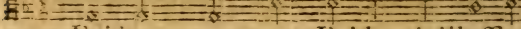
plutot qu'il a prêté, donné; Et qu'après



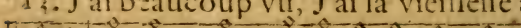
tout, Dieu l'a, même en ſa race, Rem-



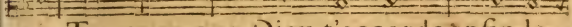
pli de bien, & d'honneur couronné.



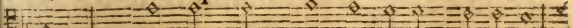
14. Fuis donc le mal, & du bien ſuis la



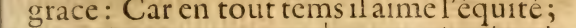
trace, Si d'un bonheur qui n'eſt point limi-



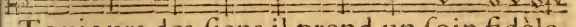
te, Tu veux que Dieu t'accorde enfin la



grace : Car en tout tems il aime l'équité ;

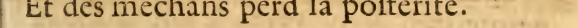


Toujours des siens il prend un soin fidèle,

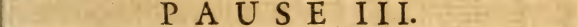


Et des méchans perd la postérité.

PAUSE III.

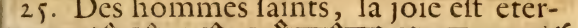


25. Des hommes saints, la joie est éter-

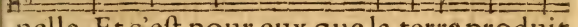


nelle, Et c'est pour eux que la terre produit

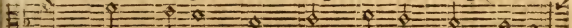
Les biens divers que l'on admire en elle.



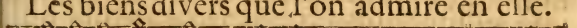
Aussi le juste, en la sagesse instruit, Quel-



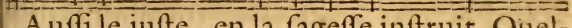
que discours que sa bouche propose, N'y



mêle rien qui ne soit plein de fruit.

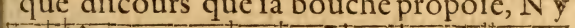


16. La loi de Dieu, qui dans son cœur re-

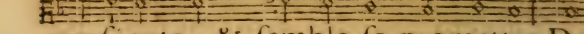


pose, Le soutiendra dans un chemin glis-

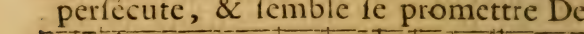
sant, A quelqu'assaut que sa vertu l'expose,



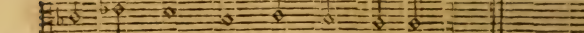
Si quelquefois l'inique trop puissant, Le



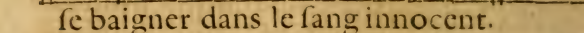
perſécute, & ſemble ſe promettre De



ſe baigner dans le ſang innocent.

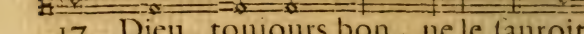


17. Dieu, toujours bon, ne le ſauroit

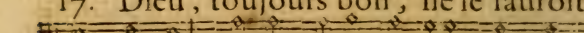


permettre, Ni ne verra le juſte condam-

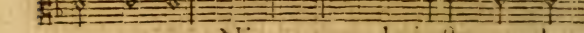
ner, Quand à ſon juge il viendra ſe ſou-



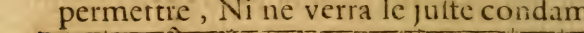
mettre. Eſpère en Dieu, laiſſe-le gou-



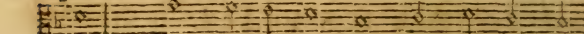
verner : Tu jouiras de la terre féconde,



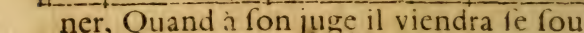
Et les méchans verras exterminer.



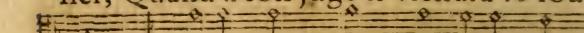
18. Je vis l'inique heureux aux yeux du



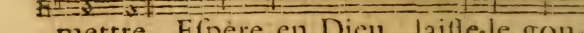
monde, Qui, s'élevant, croiſſoit & verdiſſoit



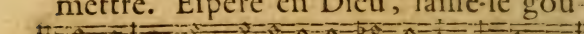
Comme un laurier qui de rameaux abon-



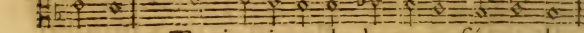
de : Puis repaſſant aux lieux qu'il rempliſ-



ſoit, Je n'y vis plus ni branche, ni feuillage;

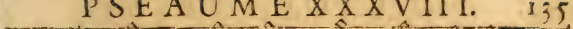


Même du tronc rien ne me paroiſſoit.

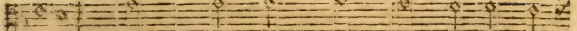


19. Pour ton repos, prens garde à l'homme

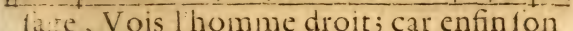
ſage,



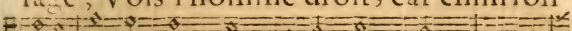
sage, Vois l'homme droit; car enfin son



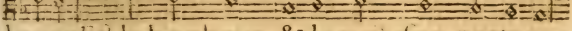
lover Est le bonheur, & la paix son partage;



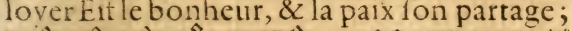
Mais les méchans, prompts à se fourvoyer,



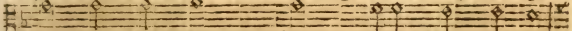
Tout doit périr; & leur juste salaire Sera



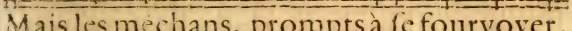
que Dieu les viendra foudroyer.



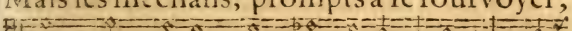
20. Enfin, de Dieu la grace salutaire, De



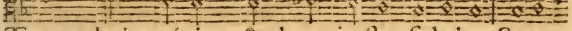
tous leurs maux les siens soulagera; Les



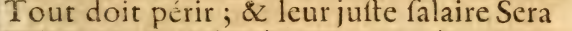
soutenant au tems le plus contraire, Par



sa main forte il les délivrera: Car au Sei-

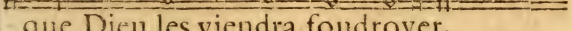


gneur chacun d'eux voudra plaire, Et

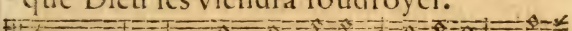


chacun d'eux, sur lui, s'assurera.

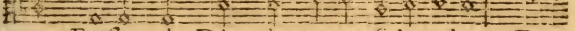
PSEAUME XXXVIII.



O Seigneur, que ta colère Se modère;

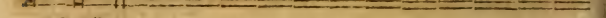


Retien ton juste courroux: Que ta fureur

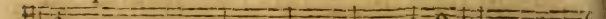


se retire, Ou j'expire Sous la rigueur de tes

coups.



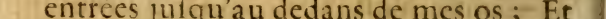
2 Tes fléches, ſur moi tirées, Sont



entrées juſqu'au dedans de mes os ; Et

ta main dure & peſante M'épouvante,

Sans me laiſſer de repos.



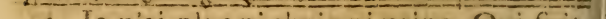
3. Je n'ai plus ni chair, ni veine, Qui ſoit

ſaine, Dans l'état où tu m'as mis ; Et je

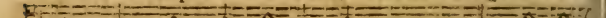
vois qu'à ta vengeance, Mon offenſe

trop juſtement m'a ſoumis.

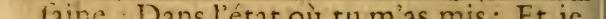
4. Mon crime eſt ſi déteſtable, Qu'il



m'accable : Un cuiſant remords m'a-



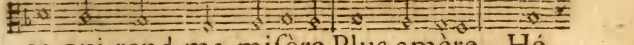
bat ; Et trop foible pour la peine, Qui



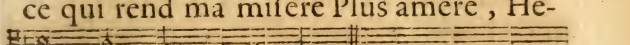
me gêne, Je ſuccombe en ce combat.

5. Mes bleſſures ſi cruelles, Sont mor-

telles : Nul ne les voit ſans horreur ; Et

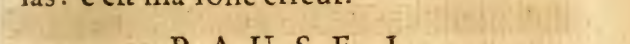


ce qui rend ma misère Plus amère, Hé-

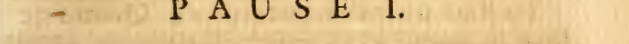


las! c'est ma folle erreur.

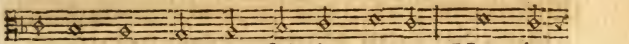
PAUSE I.



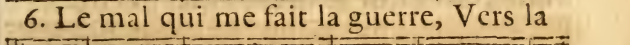
6. Le mal qui me fait la guerre, Vers la



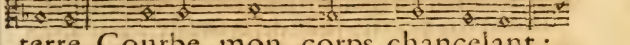
terre Courbe mon corps chancelant:



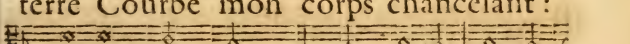
Chacun voit comme avec peine, Je me



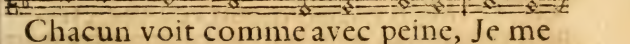
traîne, Marchant d'un pas triste & lent.



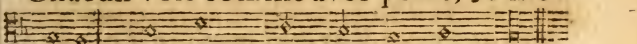
7. Le feu brûlant dont mes veines Sont



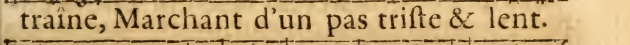
si pleines, Me consume nuit & jour;



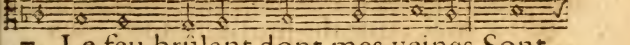
Et la source de ma vie Est tarie, Sans nul



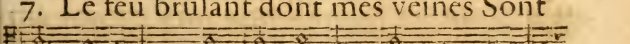
espoir de retour.



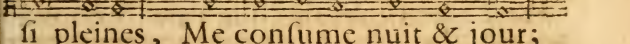
8. Jadis, avant cette peste Si funeste,



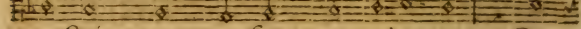
Rien n'égaloit ma vigueur; Maintenant,



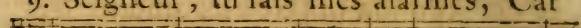
mourant & pâle, Rien n'égale Mon



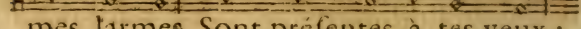
tourment & ma langueur.



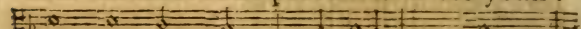
9. Seigneur, tu fais mes alarmes; Car



mes larmes Sont présentes à tes yeux :

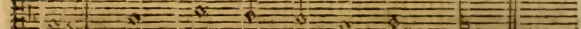


Tu fais de quoi je te prie, Quand je

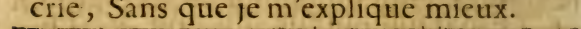


crie, Sans que je m'explique mieux.

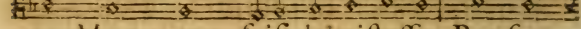
10. Mon cœur, saisi de tristesse, Bat sans



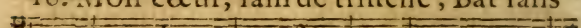
cesse : Mon corps languit tout perclus ;



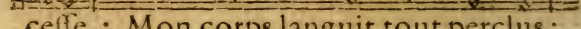
Mes yeux perdent leur lumière Toute en-



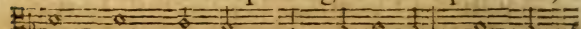
tière; Mais, que dis-je, ils ne sont plus.



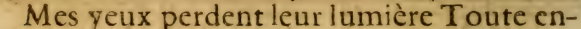
11. Le plus cher ami que j'aie, Voit ma



plaie; Mais, hélas! il se tient loin : Je puis

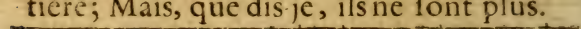


faire à mon plus proche Ce reproche,

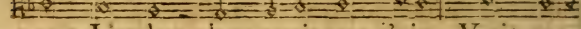


Qu'il m'abandonne au besoin.

PAUSE II.

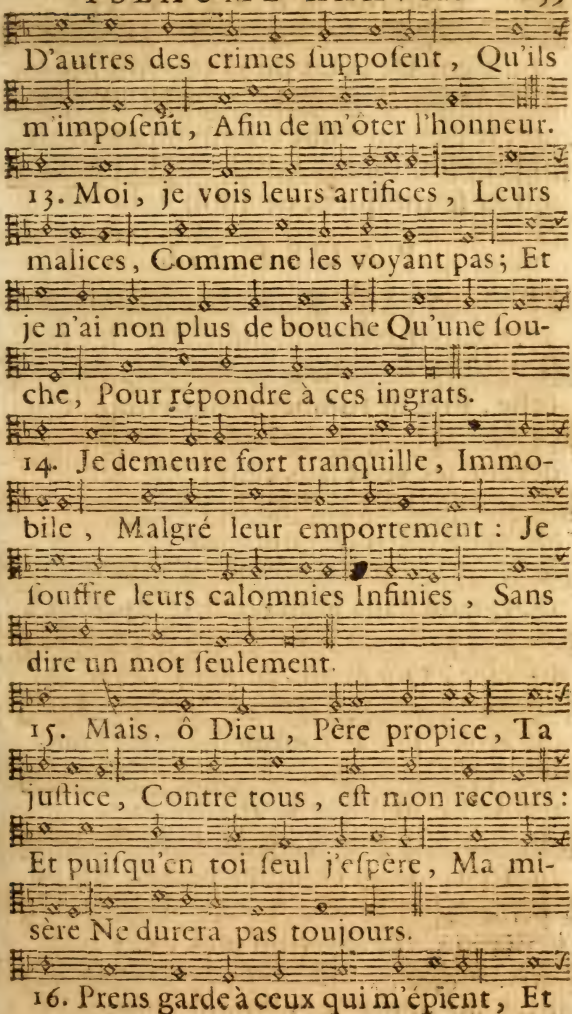


12. Les uns, à ma mort, s'attendent, Et me



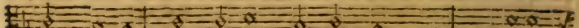
tendent Des piéges dans mon malheur,

D'autres

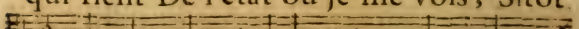


D'autres des crimes ſuppoſent, Qu'ils
m'impoſent, Afin de m'ôter l'honneur.
13. Moi, je vois leurs artifices, Leurs
malices, Comme ne les voyant pas; Et
je n'ai non plus de bouche Qu'une ſou-
che, Pour répondre à ces ingrats.
14. Je demeure fort tranquille, Immo-
bile, Malgré leur emportement: Je
ſouffre leurs calomnies Infinies, Sans
dire un mot ſeulement.
15. Mais, ô Dieu, Père propice, Ta
juſtice, Contre tous, eſt mon recours:
Et puiſqu'en toi ſeul j'eſpère, Ma mi-
sère Ne durera pas toujours.
16. Prens garde à ceux qui m'épient, Et

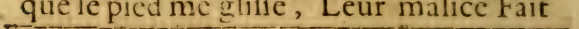
qui



qui rient De l'état où je me vois, Sitôt

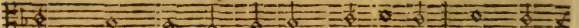


que le pied me glisse, Leur malice Fait

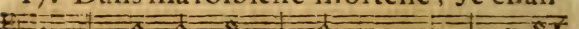


qu'ils se moquent de moi.

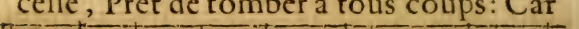
PAUSE III.



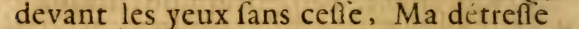
17. Dans ma foiblesse mortelle, Je chan-



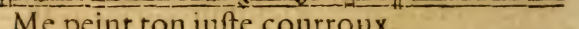
celle, Prêt de tomber à tous coups: Car



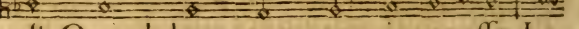
devant les yeux sans cesse, Ma détresse



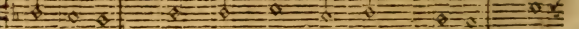
Me peint ton juste courroux.



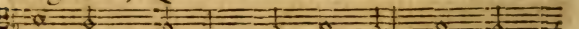
18. Quand dans mon cœur je repasse La



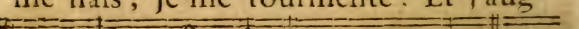
disgrace, Qui de ma faute est l'effet, Je



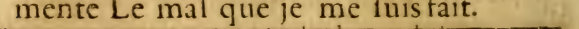
me hais, je me tourmente. Et j'aug-



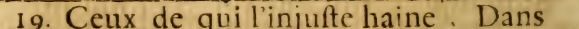
mente Le mal que je me suis fait.



19. Ceux de qui l'injuste haine. Dans



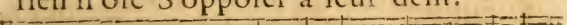
ma peine, Trouve son plus doux plai-



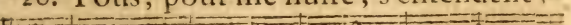
sir, Sont heureux en toute chose; Et

rien

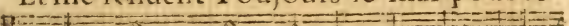
rien n'oſe S'oppoſer à leur deſir.



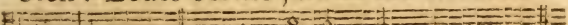
20. Tous, pour me nuire, s'entendent,



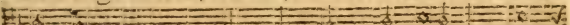
Et me rendent Toujours le mal pour le



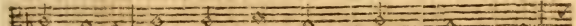
bien : Leurs cœurs jaloux me haiſſent



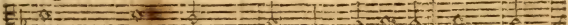
Et s'aigriſſent, Plus je tâche à faire bien.



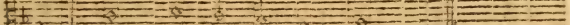
21. O Dieu, montre-moi ta face : Que



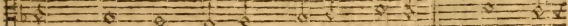
ta grace Me ſoutienne en tous mes maux ;



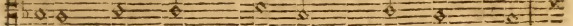
Fais, Seigneur, que ta parole Me con-



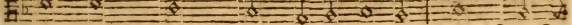
ſole Dans l'excès de mes travaux.



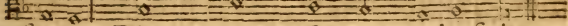
22. Tes tendreſſes paternelles, Des fi-



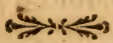
dèles te font toujours prendre ſoin.



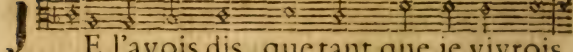
Hâte, ô Dieu, ton aſſiſtance : Ma ſouf-



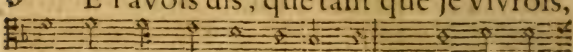
france D'un prompt ſecours a beſoin.



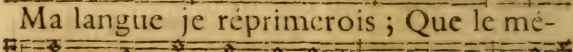
PSEAUME XXXIX.



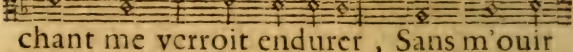
JE l'avois dis, que tant que je vivrois,



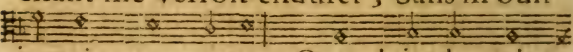
Ma langue je réprimerois ; Que le mé-



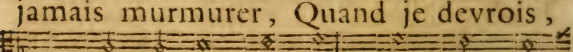
chant me verroit endurer, Sans m'ouir



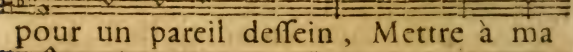
jamais murmurer, Quand je devrois,



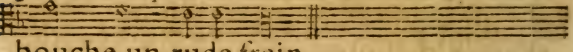
pour un pareil deſſein, Mettre à ma



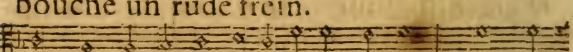
bouche un rude frein.



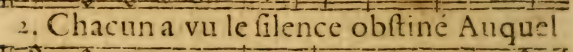
2. Chacun a vu le ſilence obſtiné Auquel



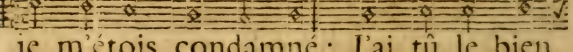
je m'étois condamné : J'ai tû le bien



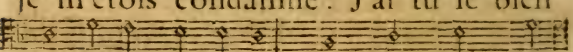
contre ma volonté, Bien que mon cœur



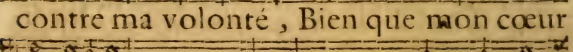
tût agité ; Mais dévoré par un cuiſant



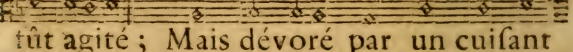
ſouci, Il a fallu parler ainſi :



3 Dieu tout-puiſſant, qui règles mon

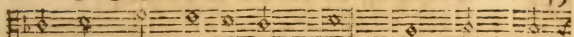


deſtin, Fais moi donc connoître ma fin :

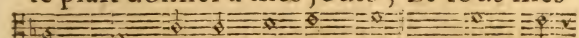


Au demi-pied tu meſures le cours, Qu'il

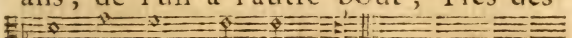
te



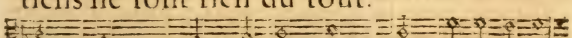
te plaît donner à mes jours ; Et tous mes



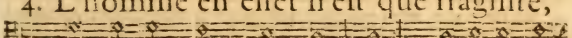
ans, de l'un à l'autre bout, Près des



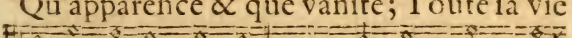
tiens ne ſont rien du tout.



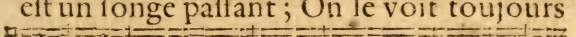
4. L'homme en effet n'eſt que fragilité,



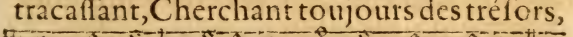
Qu'apparence & que vanité ; Toute ſa vie



eſt un ſonge paſſant ; On le voit toujours

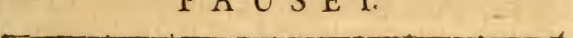


tracaſſant, Cherchant toujours des tréſors,

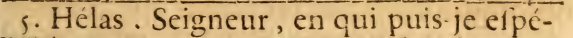


ſans ſavoir L'héritier qui les doit avoir.

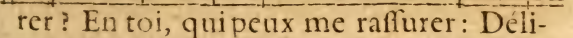
PAUSE I.



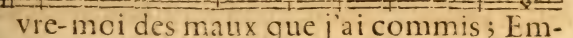
5. Hélas, Seigneur, en qui puis-je eſpé-



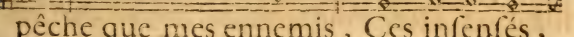
rer ? En toi, qui peux me raſſurer : Déli-



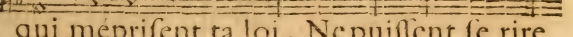
vre-moi des maux que j'ai commis ; Em-



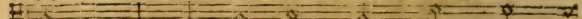
pêche que mes ennemis, Ces inſenſés,



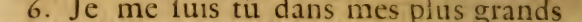
qui mépriſent ta loi, Ne puiſſent ſe rire



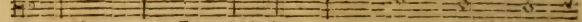
de moi.



6. Je me ſuis tû dans mes plus grands

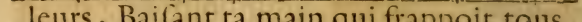


maiheurs, Je n'ai dit mot dans mes dou-

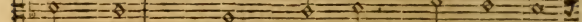


leurs, Baiſant ta main qui frappoit tous

ces coups Mais, ô Dieu! calme ton



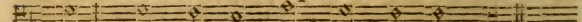
courroux: Guéri ma plaie, & conſole mon



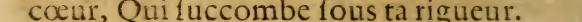
cœur, Qui ſuccombe ſous ta rigueur.

7. Quand le pécheur te force à le punir,

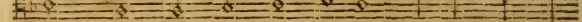
On voit ſon éclat ſe ternir; On voit périr



ſes ornemens divers, Comme un habit

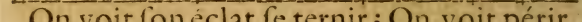


rongé des vers: Son ſort enfin montre, tout

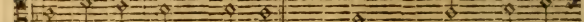


bien compté, Que l'homme n'eſt que vanité

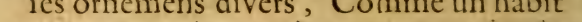
8. Ecoute, ô Dieu, ma plainte & mes cla-



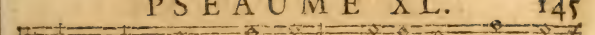
meurs, Ne te rend pas ſourd à mes pleurs.



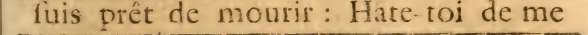
Comme étranger, ainſi que mes ayeux, Je



paſſe ici-bas ſous tes yeux: Appaiſe-toi, je

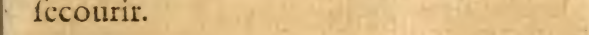


ſuis prêt de mourir : Hate-toi de me

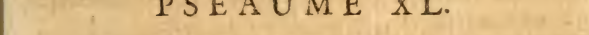


ſecourir.

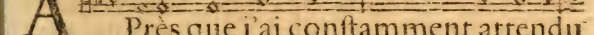
PSEAUME XL.



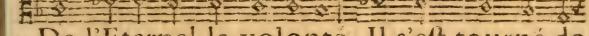
APrès que j'ai conſtamment attendu



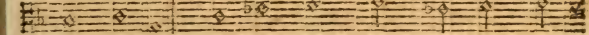
De l'Eternel la volonté, Il s'eſt tourné de



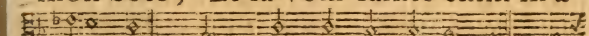
mon côté, Et ſa voix ſainte enfin m'a



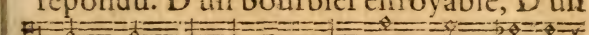
répondu. D'un bourbier effroyable, D'un



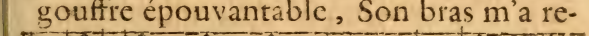
gouffre épouvantable, Son bras m'a re-



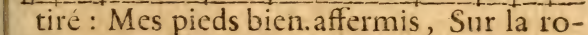
tiré : Mes pieds bien affermis, Sur la ro-



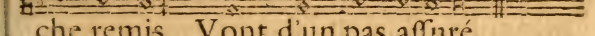
che remis, Vont d'un pas aſſuré.



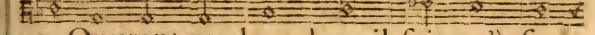
2. Ouvrant ma bouche, il fait qu'à ſon



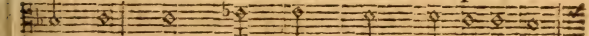
honneur, Par-tout mes chants retentiront:



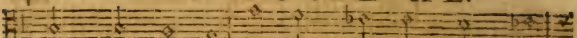
Par-tout les peuples apprendront A ne rien



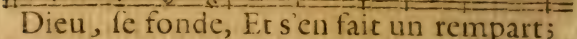
craindre, en craignant le Seigneur. Heu-



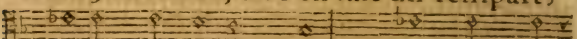
reux eſt l'homme au monde, Qui ſur ſon



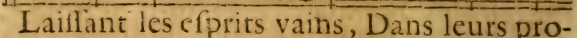
Dieu, se fonde, Et s'en fait un rempart;



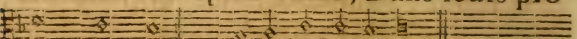
Laissant les esprits vains, Dans leurs pro-



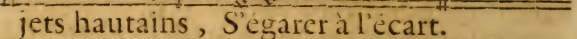
jets hautains, S'égarer à l'écart.



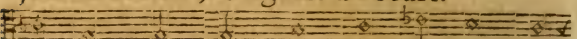
3. Seigneur mon Dieu, tes conseils, tes



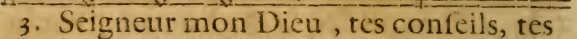
hauts faits, Surpassent notre entendement;



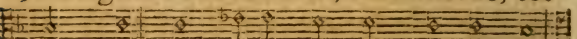
Quelqu'un pourroit-il seulement Faire un



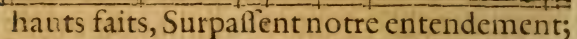
calcul des biens que tu nous fais? Pour



moi, si je les compte, Le nombre me

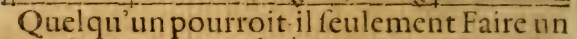


surmonte. Tu ne veux plus d'odeurs,

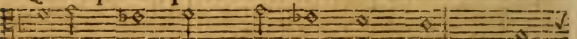


De gâteaux, ni de sang, Mais tu m'as

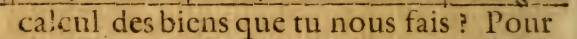
donné rang Parmi tes serviteurs.



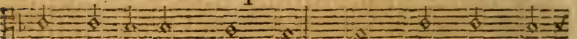
4. Non, non Seigneur, tu n'attens point



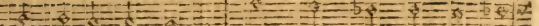
de moi D'oblation pour le péché; Mais à



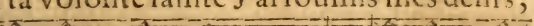
tes ordres attaché, Me voici prêt. ô Dieu,



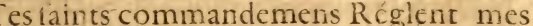
selon ta Loi, Sans regret, sans contrainte,



A ta volonté sainte J'ai soumis mes desirs;

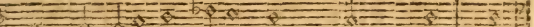


Tes saints commandemens Réglent mes

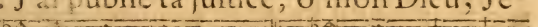


mouvemens, Et font tous mes plaisirs.

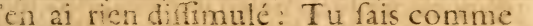
PAUSE.



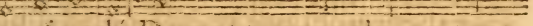
5. J'ai publié ta justice, ô mon Dieu; Je



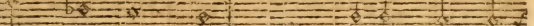
n'en ai rien dissimulé: Tu sais comme



j'en ai parlé, Devant ton peuple, en tout

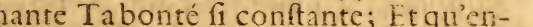


tems, en tout lieu. C'est ainsi que je



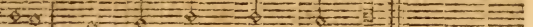
chante Ta bonté si constante; Et qu'en-

cor tous les jours, De ta fidélité Et de ta

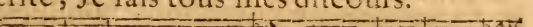


vérité, Je fais tous mes discours.

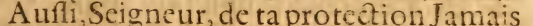
6. Aussi, Seigneur, de ta protection Jamais



tu ne me priveras; Mais plutôt tu m'accor-



deras Les tendres soins de ta compassion.



Mes maux sans cesse augmentent; Mes pé-

chés m'épouvantent; J'en ai l'esprit trou-
blé. Je les sens plus nombreux Que ne sont
mes cheveux, Et j'en suis accablé.

7. Ta main me peut délivrer sans effort:
Hâte-toi de me secourir; Et pour m'empê-
cher de périr, Repousse, ô Dieu, ceux qui
cherchent ma mort. Confond l'injuste at-
tente De la troupe insolente, Prête à me
déchirer. Fai retomber sur eux, Cet op-
probre honteux, Qu'ils m'osent préparer.

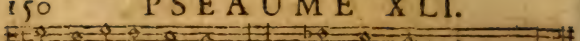
8. Mais comble, ô Dieu, de tes biens pré-
cieux Ceux qui suivent tes saintes Loix:
Nous chanterons tous d'une voix, Gloire au
Dieu fort, gloire au Maître des cieux. Hé-
las! je souffre encore; Mais le Dieu que
j'adore,

j'adore, De moi veut prendre soin. Sei-
gneur, tu m'as aide; Seigneur, tu m'as
gardé: Accours à mon besoin.

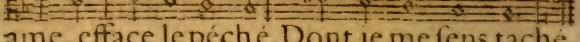
PSEAUME XLI.

HEureux celui qui juge sagement Du
pauvre en son tourment! Quand, à son tour,
le mal l'affligera, Dieu le délivrera: Dieu
le rendra, par son secours puissant, Et sain
& florissant: Loin d'être en proie à ses
fiers ennemis, Il les verra soumis.

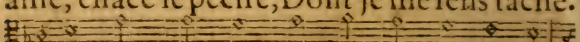
2. Quand il soupire & qu'il est en lan-
gueur, Dieu lui rend sa vigueur, Et change
enfin son lit d'infirmité, En un lit de santé.
Ainsi, Seigneur, quand je m'adresse à toi,
Tourne les yeux vers moi; Guéri mon



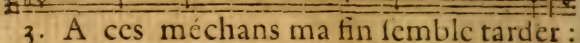
ame, efface le péché, Dont je me sens taché.



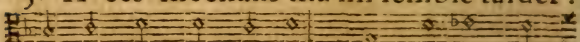
3. A ces méchans ma fin semble tarder :



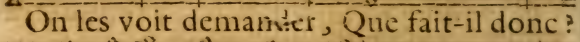
On les voit demander, Que fait-il donc ?



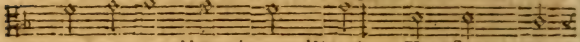
mourra-t-il aujourd'hui, Et son nom



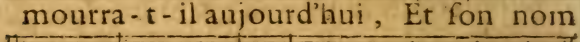
avec lui ? Si quelques uns me viennent



visiter, Ils ont beau me flatter, Mon mal

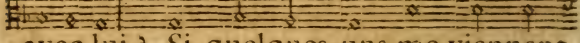


leur plaît : chacun va, quand il sort, En

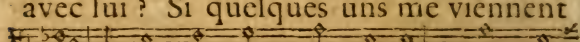


faire son rapport.

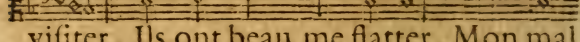
PAUSE.



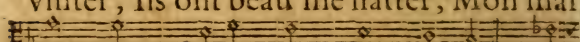
4. Alors tous ceux qui cherchent mon



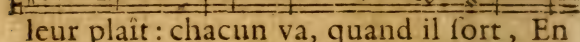
trépas, En discourent tout bas : Ils vou-



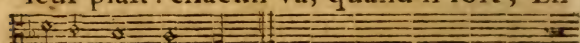
droient tous, bien loin d'en être en deuil,



Me voir dans le cercueil. Il est au lit,

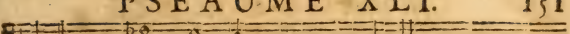


disent-ils, attaché Pour quelque grand

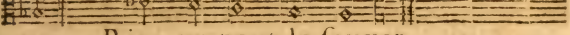


péché : Il est si mal qu'il n'en peut rele-

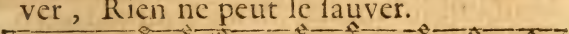
ver,



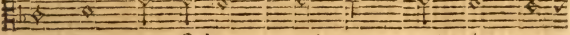
ver, Rien ne peut le ſauver.



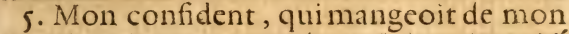
5. Mon confident, qui mangeoit de mon



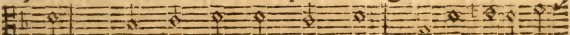
pain, S'eſt éloigné ſoudain : Il a levé le



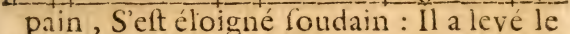
talon contre moi, M'ayant manqué de



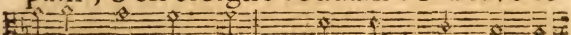
foi. Viens donc, Seigneur, & prens



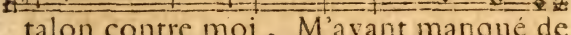
compaſſion De mon affliction : Rends-



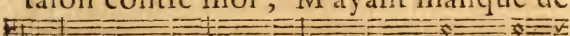
moi la vie, & je leur ferai voir Quel



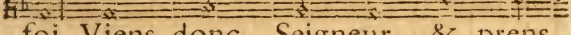
étoit leur devoir.



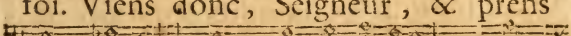
6. Tu m'as montré, Seigneur, juſqu'à ce



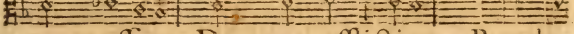
jour, Ta grace & ton amour; Et l'ennemi



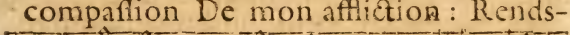
qui m'avoit inſulté, Voit qu'il s'eſt mé-



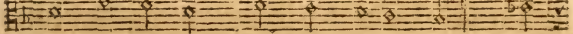
compté. Quand j'ai gliſſé, ta main m'a rete-



nu, Ton bras m'a ſoutenu; Et tu veux

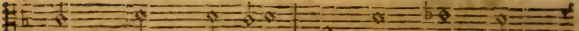


bien encore à l'avenir, M'aider, me ſoutenir.

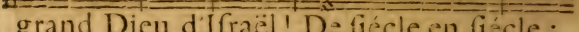


7. Loué ſoit donc à jamais l'Eternel, Le

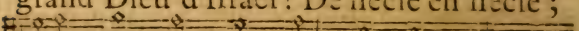
grand



grand Dieu d'Israël ! De siécle en siécle ;

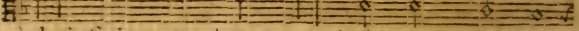


a lui soit tout honneur ! Amen, Amen,

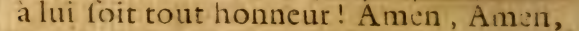


Seigneur.

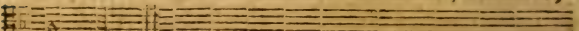
PSEAUME XLII.



Comme un cerf altéré brame Après



le courant des eaux, Ainsi soupire mon

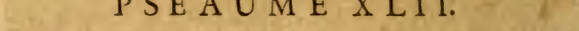


ame, Seigneur, après tes ruisseaux : Elle

a soif du Dieu vivant, Et s'écrie, en le sui-

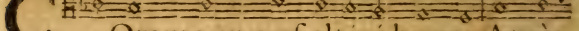
vant, Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, quand se-

ra-ce Que mes yeux verront ta face ?

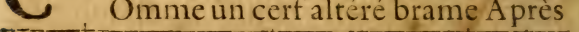


2. Pour pain je n'ai que mes larmes ; Et

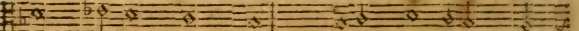
nuit & jour, en tout lieu, Lorsqu'en mes



dures alarmes On me dit, que fait ton

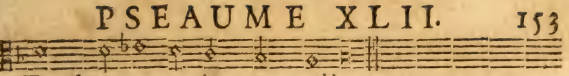


Dieu ? Je regrette la saison Que j'allois en

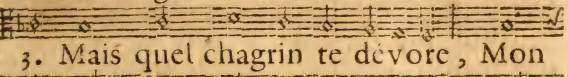


ta maison, Chantant, avec les fidèles,

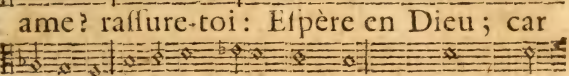
Tes



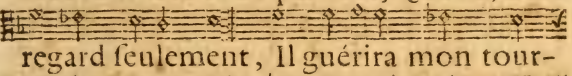
Tes louanges immortelles.



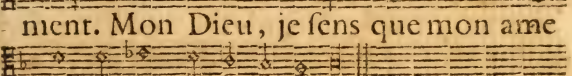
3. Mais quel chagrin te dévore, Mon



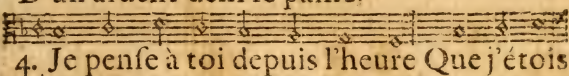
ame? rassure-toi: Espère en Dieu; car



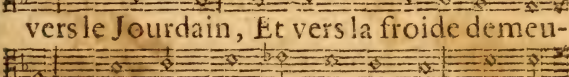
encore Il sera loué par moi, Quand, d'un



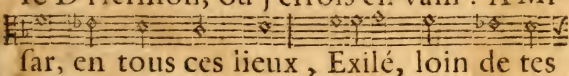
regard seulement, Il guérira mon tour-



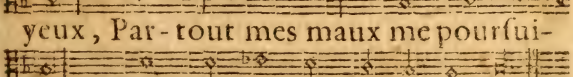
ment. Mon Dieu, je sens que mon ame



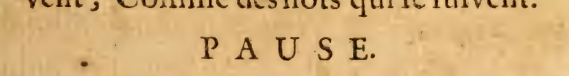
D'un ardent desir se pâme.



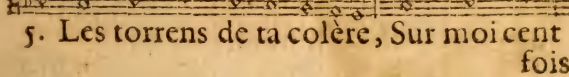
4. Je pense à toi depuis l'heure Que j'étois



vers le Jourdain, Et vers la froide demeu-



re D'Hermon, où j'errois en vain: A Mi-



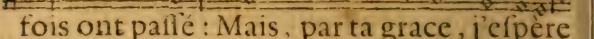
sar, en tous ces lieux, Exilé, loin de tes

vent, Comme des flots qui se suivent.

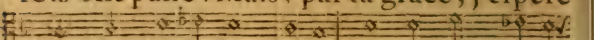
PAUSE.

5. Les torrens de ta colère, Sur moi cent

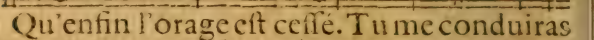
fois



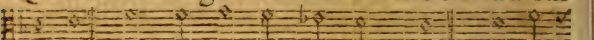
fois ont passé : Mais, par ta grace, j'espère



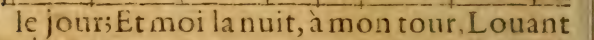
Qu'enfin l'orage est cessé. Tu me conduiras



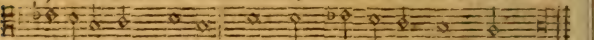
le jour; Et moi la nuit, à mon tour, Louant



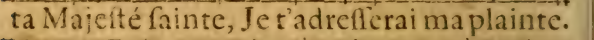
ta Majesté sainte, Je t'adresserai ma plainte.



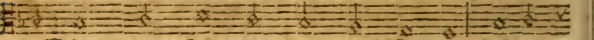
6. Dieu, ma force & ma puissance, Dirai-



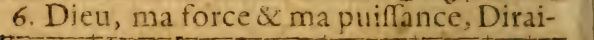
je, as-tu donc permis Qu'une si longue



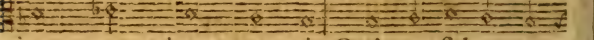
souffrance M'expose à mes ennemis : Leurs



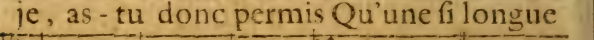
fiers & malins propos Me pénètrent jus-



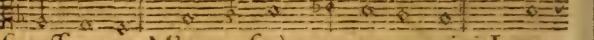
qu'aux os, Quand ils disent à toute heure,



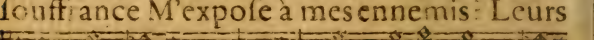
Où fait ton Dieu sa demeure ?



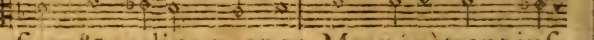
7. Mais pourquoi, mon ame, encore T'a-



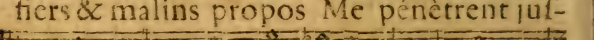
battre avec tant d'effroi ? Espère au Dieu



que j'adore : Il sera loué de moi. Un re-



gard, dans sa faveur Me dit qu'il est mon



Sauveur ; Et c'est aussi lui, mon ame,

Qu en

Qu'en tous mes maux je réclame.

PSEAUME XLIII.

PRens, ô Dieu, ma juſte querelle,

Toi qui me vois traiter ainſi Par la trou-

pe injuſte & cruelle, A tes commande-

mens rébelle : Seigneur, viens me ven-

ger auſſi Du méchant endurci.

2. Toi, grand Dieu, qui fus ma défen-

ſe, Le ſeul à qui mon cœur s'attend,

Peux tu me cacher ta préſence, Et me

livrer à l'inſolence De l'ennemi perſé-

cutant, Par qui je ſouffre tant?

3. Que ſur moi ta clarté reluiſe, Et me

montre ta vérité; Qu'au ſaint mont elle

me conduiſe, Et qu'elle-même m'in-

troduiſe

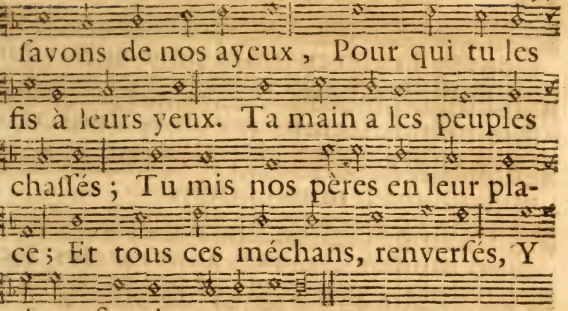
troduiſe Dans ton palais, dont la beauté
Fait voir ta Majeſté.

4. Là, d'une ſainte hardieſſe, J'appro-
cherai de ton autel : Là, dans une juſte
allégreſſe, Ma voix & ma harpe, ſans
ceſſe, Chanteront, ô Dieu d'Iſraël,
Ton honneur immortel.

5. Quoi! tes frayeurs durent encore! Mon
ame, enfin, raſſure-toi ; Eſpère au grand
Dieu que j'adore; Attends ſon aide que
j'implore: Car, comme mon Père &
mon Roi, Il veillera pour moi.

PSEAUME XLIV.

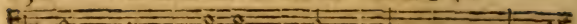
O Dieu, le bruit de tes merveilles
Raiſonne encore à nos oreilles: Nous les
ſçavons



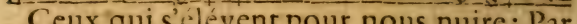
savons de nos ayeux, Pour qui tu les fis à leurs yeux. Ta main a les peuples chassés; Tu mis nos pères en leur place; Et tous ces méchans, renversés, Y virent fleurir notre race.

2. Non, ce n'est point par leur épée, Qu'ils ont cette terre occupée, Ni par la force de leurs bras, Qu'ils sont échappés des combats. Eternel, tu fus leur sauveur: Ta main, tes graces salutaires, Rendirent ton peuple vainqueur, Et défirent ses adversaires.

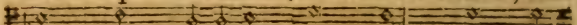
3. O Dieu, mon Roi, dont la puissance, Toujours des tiens, fut la défense, Sauve Jacob, ton bien-aimé, Par ton secours accoutume. Par toi, seront humiliés



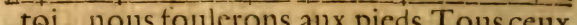
Ceux qui s'élévent pour nous nuire; Par



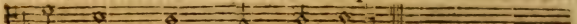
toi, nous foulerons aux pieds Tous ceux



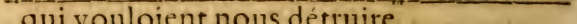
qui vouloient nous détruire.



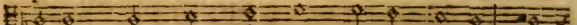
4. Ni mon arc, ni mes autres armes, Ne



peuvent rien dans les alarmes : Le fer

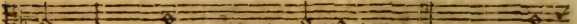


qu'on voit à mon côté, Ne fera point

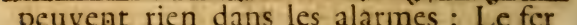


ma sûreté. C'eſt toi qui nous as défendus,

Seigneur, contre nos adverſaires ; Et

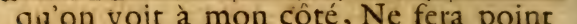


par toi ſeront confondus Tous ceux qui



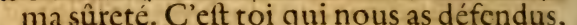
nous ſeront contraires.

PAUSE.

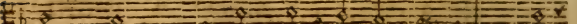


5. Dieu ſeul fut toujours notre gloire, Ses

faits ſont dans notre mémoire: Et nous

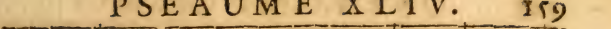


faiſons vœux déſormais, De le célébrer à

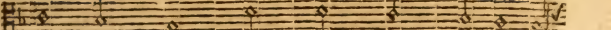


jamais. Mais cependant, tu te tiens loin ;

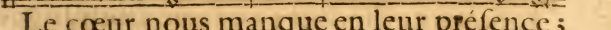
Le



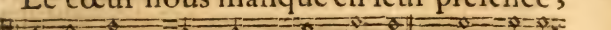
Le cœur nous manque en leur préſence ;



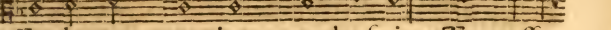
Et de nos guerriers, au beſoin, Tu ceſſes



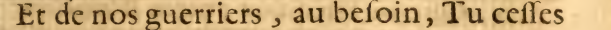
d'être la défenſe.



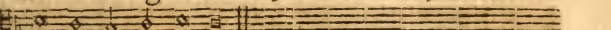
6. Souvent notre armée eſt réduite A pren-



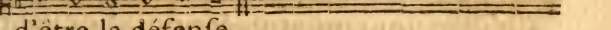
dre une honteuſe fuite, Et l'ennemi ſe



vient ſaiſir De tous nos biens, à ſon plai-



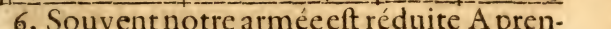
ſir: Diſperſés parmi ces méchans, Tu nous



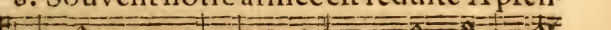
livres à leur furie, Comme des agneaux

dans les champs, Deſtinés à la boucherie.

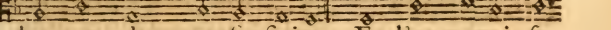
7. Enfin, ta nation élue Voit que pour rien



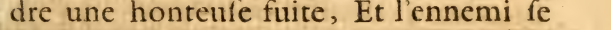
tu l'as vendue; Et que loin d'en hauſſer le



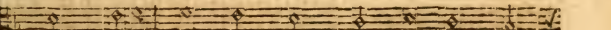
prix, Tu la laiſſes dans le mépris. Tu per



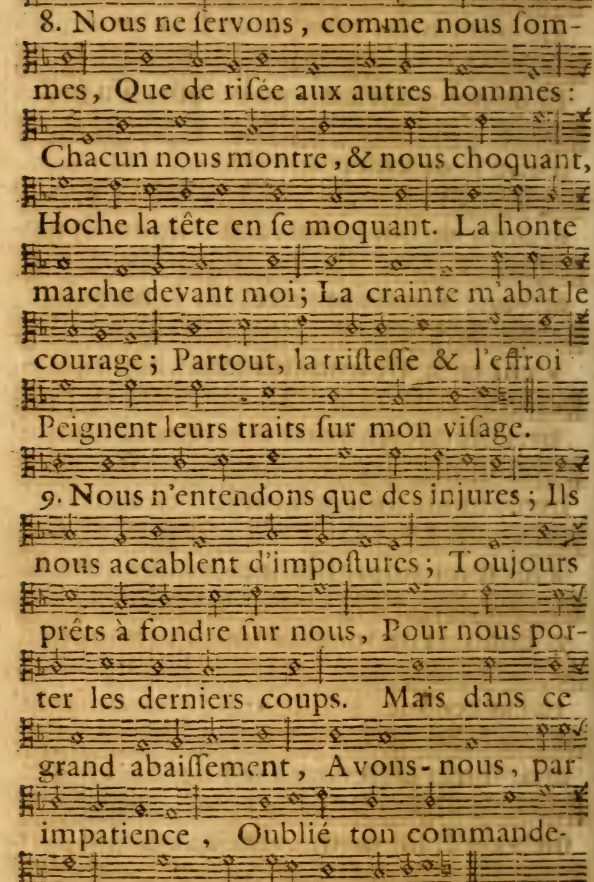
mets qu'étant maltraités De ceux qui près



de nous habitent, Nous ſoyons encore in-



ſultés Par les faux contes qu'ils débitent.

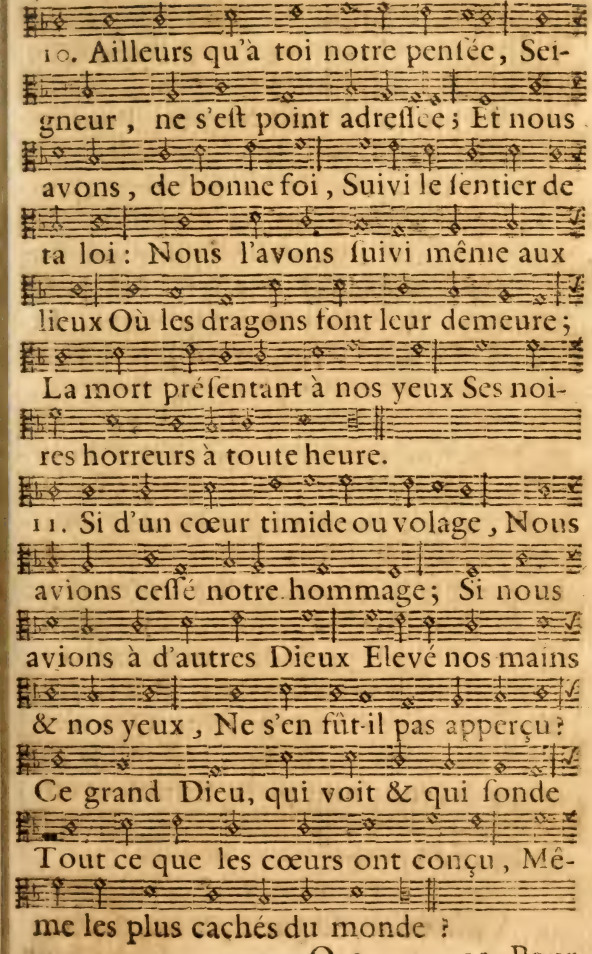


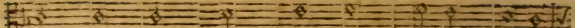
8. Nous ne ſervons, comme nous ſommes, Que de riſée aux autres hommes: Chacun nous montre, & nous choquant, Hoche la tête en ſe moquant. La honte marche devant moi; La crainte m'abat le courage; Partout, la triſteſſe & l'effroi Peignent leurs traits ſur mon viſage.

9. Nous n'entendons que des injures; Ils nous accablent d'impoſtures; Toujours prêts à fondre ſur nous, Pour nous porter les derniers coups. Mais dans ce grand abaiſſement, Avons-nous, par impatience, Oublié ton commandement, Ou mépriſé ton alliance?

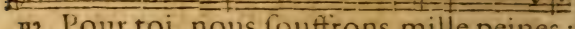
PAUSE II.

PAUSE II.

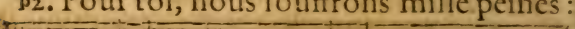

10. Ailleurs qu'à toi notre penſée, Sei-
gneur, ne s'eſt point adreſſée; Et nous
avons, de bonne foi, Suivi le ſentier de
ta loi: Nous l'avons ſuivi même aux
lieux Où les dragons font leur demeure;
La mort préſentant à nos yeux Ses noi-
res horreurs à toute heure.
11. Si d'un cœur timide ou volage, Nous
avions ceſſé notre hommage; Si nous
avions à d'autres Dieux Elevé nos mains
& nos yeux, Ne s'en fût-il pas apperçu?
Ce grand Dieu, qui voit & qui ſonde
Tout ce que les cœurs ont conçu, Mê-
me les plus cachés du monde?



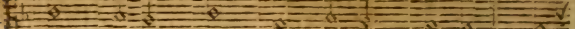
12. Pour toi, nous souffrons mille peines :



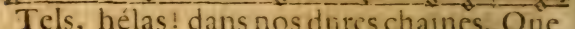
Tels, hélas! dans nos dures chaines, Que



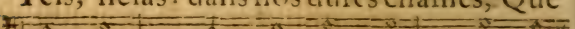
des brebis qu'on garde exprès, Pour les



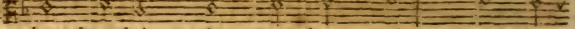
égorger tôt après. Hélas! Seigneur, pour-



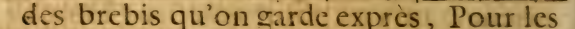
quoi dors-tu? Réveille-toi pour voir nos



craintes ; Réveille, dis-je, ta vertu, Et

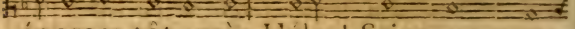


fais cesser nos tristes plaintes.

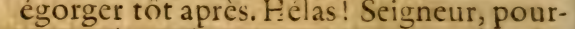


13. Pourquoi caches-tu ton visage? Pour-

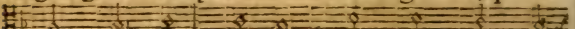
quoi, quand chacun nous outrage, N'as-



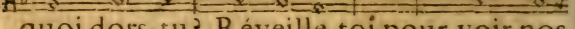
tu quelque compassion De notre extrême



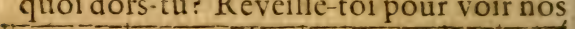
affliction? La rigueur dont tu nous abats,



Nous fait une si rude guerre, Que nos



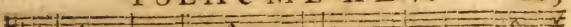
corps devenus tout plats, Semblent co-



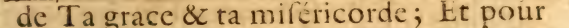
lés contre la terre.

14. Viens donc, Seigneur, & nous accor-

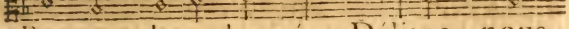
de



de Ta grace & ta miſéricorde ; Et pour

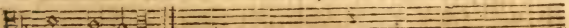


l'amour de ta bonté , Délivre - nous



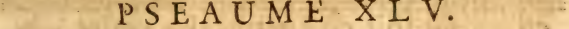
d'adverſité.

PSEAUME XLV.

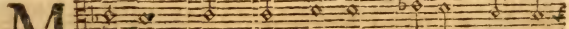


M On cœur, rempli de choſes magni-

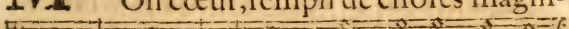
fiques, Veut les répandre & les rendre pu-



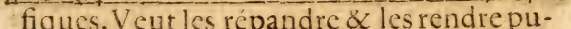
bliques ; Et mes diſcours ſeront d'un plus



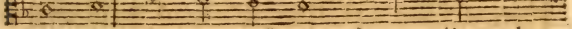
grand prix, Que des ſavans les plus doctes



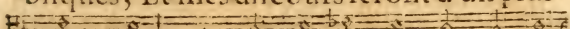
écrits. C'eſt toi, grand Roi, pour qui je



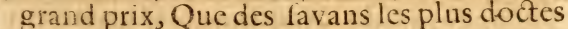
les veux dire : Toi, le plus beau de tous



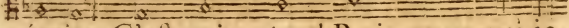
ceux qu'on admire ; Toi, dont la grace



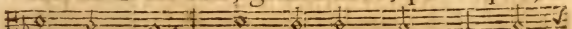
& les divins attraits Font voir que Dieu



t'a béni à jamais.

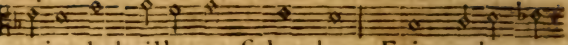


2. A ton côté ceins l'épée invincible, Qui



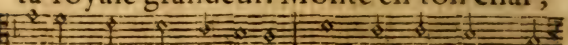
de ta force eſt la marque viſible ; De ſon

acier

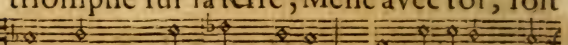


acier la brillante ſplendeur Fait redouter

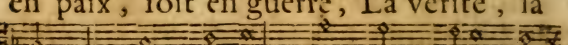
ta royale grandeur. Monte en ton char,



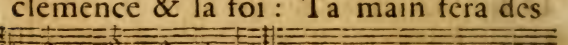
triomphe ſur la terre ; Mène avec toi, ſoit



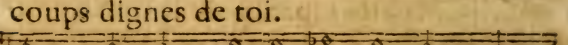
en paix, ſoit en guerre, La vérité, la



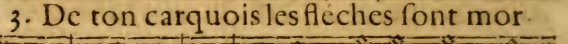
clémence & la foi : Ta main fera des



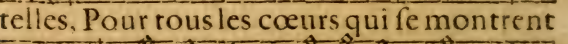
coups dignes de toi.



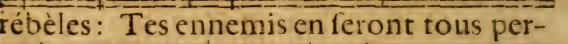
3. De ton carquois les fléches ſont mor-



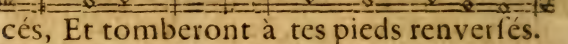
telles, Pour tous les cœurs qui ſe montrent



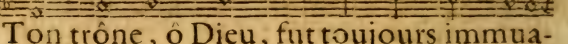
rébèles : Tes ennemis en ſeront tous per-



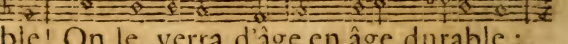
cés, Et tomberont à tes pieds renverſés.



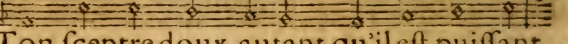
Ton trône, ô Dieu, fut toujours immua-



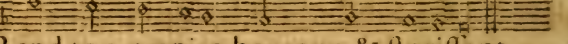
ble ! On le verra d'âge en âge durable :



Ton ſceptre doux, autant qu'il eſt puiſſant,

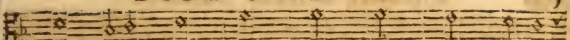


Rend ton empire heureux & floriſſant.

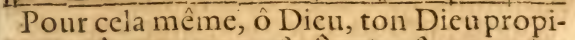


4. Tu hais le mal, tu chéris la juſtice :

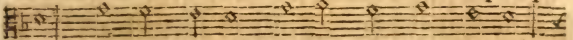
Pour



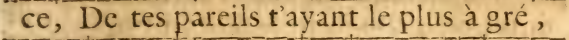
Pour cela même, ô Dieu, ton Dieu propi-



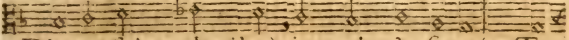
ce, De tes pareils t'ayant le plus à gré,



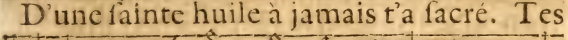
D'une sainte huile à jamais t'a sacré. Tes



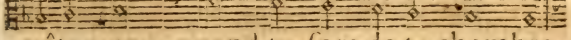
vêtemens, quand tu sors de ta chambre,



Parfument tout d'un air de musc & d'am-

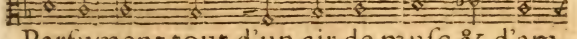


bre: Ils furent faits d'un tissu précieux,

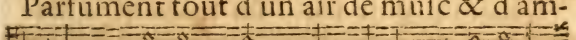


pour s'attirer & les cœurs & les yeux.

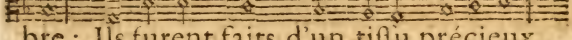
PAUSE.



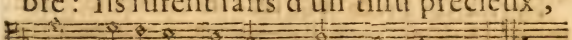
5. Des plus grands Rois les filles les mieux



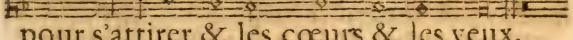
nées, Sont, devant toi, de tes présens or-



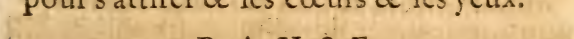
nées: Là, ton épouse est seule à ton côté,



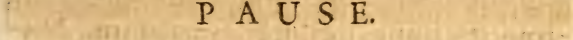
Qui d'or d'Ophir couronne sa beauté.



Ecoute donc, ô fille sans pareille, A mes

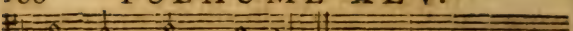


conseils daigne prêter l'oreille; Père &

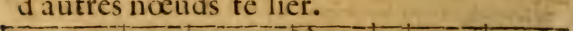


patrie, il faut tout oublier; Et, les quittant,

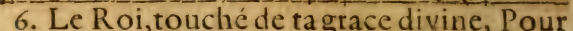
d'autres



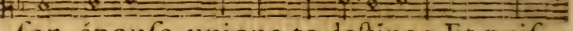
d'autres nœuds te lier.



6. Le Roi, touché de ta grace divine, Pour

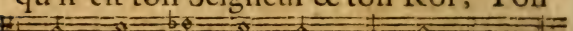


ſon épouſe unique te deſtine ; Et puiſ-

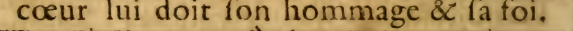


qu'il eſt ton Seigneur & ton Roi, Ton

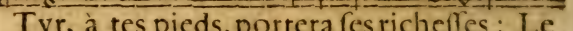
cœur lui doit ſon hommage & ſa foi.



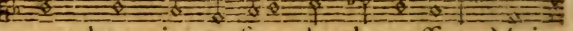
Tyr, à tes pieds, portera ſes richeſſes : Le



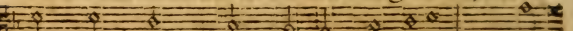
monde entier te ſera des largeſſes ; Mais



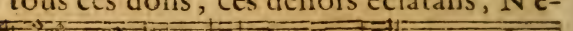
tous ces dons, ces dehors éclatans, N'é-



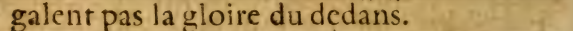
galent pas la gloire du dedans.



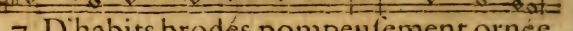
7. D'habits brodés pompeuſement ornée,



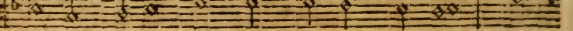
On la verra vers le Prince menée : Son



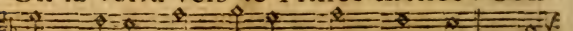
char doré cent autres chars ſuivront, Où



des grands Rois les filles brilleront. A ce

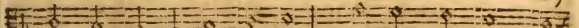


Monarque, enfin, on la préſente, Avec ſa

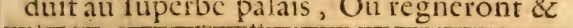


troupe & pompeuſe & riante : Il la con-

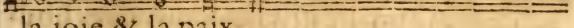
duit



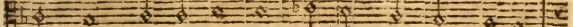
duit au ſuperbe palais, Où régneront &



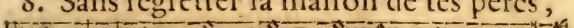
la joie & la paix.



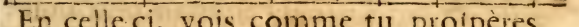
8. Sans regretter la maiſon de tes pères,



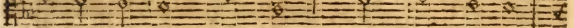
En celle-ci, vois comme tu proſpères.



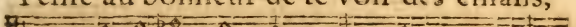
Penſe au bonheur de te voir des enfans,



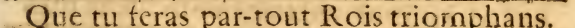
Que tu feras par-tout Rois triomphans.



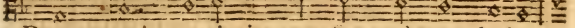
Pour moi, ravi, je conſacre à ta gloire



Des chants ſacrés d'éternelle mémoire,

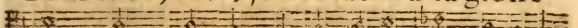


Qui porteront les peuples à venir A te

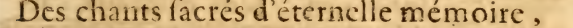


louer ſans ceſſe, à te bénir.

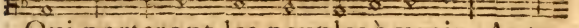
PSEAUME XLVI.



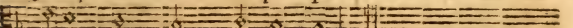
DEs qu'un mal cruel nous accable,



Dieu nous tend ſa main ſecourable: Sou-

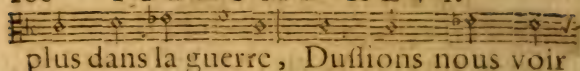


vent nous l'avons éprouvé, Et toujours

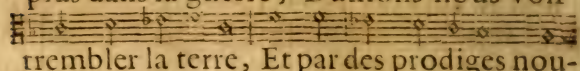


prêt il s'eſt trouvé. Nous ne craindrons

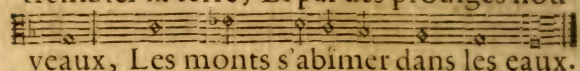
plus



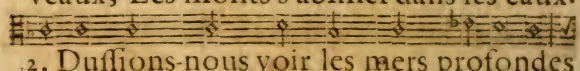
plus dans la guerre, Dussions nous voir



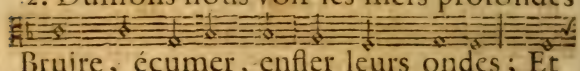
trembler la terre, Et par des prodiges nou-



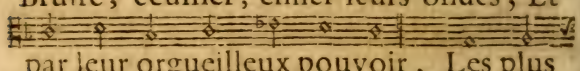
veaux, Les monts s'abîmer dans les eaux.



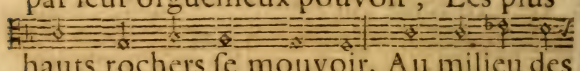
2. Dussions-nous voir les mers profondes



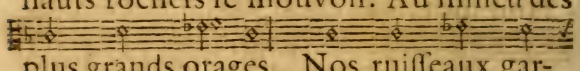
Bruire, écumer, enfler leurs ondes; Et



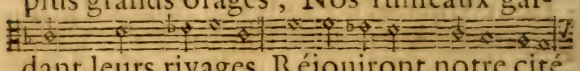
par leur orgueilleux pouvoir, Les plus



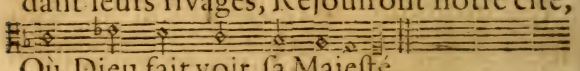
hauts rochers se mouvoir. Au milieu des



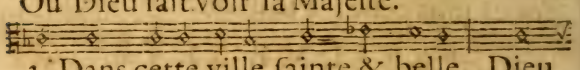
plus grands orages, Nos ruisseaux gar-



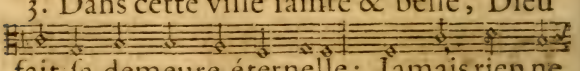
dant leurs rivages, Réjouiront notre cité,



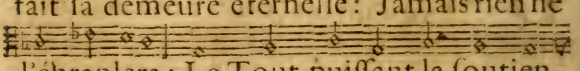
Où Dieu fait voir sa Majesté.



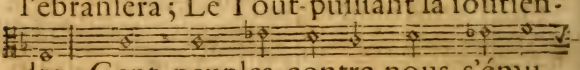
3. Dans cette ville sainte & belle, Dieu



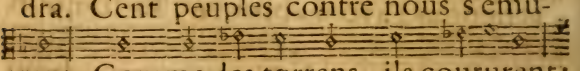
fait sa demeure éternelle: Jamais rien ne



l'ébranlera; Le Tout-puissant la soutien-

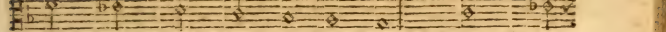


dra. Cent peuples contre nous s'ému-

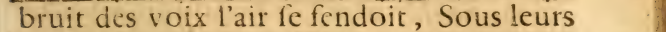


rent; Comme des torrens, ils coururent:

Du

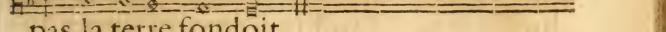


bruit des voix l'air ſe fendoit, Sous leurs



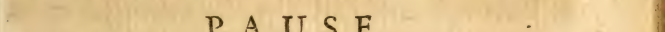
pas la terre fondoit.

PAUSE.



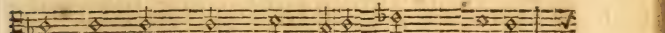
4. Mais le Dieu qui préſide aux armes,

Fut avec nous dans nos alarmes; Le Dieu

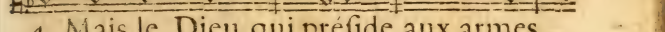


de Jacob, le Dieu fort Eſt notre tout,

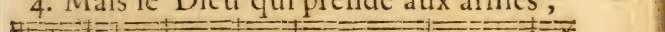
notre ſupport. Que chacun contemple



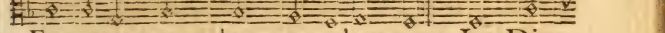
en ſoi-même, Ce qu'a fait ſon pouvoir



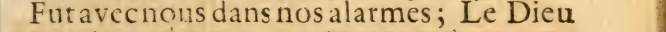
ſuprême: Les lieux aujourd'hui déſertés,



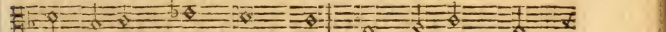
Qu'on vit autrefois habités.



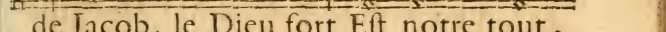
5. Enfin, il fait ceſſer la guerre, Et donne



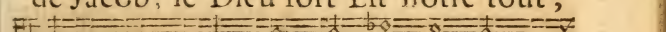
la paix à la terre: En tous lieux il brûle les



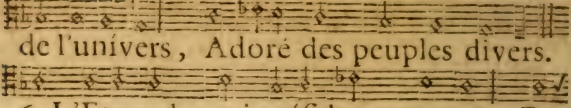
chars, Rompt les lances, briſe les dards.



Ceſſez, dit-il, votre inſolence, Mortels,

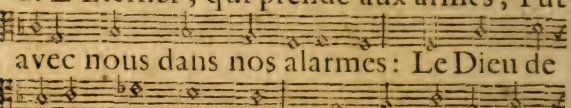


révérez ma puiſſance: Craignez le Dieu

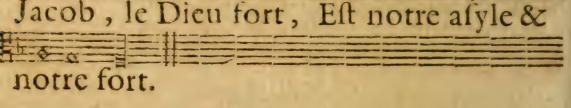


de l'univers, Adoré des peuples divers.

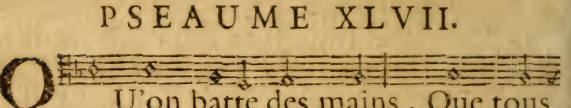
6. L'Eternel, qui préside aux armes, Fut



avec nous dans nos alarmes: Le Dieu de

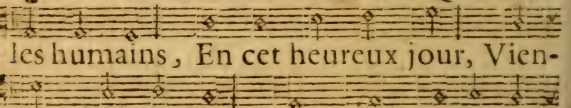


Jacob, le Dieu fort, Est notre asyle &

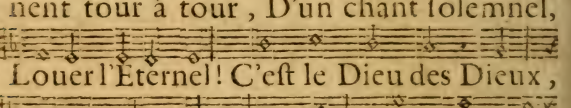


notre fort.

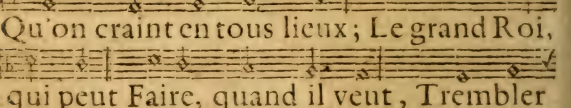
PSEAUME XLVII.



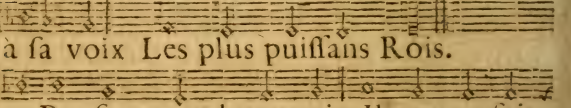
QU'on batte des mains, Que tous



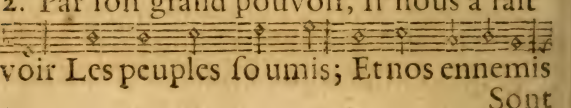
les humains, En cet heureux jour, Vien-



nent tour à tour, D'un chant solemnel,



Louer l'Eternel! C'est le Dieu des Dieux,



Qu'on craint en tous lieux; Le grand Roi,

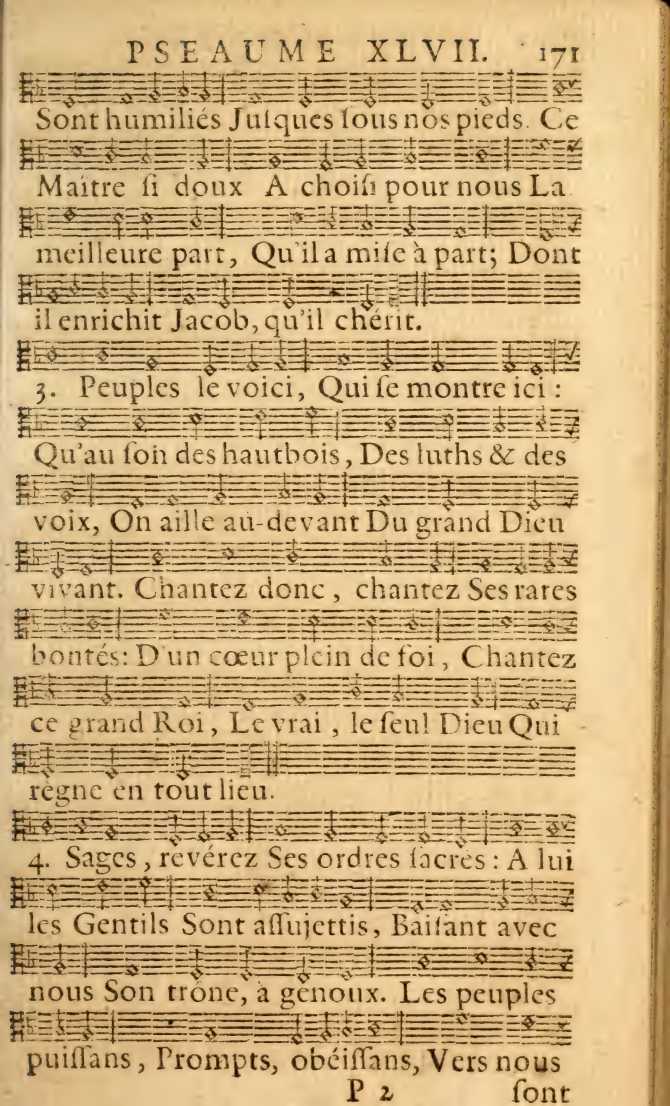
qui peut Faire, quand il veut, Trembler

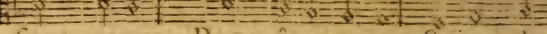
à sa voix Les plus puissans Rois.

2. Par son grand pouvoir, Il nous a fait

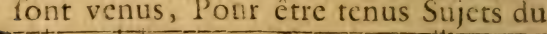
voir Les peuples soumis; Et nos ennemis

Sont

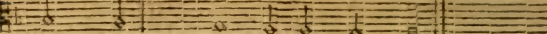

Sont humiliés Jusques sous nos pieds. Ce
Maitre si doux A choisi pour nous La
meilleure part, Qu'il a mise à part; Dont
il enrichit Jacob, qu'il chérit.
3. Peuples le voici, Qui se montre ici :
Qu'au son des hautbois, Des luths & des
voix, On aille au-devant Du grand Dieu
vivant. Chantez donc, chantez Ses rares
bontés: D'un cœur plein de foi, Chantez
ce grand Roi, Le vrai, le seul Dieu Qui
règne en tout lieu.
4. Sages, revérez Ses ordres sacrés : A lui
les Gentils Sont assujettis, Baisant avec
nous Son trône, à genoux. Les peuples
puissans, Prompts, obéissans, Vers nous



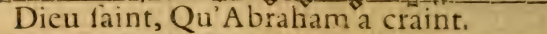
ſont venus, Pour être tenus Sujets du



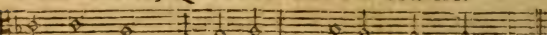
Dieu ſaint, Qu'Abraham a craint.



5. C'eſt le Souverain, Celui dont la main,

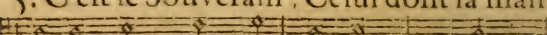


De ce monde entier, Eſt le vrai bouclier,

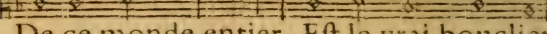


Toujours glorieux Au deſſus des cieux.

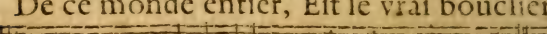
PSEAUME XLVIII.



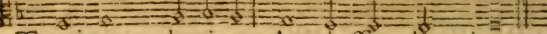
C'Eſt dans la fidelle cite, Que Dieu



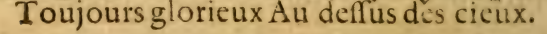
fait voir ſa Majeſté; C'eſt au ſaint mont



que ſa préſence Eclate avec magnificence.

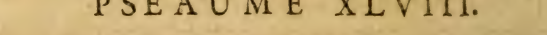


La montagne de Sion S'élève au Septen-

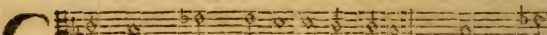


trion, Place au grand Roi conſacrée,

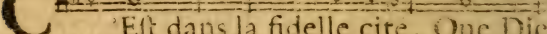
Dans une aimable contrée, Et la terre



univerſelle Doit ſe réjouir en elle.



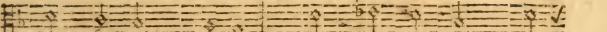
2. Dieu ſouvent en elle a fait voir, Et ſon



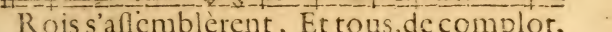
amour, & ſon pouvoir; Car un jour les

Rois

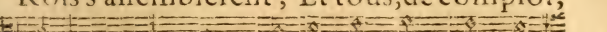
Rois s'assemblèrent, Et tous, de complot,



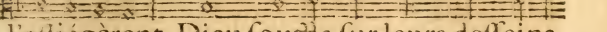
l'assiégèrent. Dieu sourla sur leurs desseins,



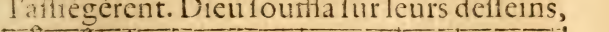
Et rendit leurs efforts vains; Son bras



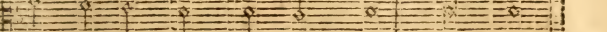
punit leur audace; Il leur fit quitter la



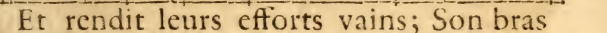
place; Et confondant leur conduite,



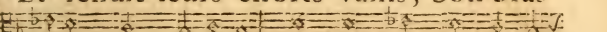
Les réduisit à la fuite.



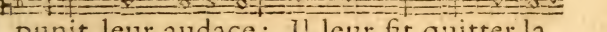
3. Ils sentirent soudainement, Comme



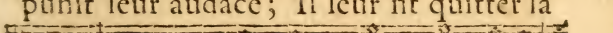
un travail d'enfantement, Ou l'effroi que



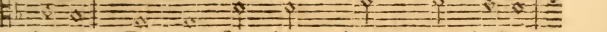
cause un orage, Qui fracasse & mâts &



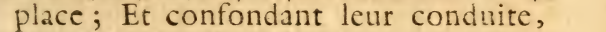
cordage. Les choses que de ce lieu,



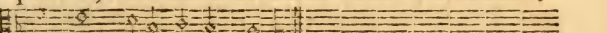
Choisi par notre grand Dieu, Jadis on



nous avoit dites, Même jusqu'aux plus

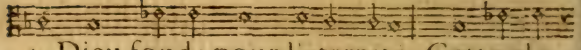


petites, Par l'Eternel des armées, A nos

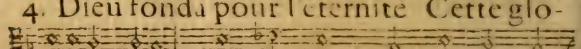


yeux sont confirmées.

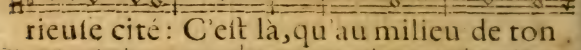
PAUSE.



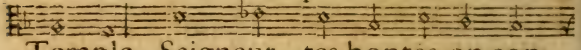
4. Dieu fonda pour l'eternité Cette glo-



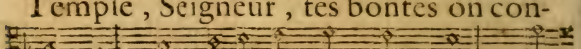
rieuſe cité: C'eſt là, qu'au milieu de ton



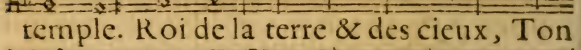
Temple, Seigneur, tes bontés on con-



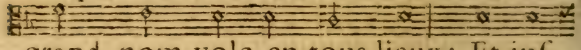
temple. Roi de la terre & des cieux, Ton



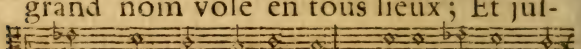
grand nom vole en tous lieux; Et juſ-



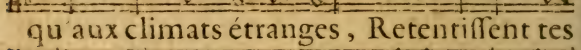
qu'aux climats étranges, Retentiſſent tes



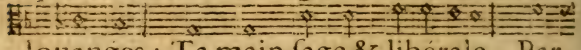
louanges: Ta main ſage & libérale, Par-



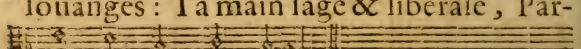
tout ſes bienfaits étale.



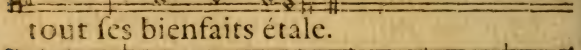
5. Des filles de Juda, les voix Vantent



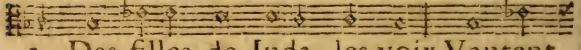
hautement tes exploits: Sion, par des



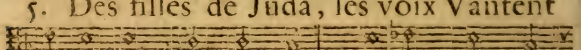
chants de victoire, Juſqu'aux cieux élève



ta gloire. Paſſans, faites-en le tour, Voyez-

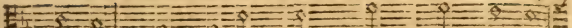


en bien chaque tour, Les pal is, les

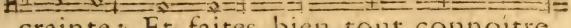


murs, l'enceinte, Où nous habitons ſans

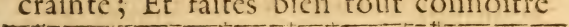
crainte;



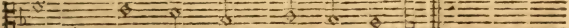
crainte ; Et faites bien tout connoître



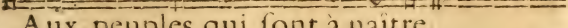
Aux peuples qui ſont à naître.



6. Il eſt notre Dieu pour jamais ; C'eſt

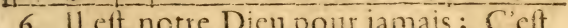


lui qui nous donne la paix ; Et qui,

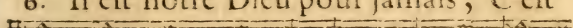


juſqu'à l'heure dernière, Nous conduira par ſa lumière.

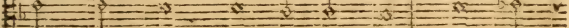
PSEAUME XLIX.



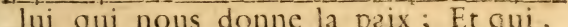
Peuples divers, venez & m'écoutez,



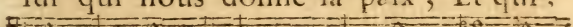
Vous qui partout ſur la terre habitez ; Ri-



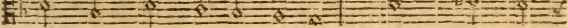
ches hautains, & pauvres languiſſans ;



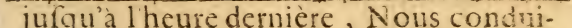
Simples bergers & vous Princes puiſſans,



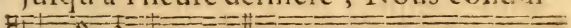
Prêtez l'oreille à mes ſaintes chanſons ;



Ouvrez vos cœurs à mes ſages leçons :

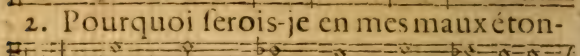


Vous me verrez attentif ſur ma lyre,

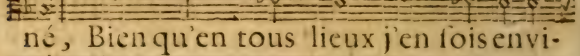


Vous enſeigner ce que le ciel m'inſpire.

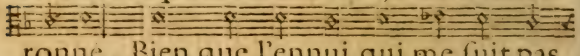
2. Pourquoi



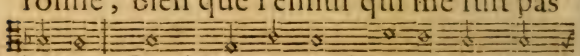
2. Pourquoi ſerois-je en mes maux éton-



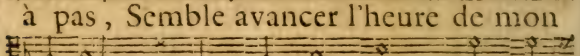
né, Bien qu'en tous lieux j'en ſois envi-



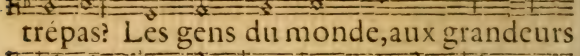
ronne, Bien que l'ennui qui me ſuit pas



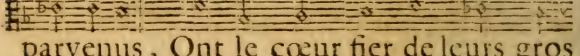
à pas, Semble avancer l'heure de mon



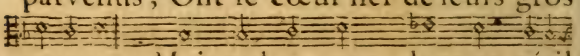
trépas? Les gens du monde, aux grandeurs



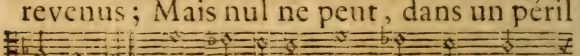
parvenus, Ont le cœur fier de leurs gros



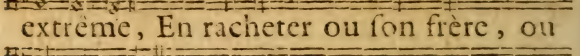
revenus; Mais nul ne peut, dans un péril



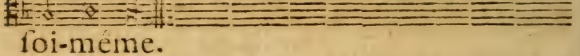
extrême, En racheter ou ſon frère, ou



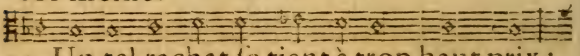
ſoi-même.



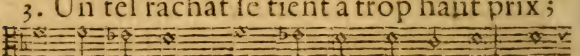
3. Un tel rachat ſe tient à trop haut prix;



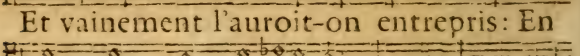
Et vainement l'auroit-on entrepris: En



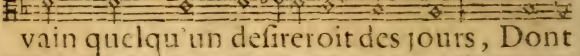
vain quelqu'un deſireroit des jours, Dont



rien jamais n'interrompît le cours. Cha-

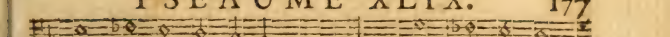


que moment voit le ſage mourir, Le fou,

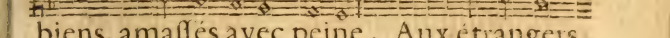


l'injuſte également périr; Laiſſant leurs

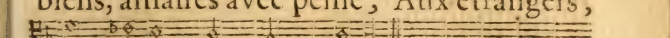
biens



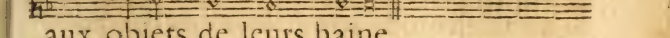
biens, amaſſés avec peine, Aux étrangers,



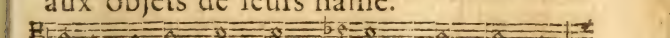
aux objets de leurs haine.



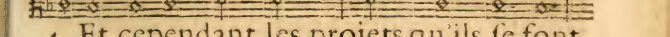
4. Et cependant, les projets qu'ils ſe font,



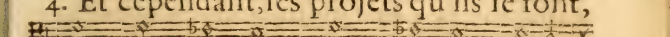
C'eſt que toujours leurs maiſons dure-



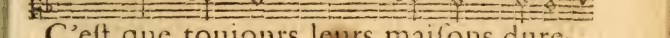
ront; Et que leurs noms, donnés à leurs



palais, Vaincront le tems, & ne mour-

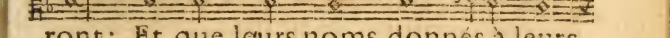


ront jamais. Mais ils ont beau ſe plaire

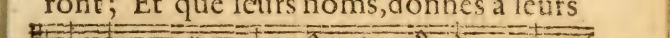


en leurs erreurs; Et leurs palais, & leurs

vaines grandeurs, Cédent au tems: eux-

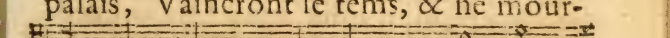


mêmes ont leurs chûtes, Mourant enfin,

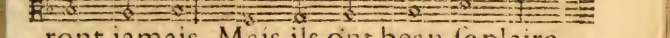


comme les bêtes brutes.

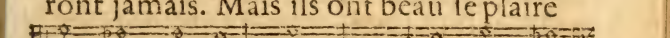
PAUSE.



5. Tous leurs projets ne ſont que vanité;

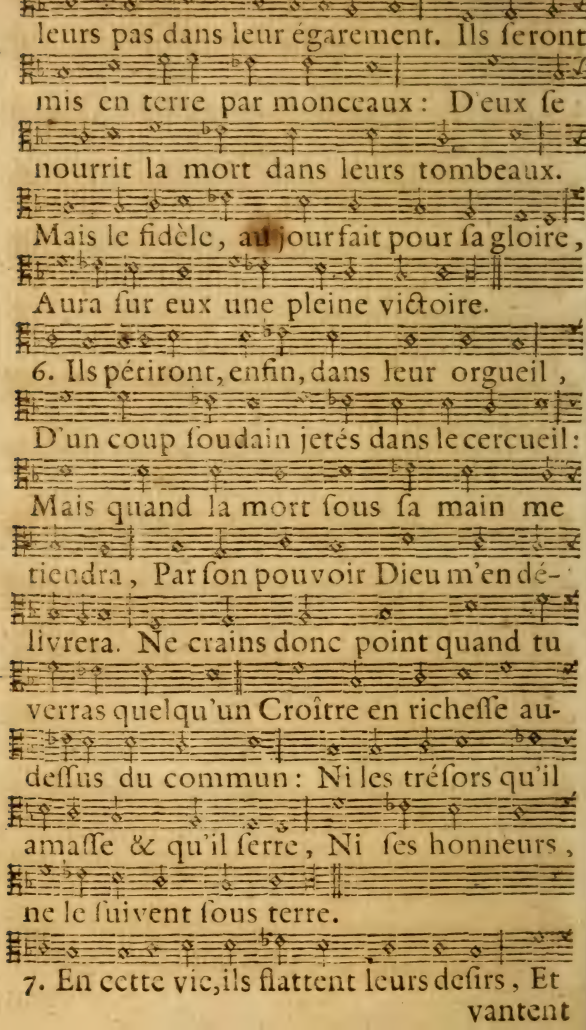


Et même on voit que leur poſtérité Suc-



cède encore à leur aveuglement, Et ſuit

leurs

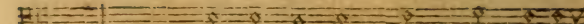

leurs pas dans leur égarement. Ils seront
mis en terre par monceaux: D'eux se
nourrit la mort dans leurs tombeaux.
Mais le fidèle, au jour fait pour sa gloire,
Aura sur eux une pleine victoire.
6. Ils périront, enfin, dans leur orgueil,
D'un coup soudain jetés dans le cercueil:
Mais quand la mort sous sa main me
tiendra, Par son pouvoir Dieu m'en dé-
livrera. Ne crains donc point quand tu
verras quelqu'un Croître en richesse au-
dessus du commun: Ni les trésors qu'il
amasse & qu'il serre, Ni ses honneurs,
ne le suivent sous terre.
7. En cette vie, ils flattent leurs desirs, Et
vantent

vantent ceux qui ſont dans les plaiſirs :
Mais ils ſuivront leurs pères dans les lieux
Où ne luit point la lumière des cieux. Celui
de qui les biens & les honneurs Troublent
le ſens & déreglent les mœurs, Ceſſe d'être
homme, aux bêtes il reſſemble, En qui
périt ame & corps tout enſemble.

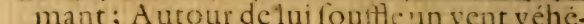
PSEAUME L.

LE Tout puiſſant, l'Eternel parlera,
Et d'un ton haut la terre appellera ; De
l'Orient juſques à l'Occident, On le ver-
ra de ſplendeur éclatant, Quand de Sion,
des villes la plus belle, Il paroîtra dans ſa
gloire immortelle.

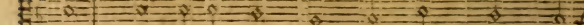
2. Devant ſes pas marche un feu conſu-
mant :



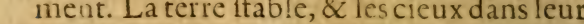
mant; Autour de lui souffle un vent véhé-



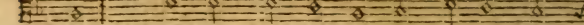
ment. La terre stable, & les cieux dans leur



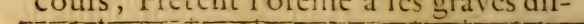
cours, Prêtent l'oreille à ses graves dis-



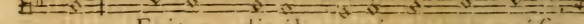
cours. Faites, dit-il, venir en ma présen-



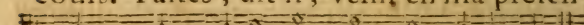
ce, Le peuple élu qui prit mon alliance.



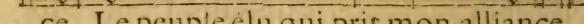
3. Cieux, vous direz en tout tems, en



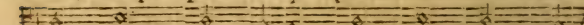
tout lieu, Quelle sera la justice de Dieu.



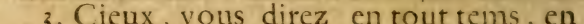
Viens, poursuit-il, mon peuple, écoute



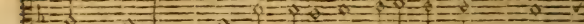
moi: Je veux ici contester avec toi. Je



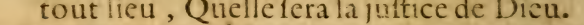
suis ton Dieu: laissons-là tes offrandes; Je



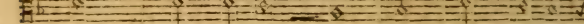
vois ton culte, & j'entens tes demandes.



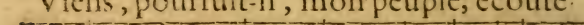
4. Mais penses-tu qu'en aucune saison,



J'eusse besoin des bœufs de ta maison, Ni



de tes boucs: & crois-tu qu'ils soient tiens?



Tous les troupeaux de tous les monts sont

miens,

miens : J'ai sous mes yeux les oiseaux des
montagnes ; J'ai sous ma main les bêtes
des campagnes.

PAUSE.

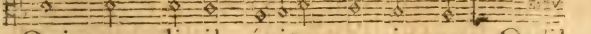
5. Si j'avois faim, je ne t'en dirois rien :
Le monde entier est à moi; c'est mon bien.
Ai-je besoin de chair pour me nourrir ?
Bois-je le sang des boucs qu'on vient m'of-
frir ? Non : si tu veux te rendre Dieu pro-
pice, Présente-lui ton cœur en sacrifice.
6. Invoque-moi dans ton adversité : Je t'ai-
derai ; tu diras ma bonté. Puis s'adressant
au pécheur endurci : Quoi, dira-t-il, quoi !
toujours vivre ainsi ! Que fait mon nom,
ou ma loi dans ta bouche, Quand de ma

part jamais rien ne te touche ?

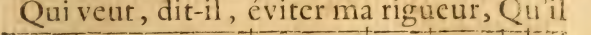
7. Foulant aux pieds mon saint comman-
dement, Tu cours au mal avec emporte-
ment: On te voit suivre & défendre celui
Qui prend le champ ou la femme d'autrui;
Ta bouche impure à médire s'adonne; Ta
fausse langue à nuire s'abandonne.

8. Allis, oisif, passant le tems en vain,
Tu ne te plais qu'à noircir ton prochain,
Et le support que tu trouves en moi, Te
fait juger que je suis tel que toi: Mais de-
vant tout, confondant ta malice, Je
t'apprendrai si j'aime l'injustice.

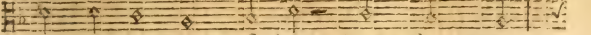
9. Vous donc, mortels, qui mepriſez ſes
lois, Ceſſez enfin d'être ſourds à ſa voix.
Qui



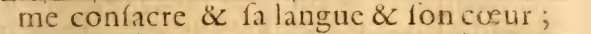
Qui veut, dit-il, éviter ma rigueur, Qu'il



me consacre & sa langue & son cœur ;

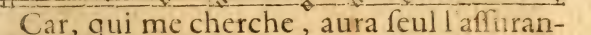


Car, qui me cherche, aura seul l'assuran-

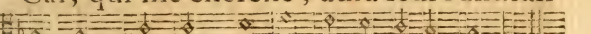


ce De mon amour & de sa délivrance.

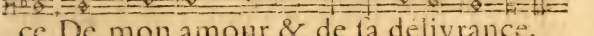
PSEAUME LI.



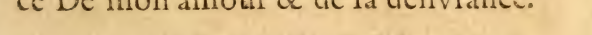
Miséricorde & grace, ô Dieu des



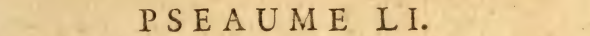
cieux : Un grand pécheur implore ta clé-



mence ; Use en ce jour de ta douceur im-

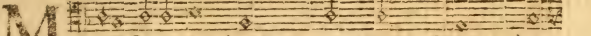


mense, Pour abolir mes crimes odieux.

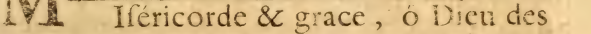


O Seigneur, lave & relave avec soin, De

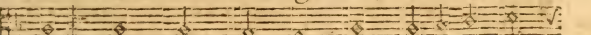
mon péché la tache si profonde, Et fais-



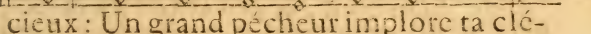
moi grace en ce pressant besoin : Sur ta



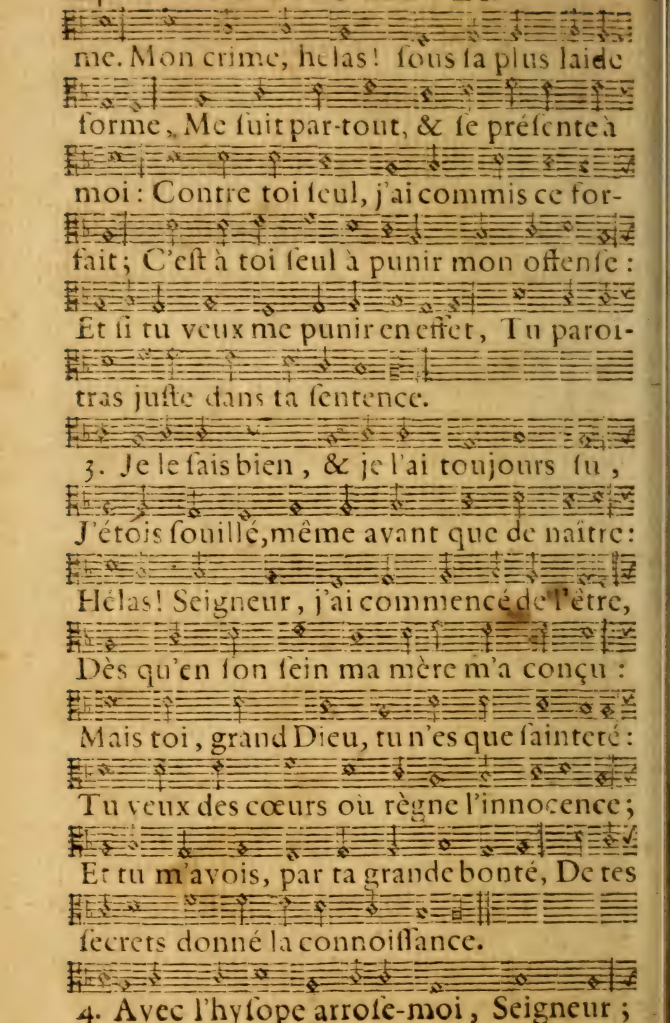
bonté tout mon espoir se fonde.



2. Mon cœur, rempli de tristesse & d'effroi,



Connoit sa faute, & sent qu'elle est énor-

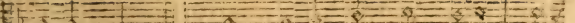


me. Mon crime, helas! sous sa plus laide
forme, Me suit par-tout, & se présente à
moi: Contre toi seul, j'ai commis ce for-
fait; C'est à toi seul à punir mon offense:
Et si tu veux me punir en effet, Tu paroi-
tras juste dans ta sentence.

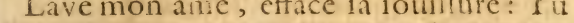
3. Je le sais bien, & je l'ai toujours su,
J'étois souillé, même avant que de naître:
Hélas! Seigneur, j'ai commencé de l'être,
Dès qu'en son sein ma mère m'a conçu:
Mais toi, grand Dieu, tu n'es que sainteté:
Tu veux des cœurs où règne l'innocence;
Et tu m'avois, par ta grande bonté, De tes
secrets donné la connoissance.

4. Avec l'hysope arrose-moi, Seigneur;

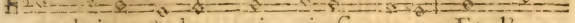
Lave



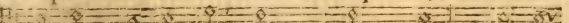
Lave mon ame, efface ſa ſouillure: Tu



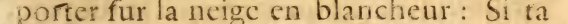
te plairas à la voir ainſi pure, Et l'em-



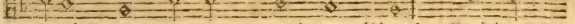
porter ſur la neige en blancheur: Si ta



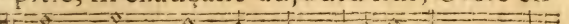
pitié, m'exauçant aujourd'hui, Scèle en



mon cœur ma grace enterinée, Mes os

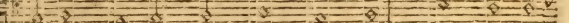


briſés, après un long ennui, Rappelle-

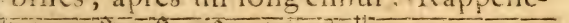


ront leur vigueur ruinée.

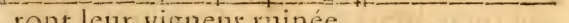
PAUSE.



5. N'attache plus tes yeux ſur mes forfaits,

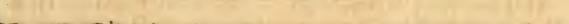


Ils ne pourroient qu'enflammer ta colère;

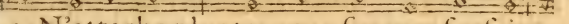


Oublie, ô Dieu, pour finir ma misère, Ce

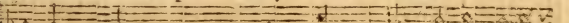
crime atroce, & tous ceux que j'ai faits.



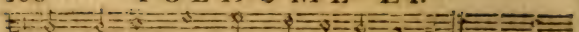
Daigne, Seigneur, daigne créer en moi



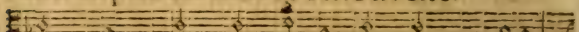
Un eſprit pur, un cœur brûlant de zèle,



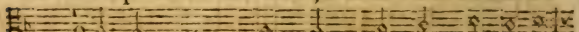
Pour ranimer & raffermir ma foi, Que



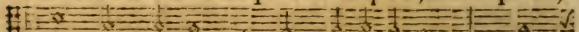
ton Eſprit en moi ſe renouvelle.



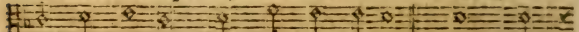
6. Trop loin de toi je me vois reculé :



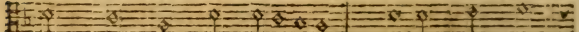
Guéris les maux qui font que je ſoupire ;



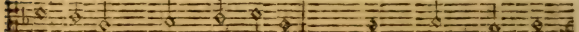
Que ton eſprit jamais ne ſe retire, Quand



tu l'auras en moi renouvellé. Mon Dieu,



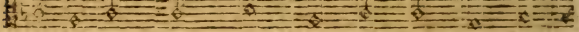
rens-moi ta conſolation : Elle peut ſeule



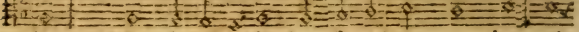
adoucir ma triſteſſe ; Que ton eſprit,

dans cette affliction, Par ſa vertu, ſou-

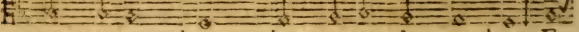
tienne ma foibleſſe.



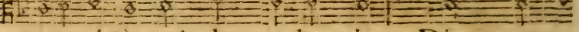
7. Alors, Seigneur, rentré dans tes ſen-



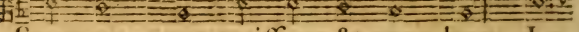
tiers, Aux égarés je les ferai reprendre : A



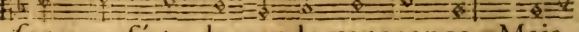
mon exemple, on les verra s'y rendre, Et



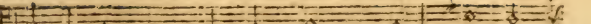
revenir à toi plus volontiers. Dieu mon



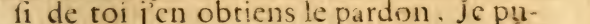
Sauveur, tout-puiſſant & tout bon, Le



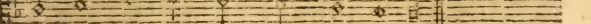
ſang verſé te demande vengeance : Mais



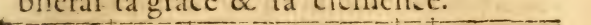
si de toi j'en obtiens le pardon. Je pu-



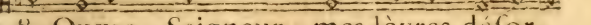
blierai ta grace & ta clémence.



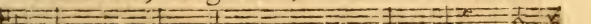
8. Ouvre, Seigneur, mes lèvres désor-



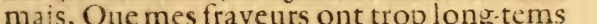
mais, Que mes frayeurs ont trop long-tems



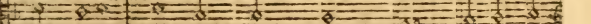
fermées; Et par mes chants tes louanges



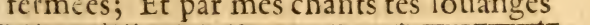
semées, Retentiront en tous lieux à jamais.



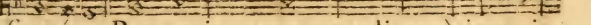
Si tu voulois que, pour de tels péchés,



En holocauste on t'offrit des victimes, J'en

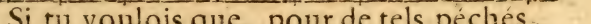


eusse offert; mais des cœurs si tachés, Le



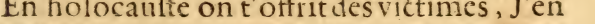
sang des boucs n'efface point les crimes.

9. Le sacrifice agréable à tes yeux, C'est

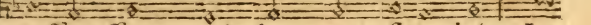


le regret d'une ame pénitente : Un cœur

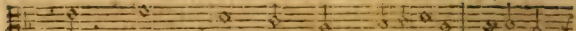
brisé d'une douleur pressante ; C'est lui,



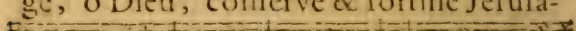
grand Dieu, qui seul t'est précieux. Té-



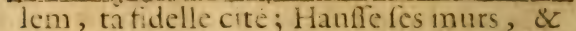
moigne encore à Sion ta bonté, Protége,



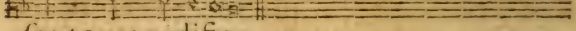
ge, ô Dieu, conserve & fortifie Jérusa-



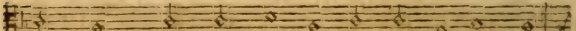
lem, ta fidelle cité; Hausse ses murs, &



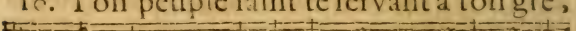
ses tours redifie.



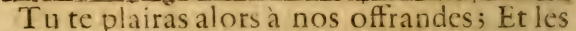
19. Ton peuple saint te servant à ton gré,



Tu te plairas alors à nos offrandes; Et les

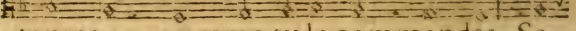


taureaux, comme tu le commandes, Se-

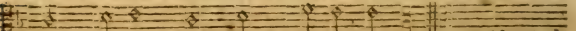


ront posés sur ton autel sacré.

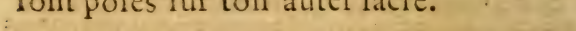
PSEAUME LII.



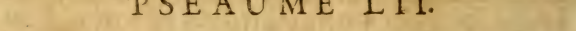
Fier ennemi, qui te confies En ta



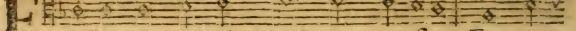
prospérité, Faut-il que tu te glorifies De



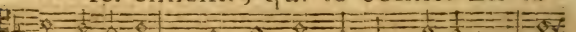
ta malignité? Mon Dieu m'aime, & de



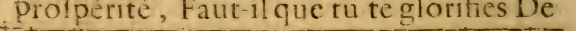
son secours Rien n'arrête le cours



2. Ta langue, qui médit sans cesse, Et qui

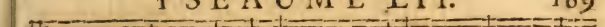


sans cesse ment, Est comme un fer trom-

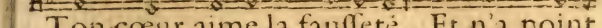


peur, qui blesse En touchant seulement:

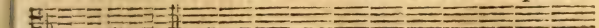
Ton



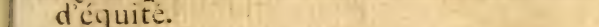
Ton cœur aime la fausseté, Et n'a point



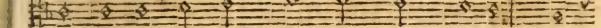
d'équité.



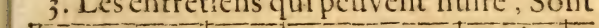
3. Les entretiens qui peuvent nuire, Sont



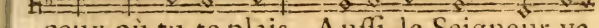
ceux où tu te plais, Aussi le Seigneur va



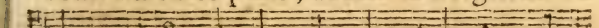
détruire ta maison pour jamais; Du mon-



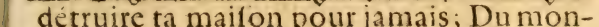
de où tu t'es attaché, Tu seras arraché.



4. Comme un arbre qu'on déracine, Dieu

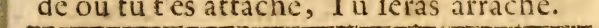


te renversera: Epouvanté de ta ruine, Le

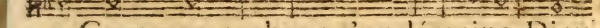


juste tremblera, Sans qu'il plaigne, en

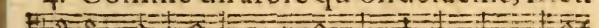
voyant ta mort, La rigueur de ton sort.



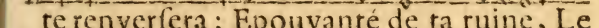
5. Ce grand, dira t'il, loin de prendre



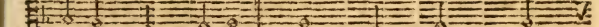
l'Eternel pour soutien, Faisoit uniquement



dépendre Son bonheur de son bien: Sa ma-

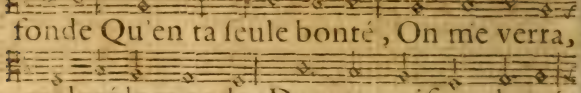


lignité, son orgueil, Le mènent au cercueil.

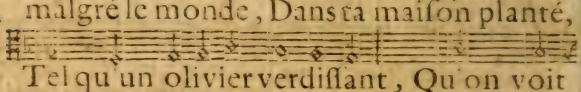


6. Mais moi, grand Dieu, qui ne me

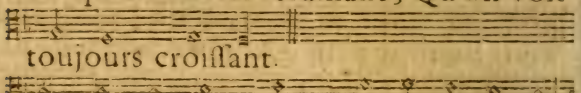
fonde



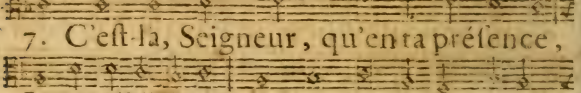
fonde Qu'en ta seule bonté, On me verra,



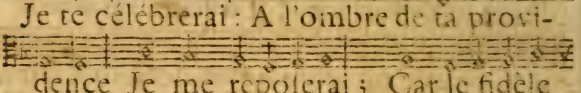
malgré le monde, Dans ta maison planté,



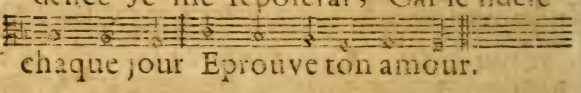
Tel qu'un olivier verdissant, Qu'on voit



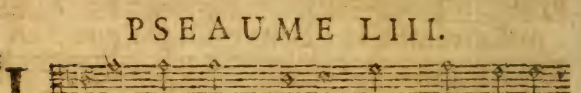
toujours croissant.



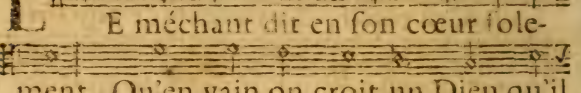
7. C'est-là, Seigneur, qu'en ta présence,



Je te célébrerai : A l'ombre de ta provi-

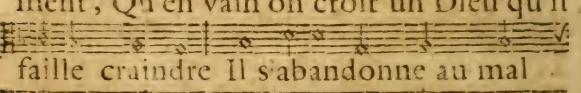


dence Je me reposerai ; Car le fidèle

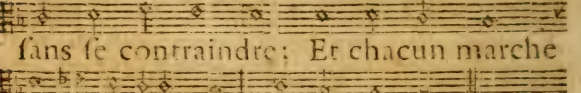


chaque jour Eprouve ton amour.

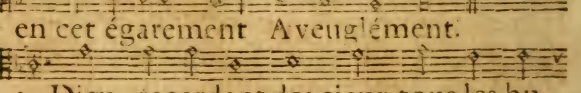
PSEAUME LIII.



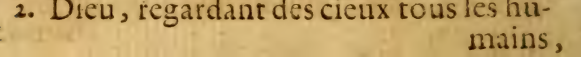
LE méchant dit en son cœur folement, Qu'en vain on croit un Dieu qu'il



faille craindre Il s'abandonne au mal



sans se contraindre ; Et chacun marche



en cet égarement Aveuglément.

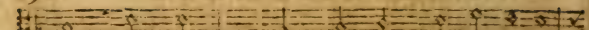
2. Dieu, regardant des cieux tous les humains,

mains, En cherchoit un qui fut sage &
sincère, Dont tout le soin s'attachât à lui
plaire, Et qui n'eût plus d'objets trom-
peurs & vains Dans ses desseins.

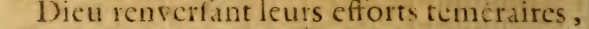
3. Mais quoi! ses yeux d un & d'autre coté,
N ont découvert que faits abominables,
Péchés criants & crimes détestables: Nul
homme enfin qui ne fût infecte D'impiété.

4. Quelle raison, quel sens, dit le Sei-
gneur, Ont ces mechans, qui mon nom
déshonorent? Comme du pain mon saint
peuple ils dévorent; Et pas un d'eux ne
cherche son bonheur Dans ma faveur.

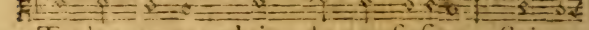
5. Loin du péril, sans nulle occasion, Ils
trembleront tous ces fiers adversaires:
Dieu



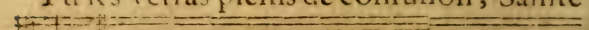
Dieu renverſant leurs efforts temeraires,



Tu les verras pleins de confuſion, Sainte

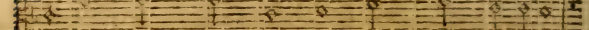


Sion.

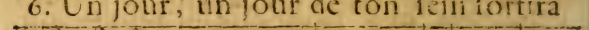


6. Un jour, un jour de ton ſein ſortira

Le Rédempteur de ſon peuple fidèle, Qui

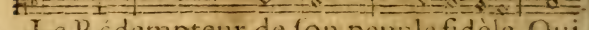


finira notre peine cruelle: Iſraël, libre

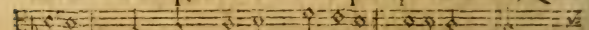


enfin, triomphera, Jacob rira.

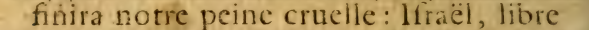
PSEAUME LIV.



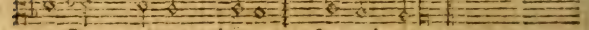
O Dieu tout-puiſſant, ſauve-moi



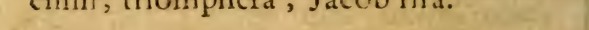
Par ta clémence paternelle; Défens moi



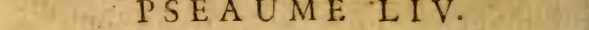
dans cette querelle, Où tout mon eſpoir



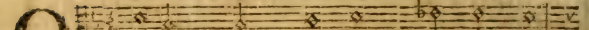
eſt en toi. Seigneur, quand je t'invoque-



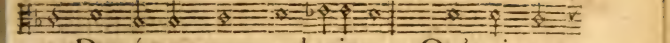
rai, Daigne te montrer ſecourable; Prê-



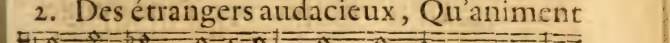
te une oreille favorable Aux vœux que



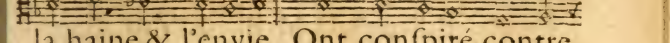
je t'adreſſerai.



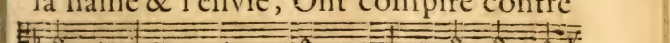
2. Des étrangers audacieux, Qu'animent



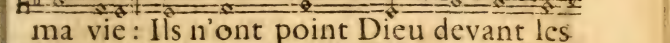
la haine & l'envie, Ont conſpiré contre



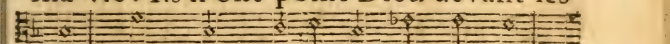
ma vie: Ils n'ont point Dieu devant les



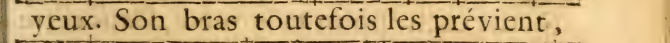
yeux. Son bras toutefois les prévient,



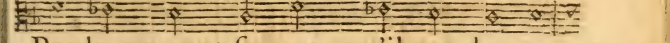
Par le prompt ſecours qu'il me donne.



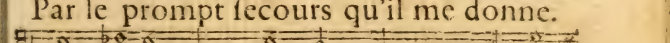
Lui-même ſe trouve en perſonne Dans



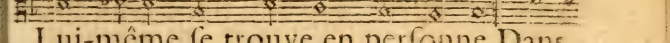
le parti qui me ſoutient.



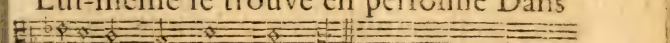
3. Sur mon ennemi tombera Le mal qu'à



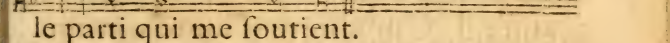
tort il me ſouhaite: Alors, Seigneur, par



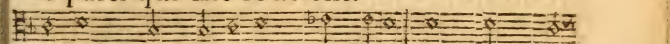
ſa défaite, Ta promeſſe s'accomplira;



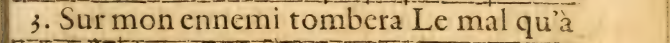
Alors en pleine liberté, d'un cœur humble



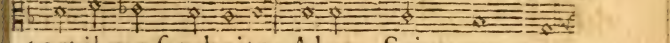
& ſans artifice, J'irai t'offrir mon ſacri-



fice, Et rendre hommage à ta bonté.



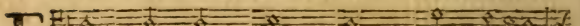
4. Tu m'as retiré du danger Que m'avoit



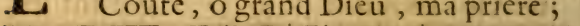
préparé leur rage; Et mes yeux ont eu l'a-

vantage De te voir prompt à me venger.

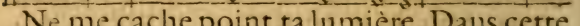
PSEAUME LV.



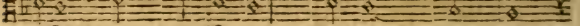
ECoute, ô grand Dieu, ma prière ;



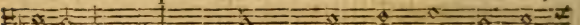
Ne me cache point ta lumière, Dans cette



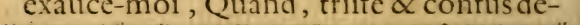
affliction pressante : Entends mes cris,



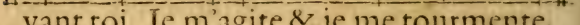
exauce-moi, Quand, triste & confus de-



vant toi, Je m'agite & je me tourmente.

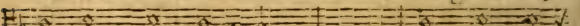


2. Dans tout le cours de mes disgraces,

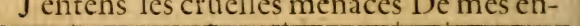


J'entens les cruelles menaces De mes en-

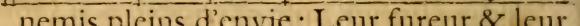
nemis pleins d'envie : Leur fureur & leur



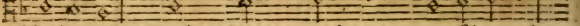
lâcheté, Qui m'ont toujours persécuté,



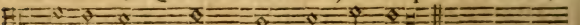
Soulevent tout contre ma vie.



3. Tout autour de mon cœur qui tremble,

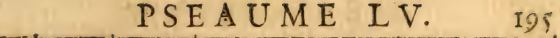


La mort mille frayeurs assemble : Je la vois

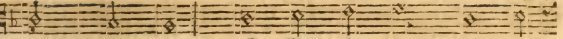


prête à me détruire, Et dans l'excès de

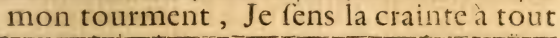
mon



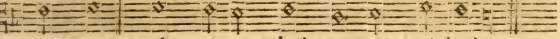
mon tourment, Je ſens la crainte à tout



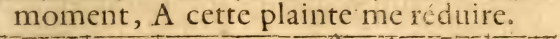
moment, A cette plainte me réduire.



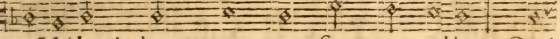
4. Hélas! dans mes tranſes mortelles, Qui



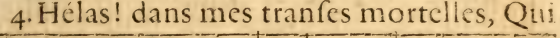
pourroit me donner des aîles, Comme à



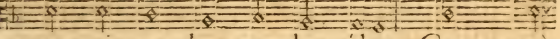
la timide colombe? J'irois ſoudain, fen-



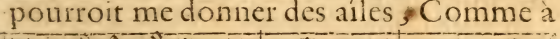
dant les airs, Chercher un aſyle aux dé-



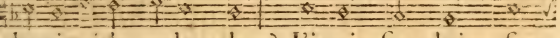
ſerts, De peur qu'ici je ne ſuccombe.



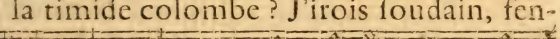
5. Là, je garantirois ma tête Des coups



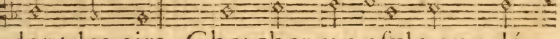
de l'horrible tempête Que je vois ſortir



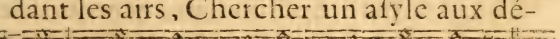
du nuage. Diſperſe, ô Dieu, ces obſtinés,



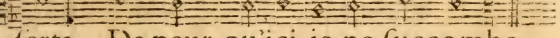
Contre ton ordre mutinés, Et confonds



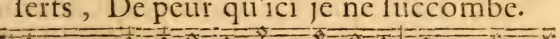
leur aveugle rage.



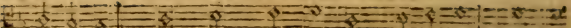
6. Leur ville eſt pleine de querelles; Et



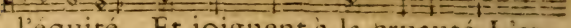
parmi ces peuples rébelles, Ce n'eſt qu'au-



dace & que furie: Ils foulent aux pieds

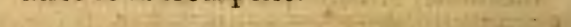


l'equité, Et joignent à la cruauté L'ar-



tifice & la tromperie.

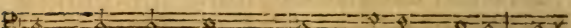
PAUSE.



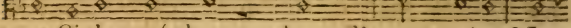
7. Si le méchant, dont l'ame noire Ne

cherche qu'à flétrir ma gloire, N'eût dis-

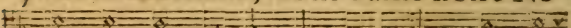
simulé sa malice: S'il n'eût, par un sem-



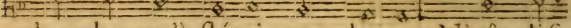
blant trompeur, Caché le venin de son



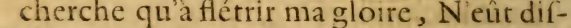
cœur, J'eusse souffert son injustice.



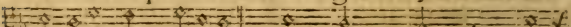
8. Mais tu me fais ce mal extrême, Toi



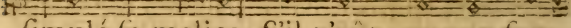
que j'aimois comme moi-même, Et que je



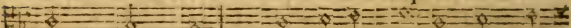
prenois pour exemple; Toi, confident de



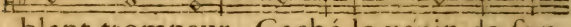
mon dessein, Toi qui semblois m'ouvrir ton



sein, Et qui m'accompagnois au Temple.



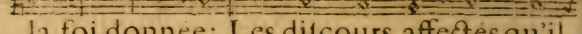
9. Qu'une mort terrible & soudaine,



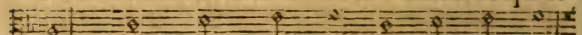
Dans le sépulcre les entraîne! Chez eux

règne

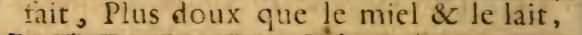
règne la violence: Ils me poursuivent en
tout lieu. Mais moi, j'invoquerai mon
Dieu, Et mon Dieu prendra ma défense.
10. Trois fois le jour, dans mes alarmes,
Par mes clameurs & par mes larmes, Je
cherche du Seigneur la grace; Le matin,
à midi, le soir, J'implore son divin pou-
voir, Contre le mal qui me menace.
11. Dieu qui fut, avant le tems même,
L'Eternel, ce Juge suprême, Ecoutera
ma triste plainte; Et par un juste juge-
ment, Fera périr soudainement Ces cœurs
fiers, qui n'ont point sa crainte.
12. Du traître la main criminelle Poursuit
l'ami le plus fidèle, Comptant pour rien



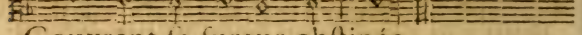
la foi donnee: Les discours affectés qu'il



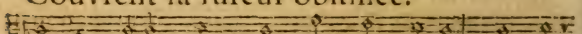
fait, Plus doux que le miel & le lait,



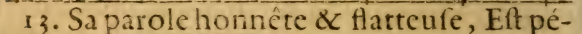
Couvrent sa fureur obstinée.



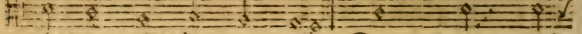
13. Sa parole honnête & flatteuse, Est pé-



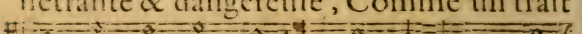
nétrante & dangereuse, Comme un trait



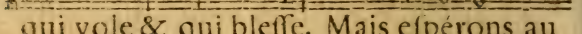
qui vole & qui blesse. Mais espérons au



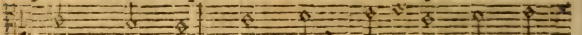
Tout puissant; Sa main protége l'inno-



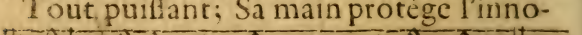
cent, Et le soutient dans sa foiblesse.



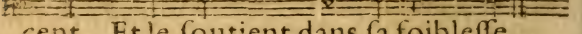
14. C'est toi, grand Dieu, dont la justice



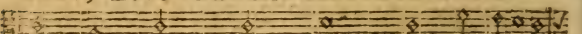
Fera tomber au précipice Ceux qui s'éloi-



gnent de ta face: Les meurtriers, les mal-

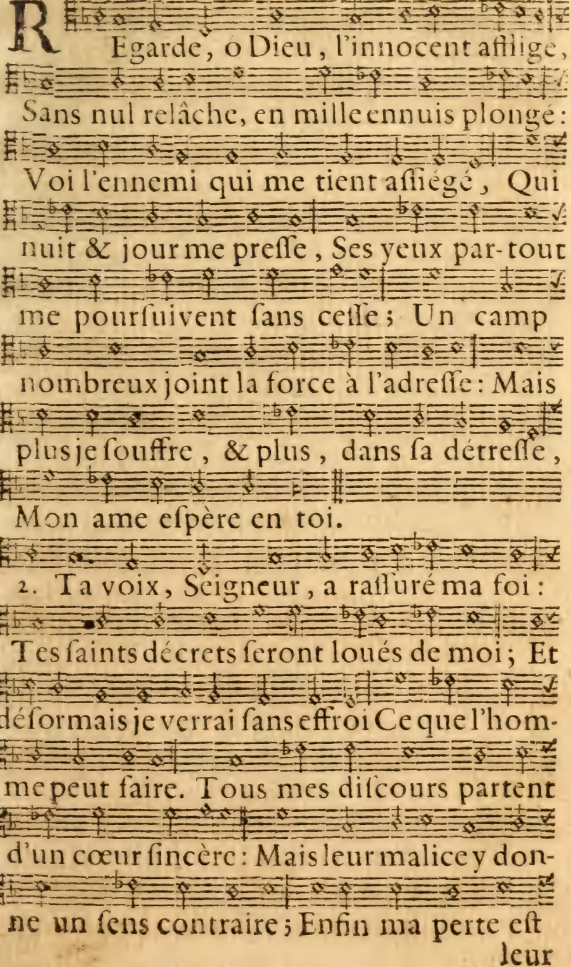


faisans Meurent en la fleur de leurs ans;

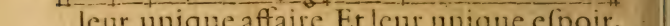


Mais moi, je m'assure en ta grace.

PSEAUME LVI.

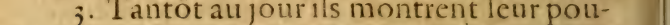

Regarde, o Dieu, l'innocent affilige,
Sans nul relâche, en mille ennuis plongé:
Voi l'ennemi qui me tient assiégé, Qui
nuit & jour me presse, Ses yeux par-tout
me poursuivent sans cesse; Un camp
nombreux joint la force à l'adresse: Mais
plus je souffre, & plus, dans sa détresse,
Mon ame espère en toi.
2. Ta voix, Seigneur, a rassuré ma foi:
Tes saints décrets seront loués de moi; Et
désormais je verrai sans effroi Ce que l'hom-
me peut faire. Tous mes discours partent
d'un cœur sincère: Mais leur malice y don-
ne un sens contraire; Enfin ma perte est
leur

leur unique affaire Et leur unique eſpoir.

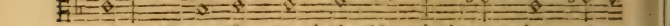


3. Tantôt au jour ils montrent leur pou-

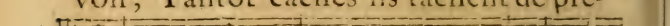
voir, Tantôt cachés ils tâchent de pré-



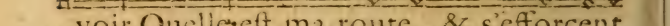
voir Quelle eſt ma route, & s'efforcent



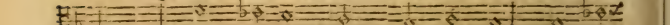
d'avoir Ma vie en leur puiſſance : Dans le



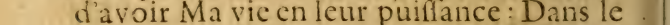
mal même ils cherchent leur défenſe ;



C'eſt leur fierté qui fait leur aſſurance.

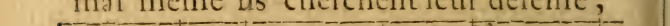


Mais toi, Seigneur, dans ta juſte ven-

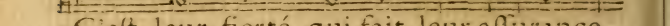


geance, Tu les renverſeras.

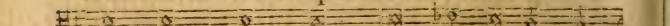
PAUSE.



4. J'allois errant; mais tu comptois mes

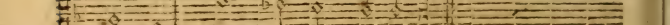


pas: Dans tes vaiſſeaux mes larmes tu met-



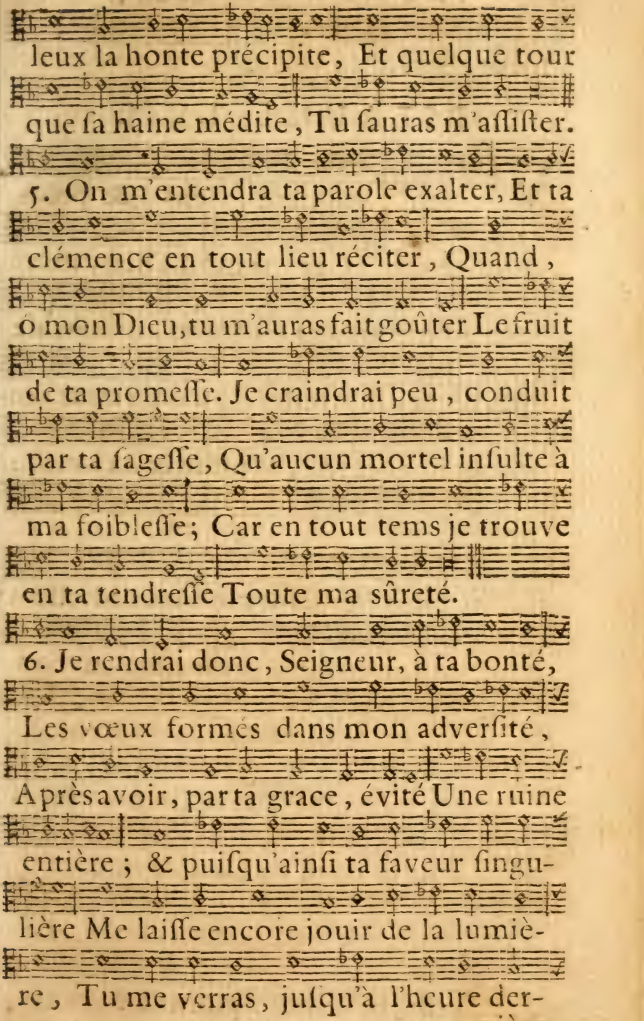
tras; Chacune même, ô Dieu, n'eſt-elle

pas Dans tes livres écrite ? Ton bras puiſ-

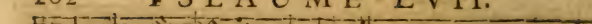


ſant, que ma voix ſollicite, De l'orgueil-

leux

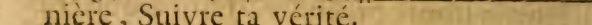


leux la honte précipite, Et quelque tour
que ſa haine médite, Tu ſauras m'aſſiſter.
5. On m'entendra ta parole exalter, Et ta
clémence en tout lieu réciter, Quand,
ô mon Dieu, tu m'auras fait goûter Le fruit
de ta promeſſe. Je craindrai peu, conduit
par ta ſageſſe, Qu'aucun mortel inſulte à
ma foibleſſe; Car en tout tems je trouve
en ta tendreſſe Toute ma sûreté.
6. Je rendrai donc, Seigneur, à ta bonté,
Les vœux formés dans mon adverſité,
Après avoir, par ta grace, évité Une ruine
entière; & puiſqu'ainſi ta faveur ſingu-
lière Me laiſſe encore jouir de la lumiè-
re, Tu me verras, juſqu'à l'heure der-
nière,

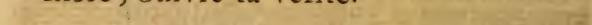


nière, Suivre ta vérité.

PSEAUME LVII.



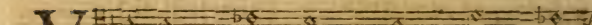
VIens, Seigneur, viens, & prens



pitié de moi, Car, ô mon Dieu, mon

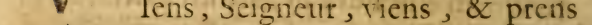
ame eſpère en toi; Et juſqu'au bout de

mes peines mortelles, Tu me verras t'in-

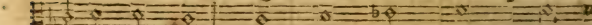


voquant avec foi, Me retirer à l'ombre

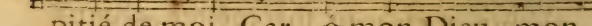
de tes ailes.



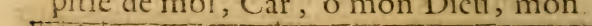
2. Au Dieu très-haut mon cri s'adreſſera;



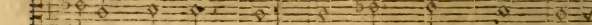
Qui, de ſon trône à mon aide, enverra



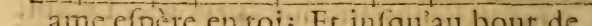
Sa ſainte grace & ſa foi que j'implore:



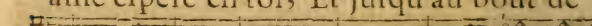
De mes frayeurs il me délivrera, Ren-



dant confus celui qui me dévore.

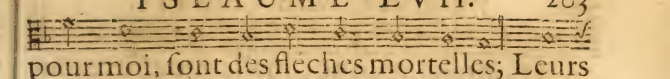


3. Hélas! je vis parmi de fiers lions, Des

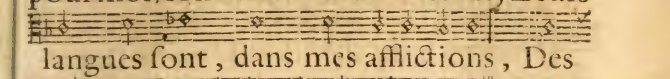


boutefeux, de lâches eſpions: Leurs dents,

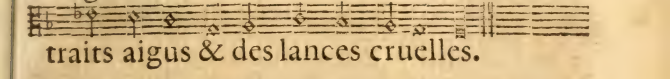
pour



pour moi, ſont des fléches mortelles; Leurs

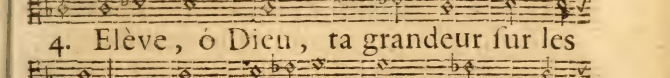


langues ſont, dans mes afflictions, Des

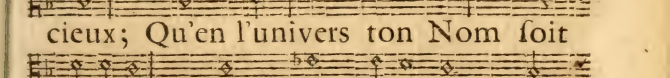


traits aigus & des lances cruelles.

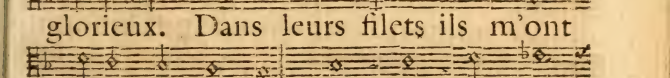
PAUSE.



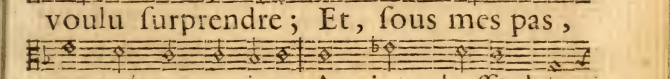
4. Elève, ô Dieu, ta grandeur ſur les



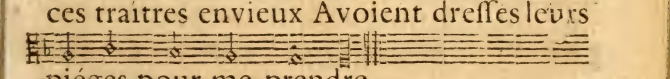
cieux; Qu'en l'univers ton Nom ſoit



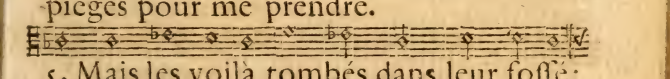
glorieux. Dans leurs filets ils m'ont



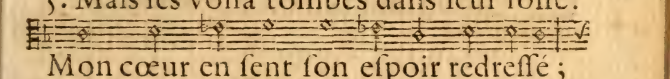
voulu ſurprendre; Et, ſous mes pas,



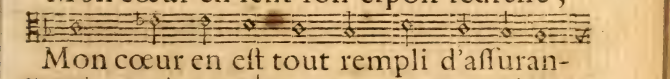
ces traîtres envieux Avoient dreſſés leurs



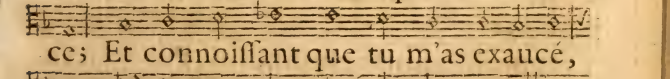
piéges pour me prendre.



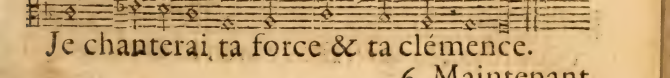
5. Mais les voilà tombés dans leur foſſé:



Mon cœur en ſent ſon eſpoir redreſſé;

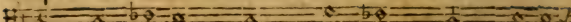


Mon cœur en eſt tout rempli d'aſſuran-

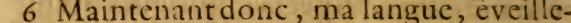


ce; Et connoiſſant que tu m'as exaucé,

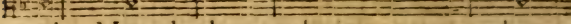
Je chanterai ta force & ta clémence.



6 Maintenant donc, ma langue, éveille-

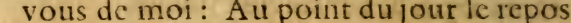


toi : Mon luth, ma harpe, approchez-

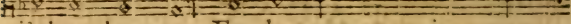


vous de moi : Au point du jour le repos

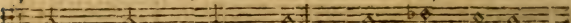
j'abandonne, Et devant tous je veux,



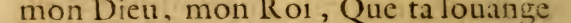
mon Dieu, mon Roi, Que ta louange



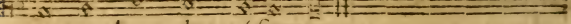
en ma bouche réſonne.



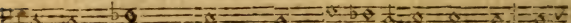
7. Car juſqu'aux cieux s'élève ta bonté; Et



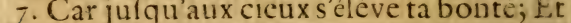
juſqu'aux cieux atteint ta vérité. Montre



d'enhaut tout l'éclat de ta gloire : Fai

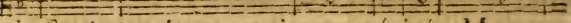


qu'en tous lieux ton grand Nom ſoit chan-

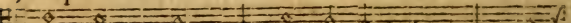


té, Et qu'à jamais en dure la mémoire.

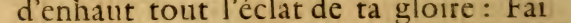
PSEAUME LVIII.



M Alheureux Juges que vous êtes,

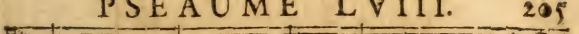


Répondez-nous de bonne foi; Prononcez-



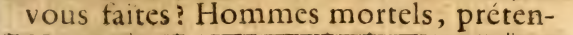
vous ſelon la loi? Eſt-ce bien le droit que

vous

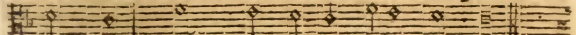


vous faites? Hommes mortels, préten-

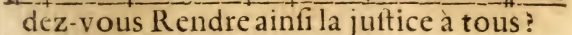
dez-vous Rendre ainſi la juſtice à tous?



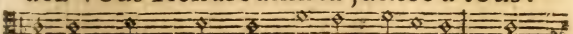
2. On ſçait que vos ames venales N'ai-



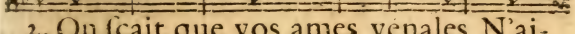
ment que la méchanceté; Vous ne pe-



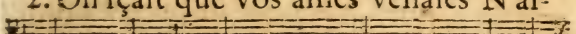
ſez qu'iniquité Dans vos balances inéga-



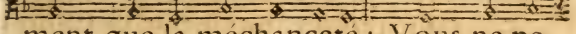
les A peine les méchans ſont nés, qu'on



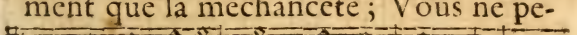
les voit au mal adonnés.



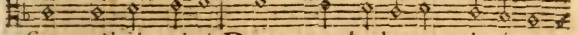
3. On s'apperçoit, dès leur enfance, Qu'en



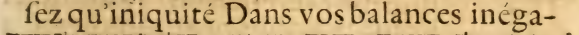
tous lieux leur fiel ſe répand, Tel que le



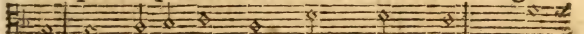
venin d'un ſerpent, Qui, ſur le voyageur,



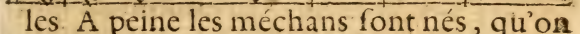
s'élance: Ils ſont comme l'aſpic, bouchant



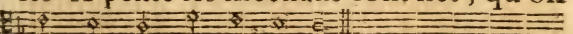
Son oreille aux douceurs du chant.



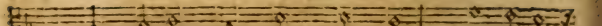
4. Envain la voix enchantereſſe S'efforce



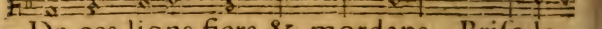
d'endormir ſes yeux. Toi, Seigneur, de



mes envieux, Réprime la langue traîtreſſe;

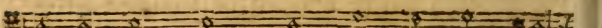


De ces lions fiers & mordans, Brise la

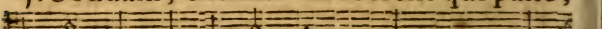


mâchoire & les dents.

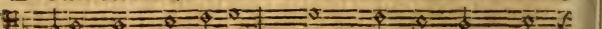
PAUSE.



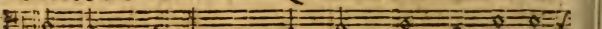
5. Soudain, comme un torrent qui passe,



D'eux-mêmes ils s'écouleront: Leurs traits



brisés ne serviront Qu'à confondre leur

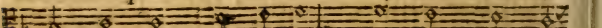


vaine audace : Ils fondront de même fa-

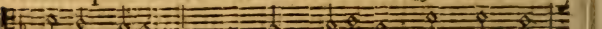
çon, Que l'on voit fondre un limaçon.

6 Comme un enfant qui perd la vie,

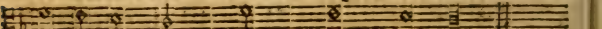
Avant qu'il ait vu la clarté; Comme un



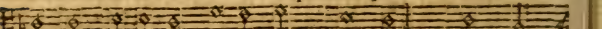
fruit qui tombe avorté, Leur gloire est de



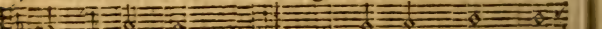
honte suivie : Un feu d'épines véhément,



Se consume moins promptement.

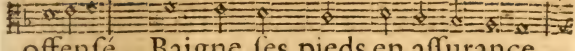


7. Par une si juste vengeance, Leur or-

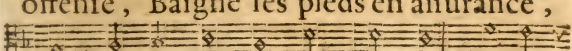


gueil étant renversé, L'innocent qu'ils ont

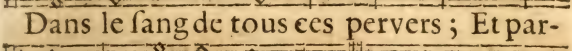
offensé,



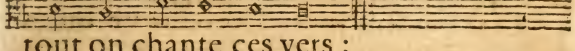
offenſé, Baigne ſes pieds en aſſurance,



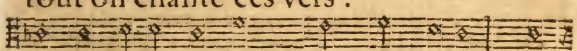
Dans le ſang de tous ces pervers; Et par-



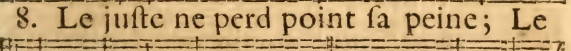
tout on chante ces vers :



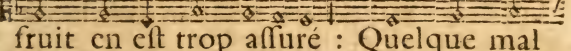
8. Le juſte ne perd point ſa peine; Le



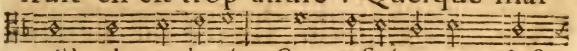
fruit en eſt trop aſſuré : Quelque mal



qu'il ait enduré, Son eſpérance n'eſt

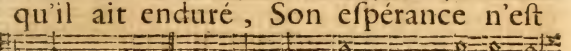


point vaine. Il eſt un Dieu qui juge ici

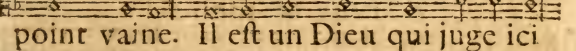


Les bons, & les méchans auſſi.

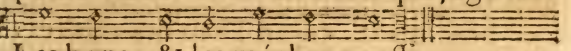
PSEAUME LIX.



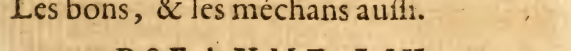
MOn Dieu, l'ennemi m'environne,



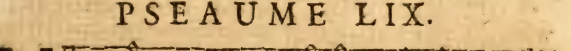
Et ſi ton ſecours m'abandonne, Si tu ne



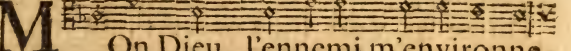
me viens aſſiſter, Je ne puis plus lui réſiſter:



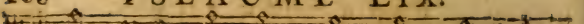
Délivre-moi d'un adverſaire Qui n'a de



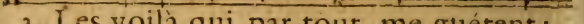
plaiſir qu'à mal faire: Sauve-moi des cruel-



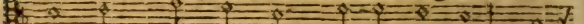
les mains De ces meurtriers inhumains.



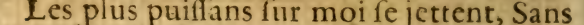
2. Les voilà qui, par-tout, me guétent:



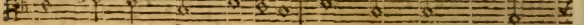
Les plus puiſſans ſur moi ſe jettent, Sans



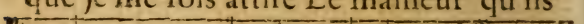
que je me ſois attiré Le malheur qu'ils



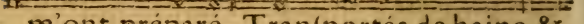
m'ont préparé. Tranſportés de haine &



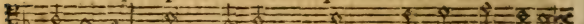
d'envie, Ils courent pour m'ôter la vie:



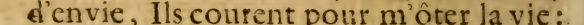
Voi-les, Seigneur, avance-toi, Et viens



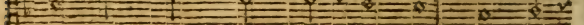
camper entr'eux & moi.



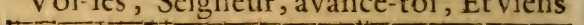
3. Toi, dis-je, grand Dieu des armées,



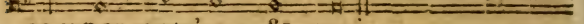
Toi, dont nos Tribus ſont aimées,



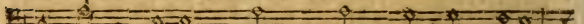
Ouvre les yeux ſur l'univers, Et juge



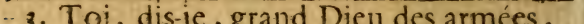
les peuples divers. N'épargne pas, dans



ta colère, Les méchans qui t'oſent dé-



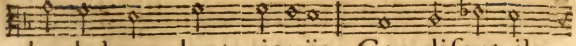
plaire; Ceux-ci, que la fureur conduit,



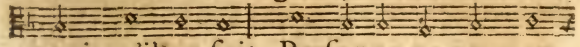
Comme des chiens, hurlent la nuit.

4. Ils ne font que courir les rues, Et mor-

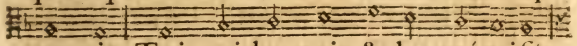
dre



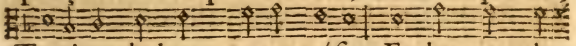
dre de leurs dents aiguës ; Car, disent-ils,



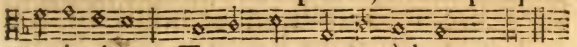
quoi qu'il en soit, Personne ne nous ap-



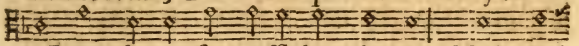
perçoit. Toi qui les vois, & les mépriſes,



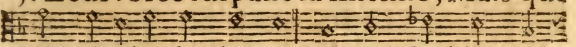
Tu riras de leurs entrepriſes; Et des peuples



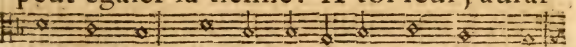
audacieux, Tu te moqueras à leurs yeux.



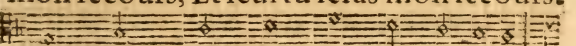
5. Leur force ſurpaſſe la mienne; Mais qui



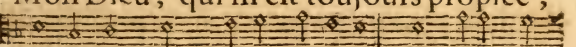
peut égaler la tienne? A toi ſeul j'aurai



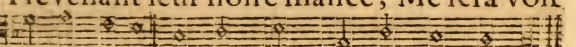
mon recours, Et ſeul tu ſeras mon ſecours.



Mon Dieu, qui m'eſt toujours propice,

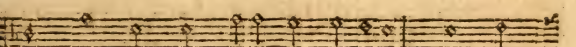


Prévenant leur noire malice, Me fera voir

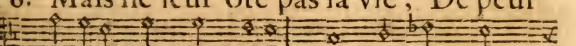


mes ennemis A mes pieds, défaits & ſoumis.

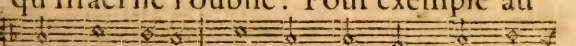
PAUSE.



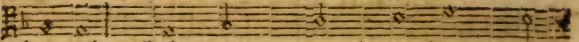
6. Mais ne leur ôte pas la vie, De peur



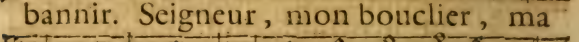
qu'Iſraël ne l'oublie: Pour exemple au



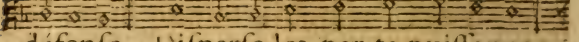
peuple à venir, Ne fais d'abord que les



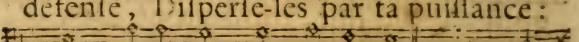
bannir. Seigneur, mon bouclier, ma



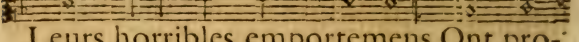
défense, Disperse-les par ta puissance:



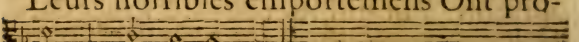
Leurs horribles emportemens Ont pro-



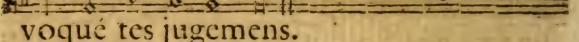
voqué tes jugemens.



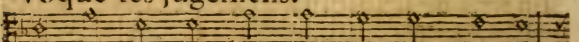
7. Confonds-les par leur orgueil même,



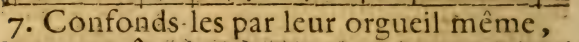
Et par leur injustice extrême, Par leurs



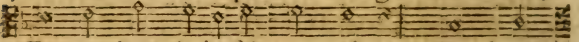
souhaits, par leurs desseins, Et par leurs



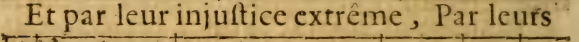
sermens faux & vains. Que contr'eux ton



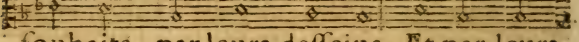
courroux s'allume, Qu'enfin ta fureur



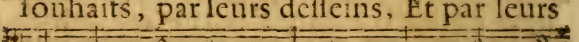
les consume, Mais les consume telle-



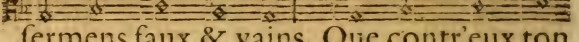
ment, Qu'ils périssent entièrement.



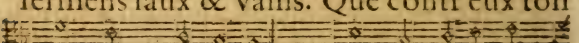
8. Dieu de Jacob, fai-toi connoître Pour



le seul & souverain Maître; Fai voir que

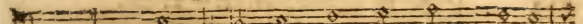


tu règnes par-tout, D'un bout du mon-

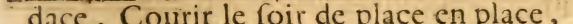


de à l'autre. On les reverra, pleins d'au-

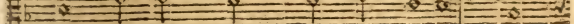
dace



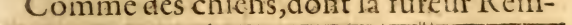
dace, Courir le soir de place en place,



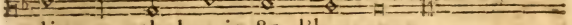
Comme des chiens, dont la fureur Rem-



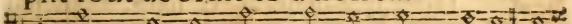
plit tout de bruit & d'horreur.



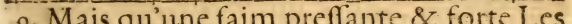
9. Mais qu'une faim pressante & forte Les



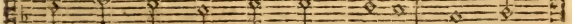
chasse encor de porte en porte; Et que,



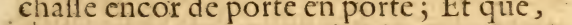
loin de se soulager, Ils ne trouvent rien à



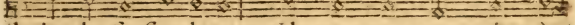
manger. Pour moi, d'une voix éclatante,



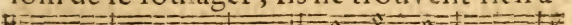
Et d'une ame gaie & contente, Je chante-



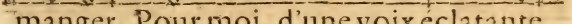
rai dès le matin, Et dirai tes bontés sans fin.



10. Tu fus toujours, dans ma souffrance,

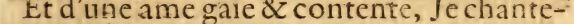


Ma retraite & ma délivrance; Et je veux,

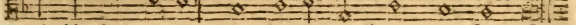


selon mon devoir, Célébrer ton divin

pouvoir. Tu fus toujours, dans ma dé-

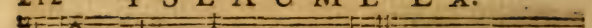


tresse, Ma haute tour, ma forteresse;



Tu fus, dans mon adversité, Un Dieu

pour

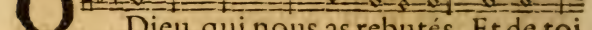


pour moi plein de bonté.

PSEAUME LX.

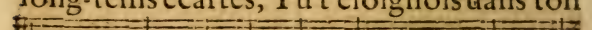
O Dieu, qui nous as rebutés, Et de toi

long-tems écartés, Tu t'éloignois dans ton

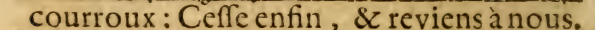


courroux : Ceſſe enfin, & reviens à nous.

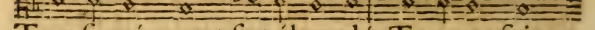
Ton ſacré mont fut ébranlé, Ta terre ſainte



en a tremblé : Referme, ô Dieu, ſes ou-

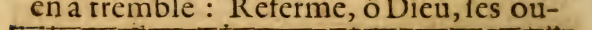


vertures ; Guéris ſes profondes bleſſures.

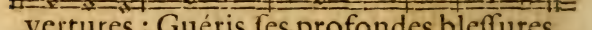


2. Iſraël tomba rudement, Quand d'un

vin d'étourdiſſement Tu permis qu'il fût

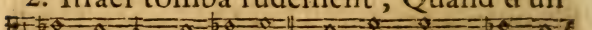


abreuvé ; Mais, grand Dieu, tu l'as relevé.

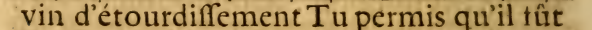


L'étendard de tes ſerviteurs, Qui ſont tes

vrais adorateurs, Par ta grace en l'air ſe

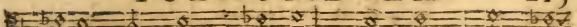


déploie, Et chacun s'y range avec joie.

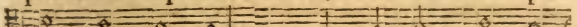


3. Afin donc qu'à ſes ennemis Ton peu-

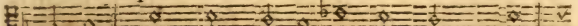
ple



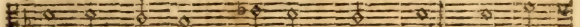
ple ne ſoit plus ſoumis, Soutiens-moi par



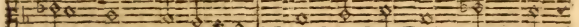
ton bras puiſſant, Et m'exauce en ce mal



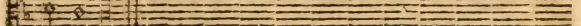
preſſant. Je m'en réjouis, ô mon Dieu:



Tu me réponds de ton ſaint lieu; Sichem

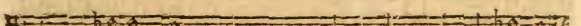


ſera mon héritage, Le val de Succoth mon

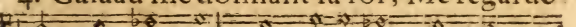


partage.

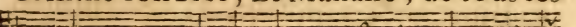
PAUSE.



4. Galaad me donnant ſa foi, Me regarde

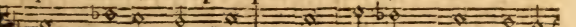


comme ſon Roi; Et Manaſſé, de tous ſes

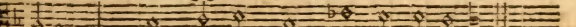


biens, Veut encore augmenter les miens.

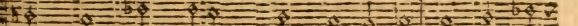
Ephraïm, ce peuple ſi fort, Sera mon



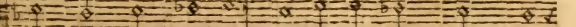
plus ferme ſupport; Et Juda, chef de la



police, Rendra le droit & la juſtice.

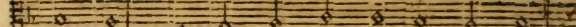


5. Ceux de Moab, mes ennemis, Enfin &

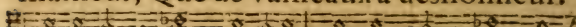


vaincus, & ſoumis, Ne ſerviront, dans leur

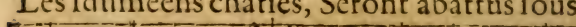
malheur,



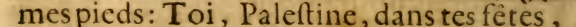
malheur, Que de vaisseaux à deshonneur.



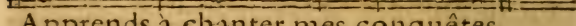
Les Iduméens châtiés, Seront abattus sous



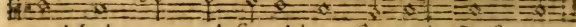
mes pieds: Toi, Palestine, dans tes fêtes,



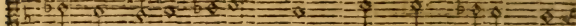
Apprends à chanter mes conquêtes.



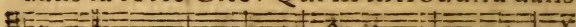
6. Mais par qui serai-je escorté Jusques



dans la forte Cité? Qui m'introduira dans

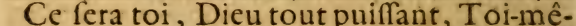


Edom, Et dans ses places de grand nom?

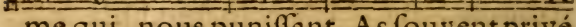


Ce sera toi, Dieu tout puissant, Toi-mê-

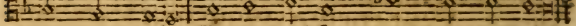
me qui, nous punissant, As souvent privé



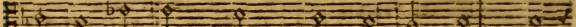
notre armée De ta présence accoutumée.



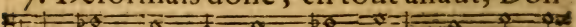
7. Désormais donc, en tout assaut, Don-



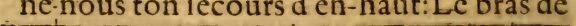
ne-nous ton secours d'en-haut: Le bras de



l'homme, sans le tien, N'est que foiblesse,

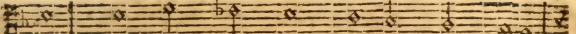


& ne peut rien. C'est par toi que nos

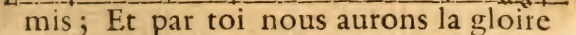


ennemis Nous seront pleinement sou-

mis;

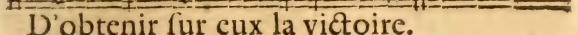


mis ; Et par toi nous aurons la gloire

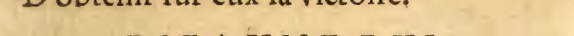


D'obtenir ſur eux la victoire.

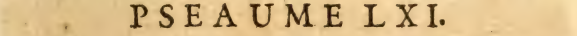
PSEAUME LXI.



E Coute-moi, je te prie, Quand je

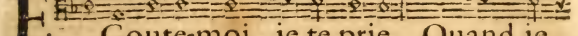


crie : Eternel, exauce-moi ; Du bout

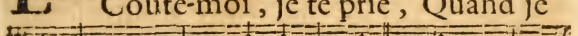


du monde mon ame Te réclame, Triſte

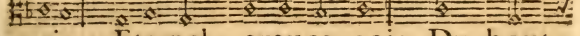
& n'eſpérant qu'en toi.



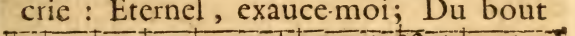
2. Fai que de ta haute roche Je m'ap-



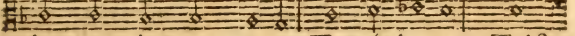
proche, Que l'accès m'en ſoit permis :



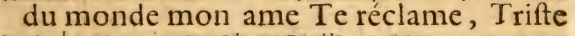
Tu fus toujours mon refuge, Juſte Juge,



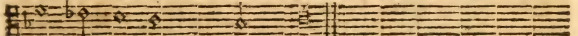
Contre tous mes ennemis.



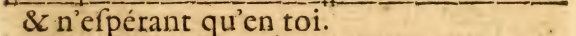
3. Mon ame, en ton ſanctuaire, Veut



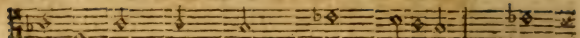
ſe plaire, Tout le tems que je vivrai :



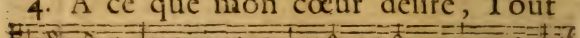
Dans cet aſyle fidèle, Sous ton aîle,



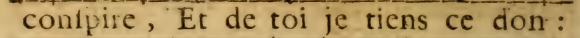
Sans peur je repoſerai.



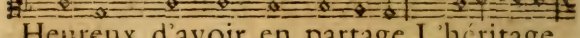
4. A ce que mon cœur desire, Tout



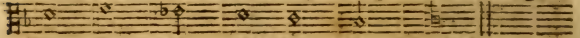
conspire, Et de toi je tiens ce don :



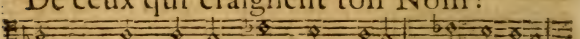
Heureux d'avoir en partage L'héritage



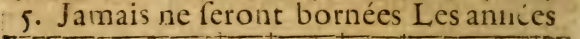
De ceux qui craignent ton Nom!



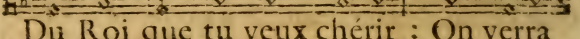
5. Jamais ne seront bornées Les années



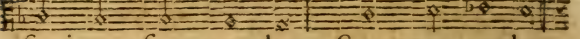
Du Roi que tu veux chérir : On verra



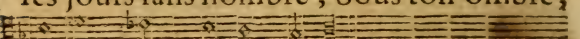
ses jours sans nombre, Sous ton ombre,



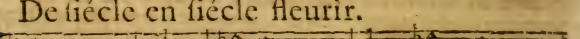
De siécle en siécle fleurir.



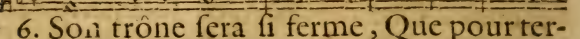
6. Son trône sera si ferme, Que pour ter-



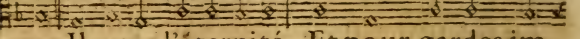
me Il aura l'éternité, Et pour gardes im-



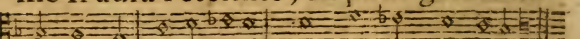
mortelles Et fidelles, Ta grace & ta vérité.



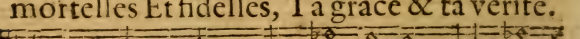
7. Je veux donc, par des cantiques Ma-



gnifiques, Dire tes faits merveilleux. Mon

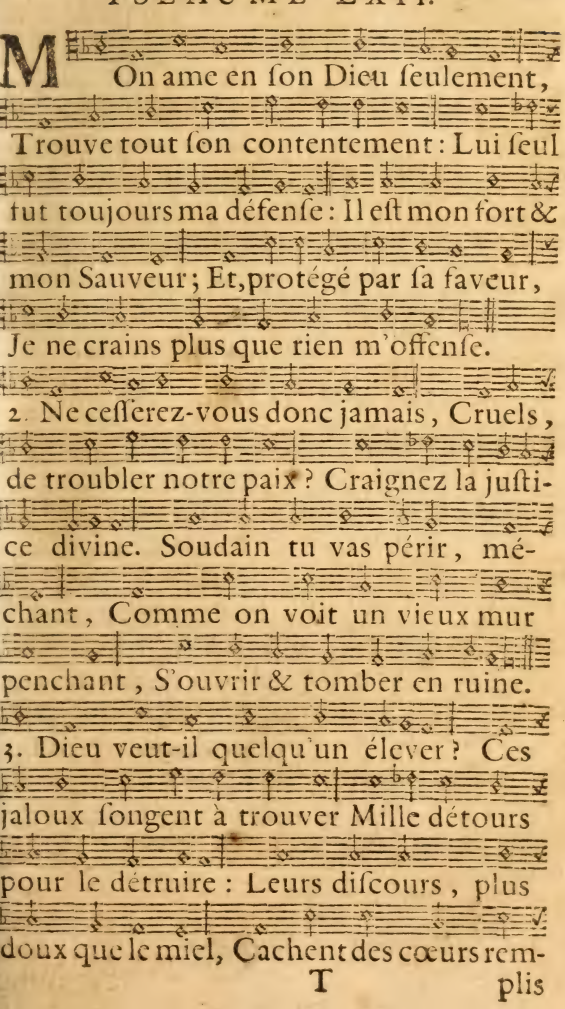


cœur, rempli d'allégresse, Veut sans



cesse S'acquitter de tous ses vœux.

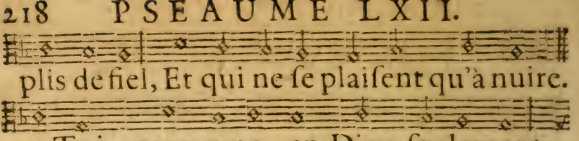
PSEAUME LXII.



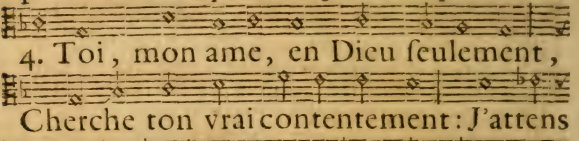
MOn ame en ſon Dieu ſeulement,
Trouve tout ſon contentement : Lui ſeul
fut toujours ma défenſe : Il eſt mon fort &
mon Sauveur ; Et, protégé par ſa faveur,
Je ne crains plus que rien m'offenſe.

2. Ne ceſſerez-vous donc jamais, Cruels,
de troubler notre paix ? Craignez la juſti-
ce divine. Soudain tu vas périr, mé-
chant, Comme on voit un vieux mur
penchant, S'ouvrir & tomber en ruine.

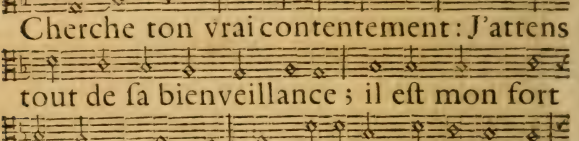
3. Dieu veut-il quelqu'un élever ? Ces
jaloux ſongent à trouver Mille détours
pour le détruire : Leurs diſcours, plus
doux que le miel, Cachent des cœurs rem-



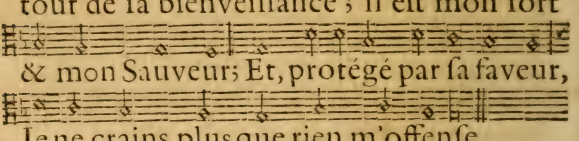
plis de fiel, Et qui ne se plaisent qu'à nuire.



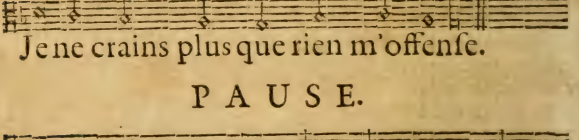
4. Toi, mon ame, en Dieu seulement,



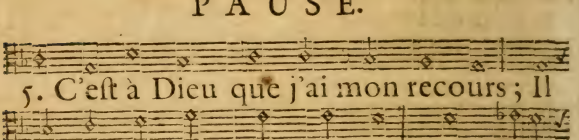
Cherche ton vrai contentement: J'attens



tout de sa bienveillance; il est mon fort

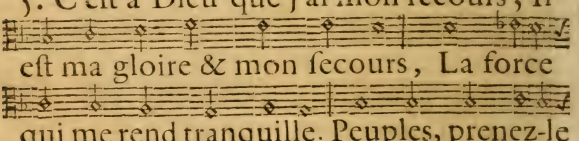


& mon Sauveur; Et, protégé par sa faveur,

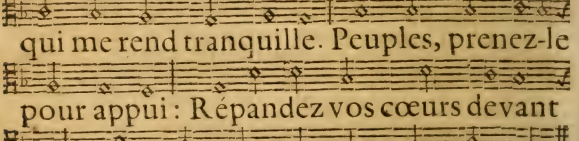


Je ne crains plus que rien m'offense.

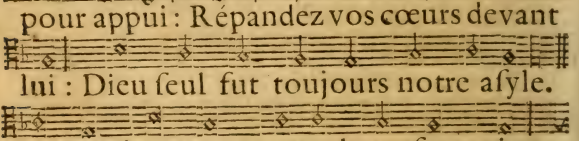
PAUSE.



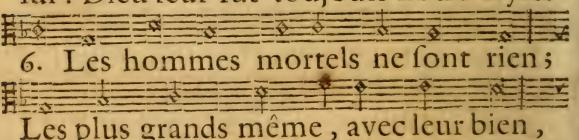
5. C'est à Dieu que j'ai mon recours; Il



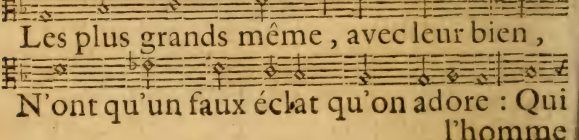
est ma gloire & mon secours, La force



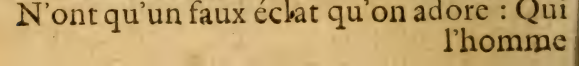
qui me rend tranquille. Peuples, prenez-le



pour appui: Répandez vos cœurs devant



lui: Dieu seul fut toujours notre asyle.

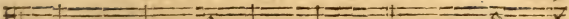


6. Les hommes mortels ne sont rien;

Les plus grands même, avec leur bien,

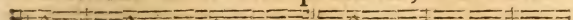
N'ont qu'un faux éclat qu'on adore: Qui

l'homme



l'homme & le rien péſeroit, Par cette

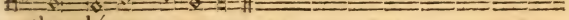
épreuve il trouveroit Que l'homme eſt



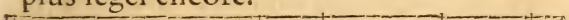
plus léger encore.

7. N'appuyez jamais vos deſſeins Sur des

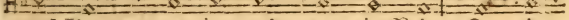
moyens mauvais ou vains: Fuyez les eſ-



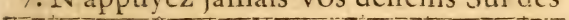
pérances folles: Mépriſez l'or & les hon-



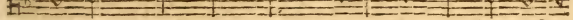
neurs; Et n'attachez jamais vos cœurs



A des biens trompeurs & frivoles.

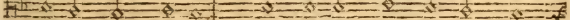


8. Mon Dieu, dont je connois la voix,

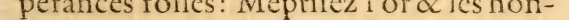


M'a fait ouir plus d'une fois, Qu'en ſa

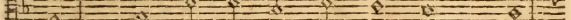
main ſeule eſt la puiſſance; Et nous



ſavons, Dieu juſte & doux, Qu'enfin

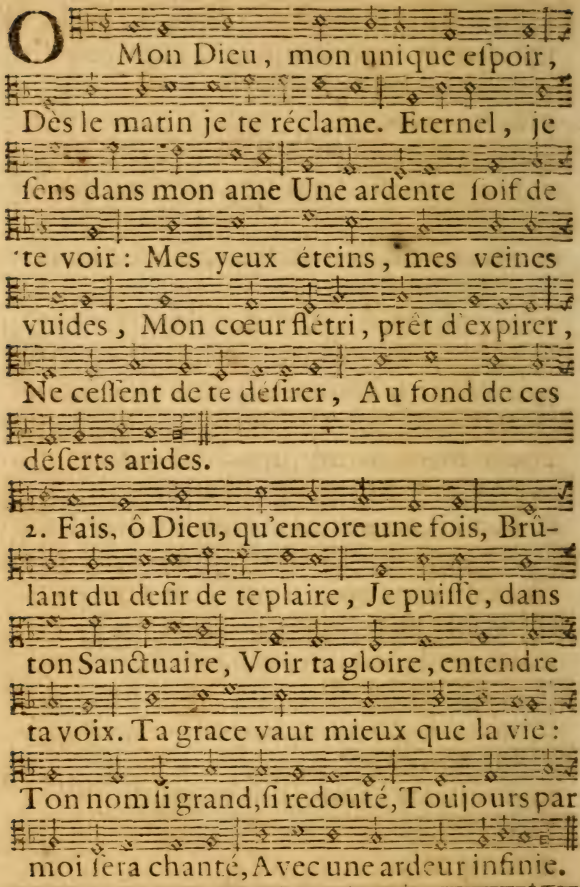


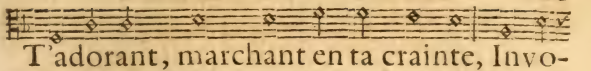
tu donneras à tous, Ou la peine, ou la



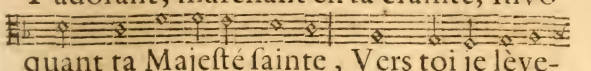
récompenſe.

PSEAUME LXIII.

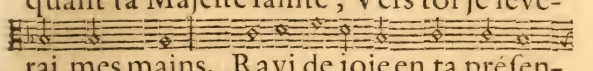




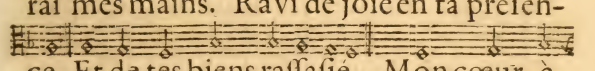
T'adorant, marchant en ta crainte, Invo-



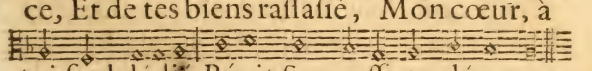
quant ta Majesté sainte, Vers toi je lève-



rai mes mains. Ravi de joie en ta présen-

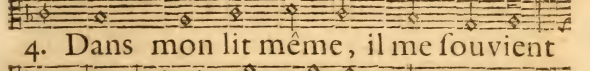


ce, Et de tes biens rassasié, Mon cœur, à

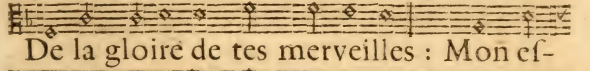


toi seul dédié, Bénit sans cesse ta clémence.

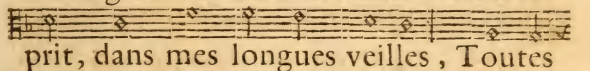
PAUSE.



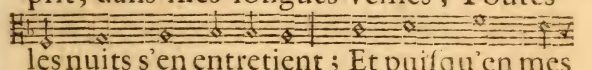
4. Dans mon lit même, il me souvient



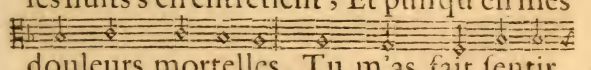
De la gloire de tes merveilles : Mon es-



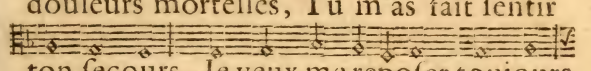
prit, dans mes longues veilles, Toutes



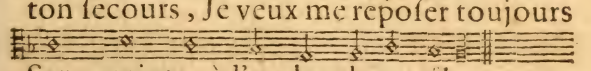
les nuits s'en entretient ; Et puisqu'en mes



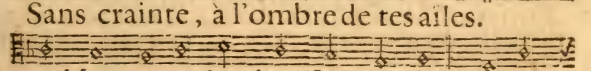
douleurs mortelles, Tu m'as fait sentir



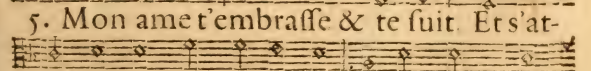
ton secours, Je veux me reposer toujours



Sans crainte, à l'ombre de tes ailes.



5. Mon ame t'embrasse & te suit. Et s'at-



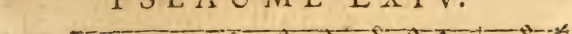
tache à ta bienveillance : Aussi ton bras,

par ſa puiſſance, Eloigne tout ce qui me
nuit. Mais ceux qu'une noire malice En-
gage à pourſuivre ma mort, Tombe-
ront, par leur propre effort, Dans le
plus bas du précipice.

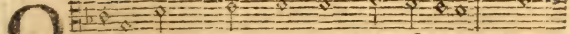
6. Un jour viendra que ces méchans Paſ-
ſeront au fil de l'épée ; Et les renards fe-
ront curée De leurs corps épars dans les
champs. Alors, plein de joie & de gloire,
Seigneur, le Roi te bénira, Et ton ſaint
peuple mêlera Son chant à mon chant
de victoire.

7 Alors le menteur étonné, Malgré ſa
première inſolence, Demeurera dans le
ſilence, Auquel Dieu l'aura condamné.

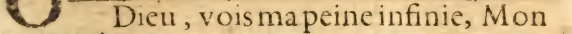
PSEAUME LXIV.



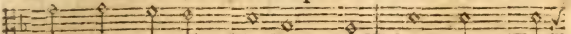
O Dieu, vois ma peine infinie, Mon



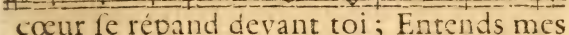
cœur se répand devant toi; Entends mes



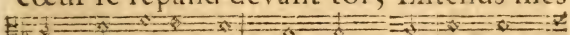
cris, exauce-moi, Et contre une troupe



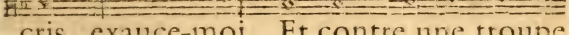
ennemie, Défens ma vie.



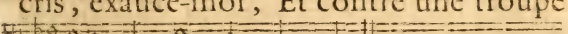
2. Garanti-moi des mains cruelles De ces



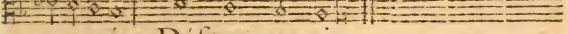
méchans fins & couverts; Dissipe leurs



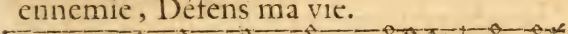
complots divers; Confonds les ruses cri-



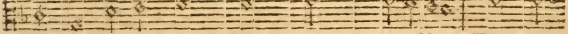
minelles De ces rébelles.



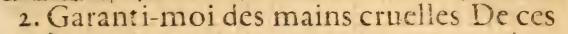
3. Ils ont des langues acérées, Plus per-



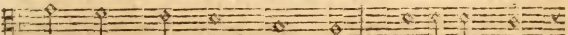
çantes que des poignards: Leurs discours



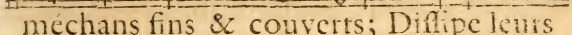
sont comme des dards, Dont les ames



sont pénétrées Et déchirées.

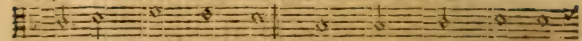


4. Le juste en a reçu l'atteinte; Dans les

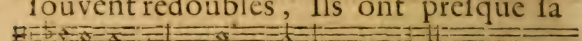


lieux les plus reculés: Par leurs coups

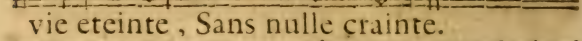
souvent



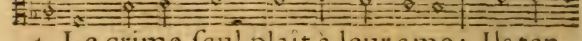
ſouvent redoublés, Ils ont preſque ſa



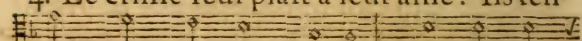
vie eteinte, Sans nulle crainte.



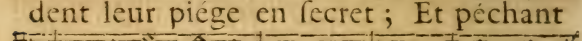
4. Le crime ſeul plaît à leur ame: Ils ten-



dent leur piége en ſecret; Et péchant

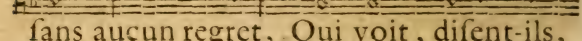


ſans aucun regret, Qui voit, diſent-ils,

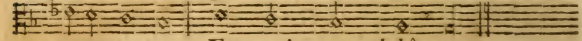


cette trame, Et qui nous blâme?

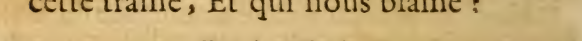
PAUSE.



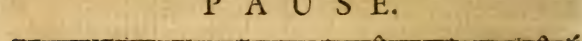
6. Leur malice eſt toujours habile A



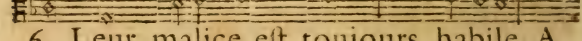
contenter leur paſſion: Pour eux aucune



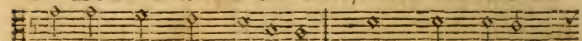
invention Ne fut jamais trop difficile,



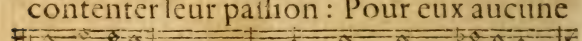
Ni trop ſubtile.



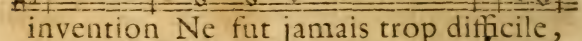
7. Mais le Dieu ſur qui je m'aſſure,



Pour détruire ces malheureux, Lancera



mille traits ſur eux, Dont chacun fera



ſa bleſſure, Soudaine & ſûre.

8. Par

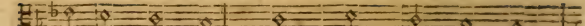
8. Par leur propre langue damnable, Je
les vois déjà confondus: Ils courent par-
tout éperdus, Gémissant du mal effroya-
ble, Qui les accable.

9. Tout, enfin, rendra ses hommages Au
pouvoir du Dieu souverain: Tout crain-
dra l'effort de sa main, Dont on voit tant
de temoignages Dans ses ouvrages.

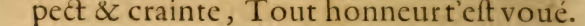
10. Sur-tout le juste, en sa présence, Le
bénira d'un hymne saint; Et le fidèle qui
le craint, Chantera, plein de confiance,
Sa délivrance.

PSEAUME LXV.

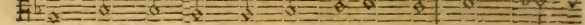
O Dieu, c'est dans ta Sion sainte,
Que tu seras loué; C'est là, qu'avec res-
pect



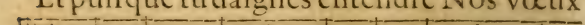
pect & crainte, Tout honneur t'eſt voué.



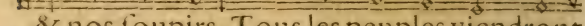
Et puiſque tu daignes entendre Nos vœux



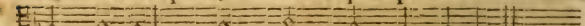
& nos ſoupirs, Tous les peuples viendront



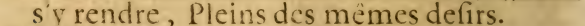
s'y rendre, Pleins des mêmes deſirs.



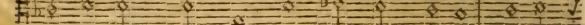
2. Hélas! mes erreurs & mes vices Allu-



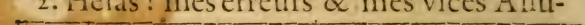
moient ton courroux; Mais, Seigneur,



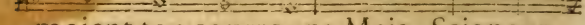
tes bontés propices T'appaiſent envers



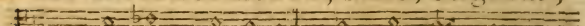
nous. O qu'heureux l'homme ſe peut di-



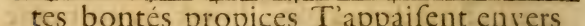
re, Qu'il t'a plu d'adopter! Dans tes par-



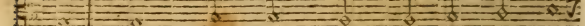
vis il ſe retire, Tu l'y fais habiter.



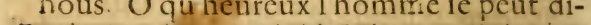
3. Des biens que tu nous voudras faire,



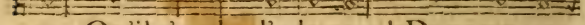
Nos cœurs ſe rempliront; Des douceurs



de ton Sanctuaire, Nos ames jouiront.

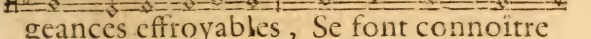


Tes arrêts, toujours équitables, Grand

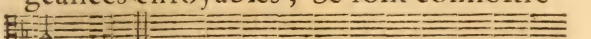


Dieu, qui nous ſoutiens, Par des ven-

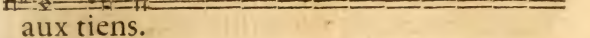
geances



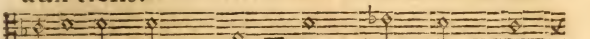
geances effroyables, Se font connoître



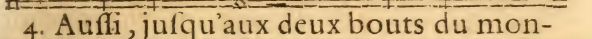
aux tiens.



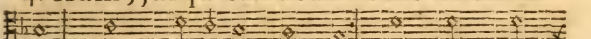
4. Auſſi, juſqu'aux deux bouts du mon-



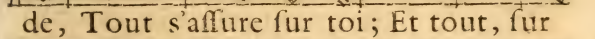
de, Tout s'aſſure ſur toi; Et tout, ſur



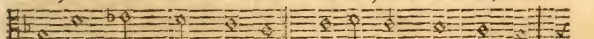
la terre & ſur l'onde, Se règle ſur ta loi:



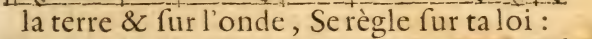
Ceint de tes forces redoutables, De



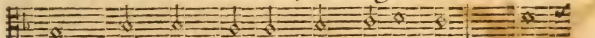
grandeur revêtu, Tu rends les monts



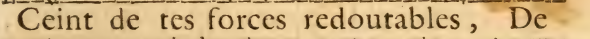
inébranlables, Par ta ſeule vertu.



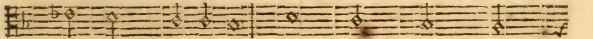
5. Ta voix fait de la mer bruyante, Les



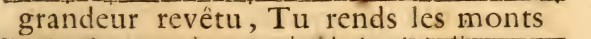
vagues rabaiſſer; Des peuples l'émeute



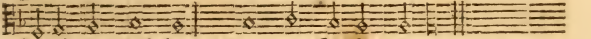
inconſtante, D'un mot tu fais ceſſer.



Voyant tes œuvres ſans pareilles, Les



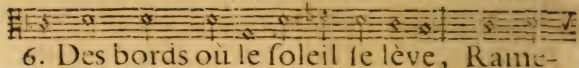
peuples étonnés Admirent tes hautes



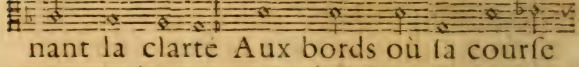
merveilles, Même aux lieux éloignés.

PAUSE.

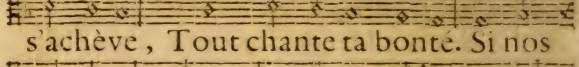
PAUSE.



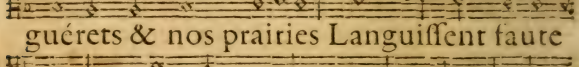
6. Des bords où le soleil se lève, Rame-



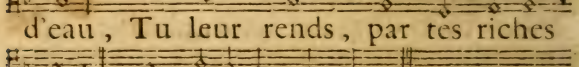
nant la clarté Aux bords où sa course



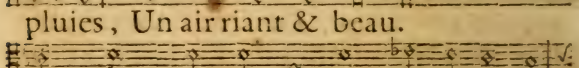
s'achève, Tout chante ta bonté. Si nos



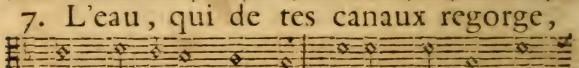
guérets & nos prairies Languissent faute



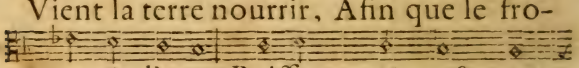
d'eau, Tu leur rends, par tes riches



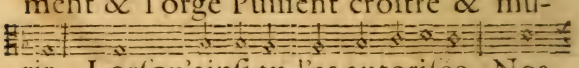
pluies, Un air riant & beau.



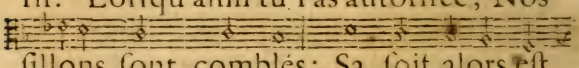
7. L'eau, qui de tes canaux regorge,



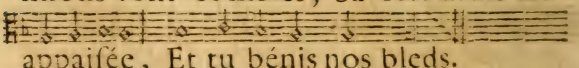
Vient la terre nourrir, Afin que le fro-



ment & l'orge Puissent croître & mu-

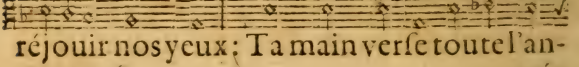


rir. Lorsqu'ainsi tu l'as autorisée, Nos



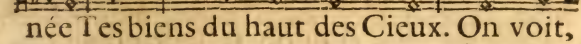
sillons sont comblés; Sa soif alors est

appaisée, Et tu bénis nos bleds.

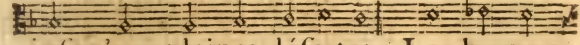


8. L'automne, de fruit couronnée, Vient

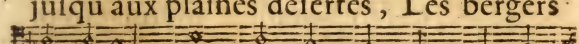
réjouir nos yeux; Ta main verse toute l'an-



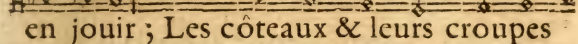
née Tes biens du haut des Cieux. On voit,



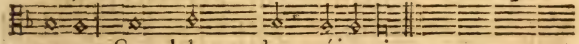
jusqu'aux plaines désertes, Les bergers



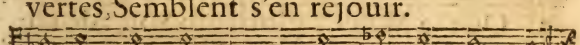
en jouir ; Les côteaux & leurs croupes



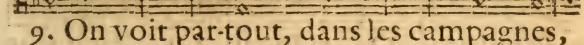
vertes, Semblent s'en réjouir.



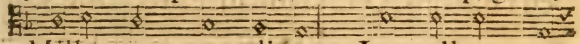
9. On voit par-tout, dans les campagnes,



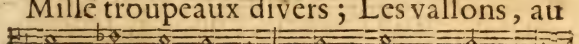
Mille troupeaux divers ; Les vallons, au



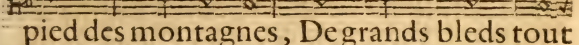
pied des montagnes, De grands bleds tout



couverts ; Et cette richesse champêtre,

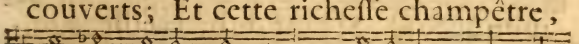


Par de muets accords, Célèbre l'Auteur

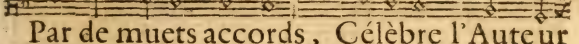


de son être, Qui répand ses trésors.

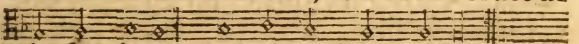
PSEAUME LXVI.



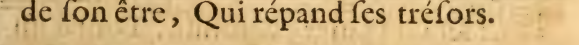
PEuples, venez, & que l'on donne



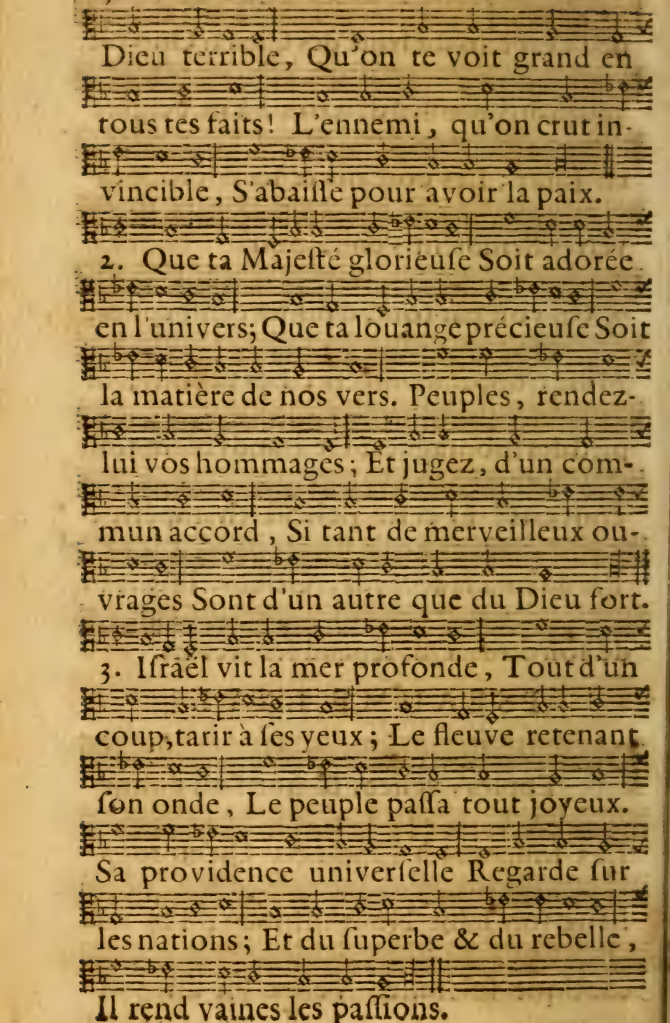
Des louanges à l'Eternel ; Qu'en tous



lieux son saint Nom résonne, Par un



cantique solemnel. Venez lui dire, ô

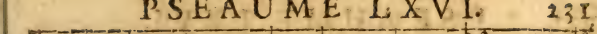


Dieu terrible, Qu'on te voit grand en tous tes faits! L'ennemi, qu'on crut invincible, S'abaiſſe pour avoir la paix.

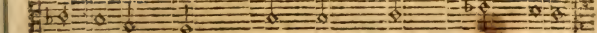
2. Que ta Majeſté glorieuſe Soit adorée en l'univers; Que ta louange précieuſe Soit la matière de nos vers. Peuples, rendez-lui vos hommages; Et jugez, d'un commun accord, Si tant de merveilleux ouvrages Sont d'un autre que du Dieu fort.

3. Iſraël vit la mer profonde, Tout d'un coup, tarir à ſes yeux; Le fleuve retenant ſon onde, Le peuple paſſa tout joyeux. Sa providence univerſelle Regarde ſur les nations; Et du ſuperbe & du rebelle, Il rend vaines les paſſions.

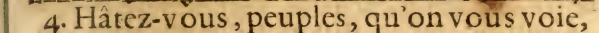
4. Hâtez-



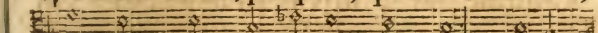
4. Hâtez-vous, peuples, qu'on vous voie,



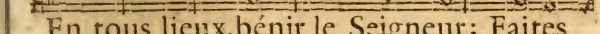
En tous lieux, bénir le Seigneur; Faites



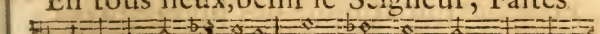
retentir, avec joie, Un hymne saint à son



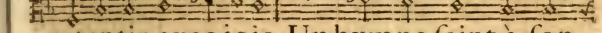
honneur. C'est lui qui garde notre vie, Qui



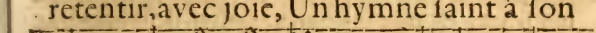
conduit sûrement nos pas; C'est lui dont



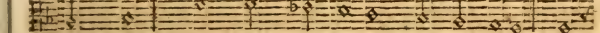
la force infinie nous a garantis du trépas.



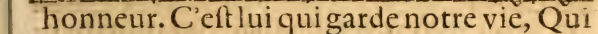
5. Seigneur, ta justice divine Voulut



épurer notre foi, Comme l'argent que

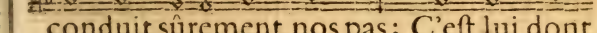


l'on affine, Lorsqu'il n'est pas de bon

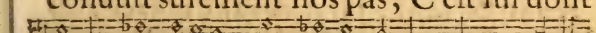


aloi. Tu nous avois mis dans les piéges

Que nous tendoient nos ennemis: Au

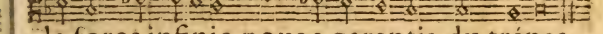


joug de leurs loix sacriléges, Ton cour-

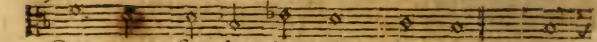


roux nous avoit soumis.

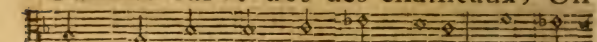
PAUSE.



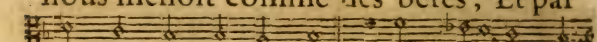
6. Ces méchans montoient sur nos têtes,



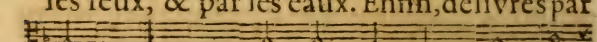
Comme sur le dos des chameaux; On



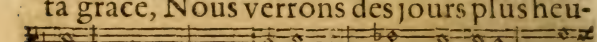
nous menoit comme des bêtes, Et par



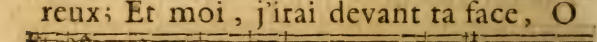
les feux, & par les eaux. Enfin, délivrés par



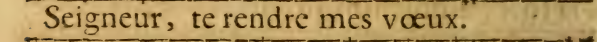
ta grace, Nous verrons des jours plus heu-



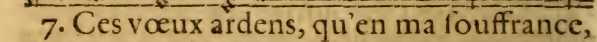
reux; Et moi, j'irai devant ta face, O



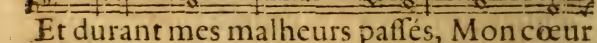
Seigneur, te rendre mes vœux.



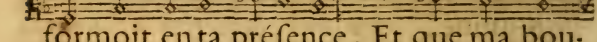
7. Ces vœux ardens, qu'en ma souffrance,



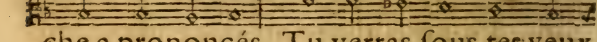
Et durant mes malheurs passés, Mon cœur



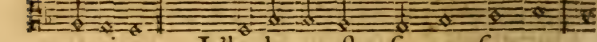
formoit en ta présence, Et que ma bou-



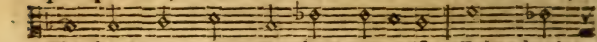
che a prononcés. Tu verras sous tes yeux



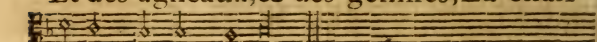
propices, L'holocauste se consumer,



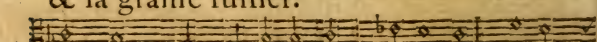
Et des agneaux, & des géniſſes, La chair



& la graiſſe fumer.



8. Vous, qui révérez sa puiſſance, Soyez-



moi témoins, en ce lieu, De la juſte recon-

noiſſance

noissance Que j'ai des bienfaits de mon

Dieu. Quand ma bouche fait sa prière,

Ce grand Dieu répond à ma voix: Ainsi

chaque jour j'ai matière De le bénir

cent & cent fois.

9. S'il eût connu que l'injustice Se fût mê-

lée à mes desirs, Bien loin de m'être si

propice, Il eût mépriſé mes soupirs. Mais

si vers lui je me retire, Aussitôt il me tend

la main; Et, quoi que mon ame desire,

Mon Dieu me l'accorde soudain.

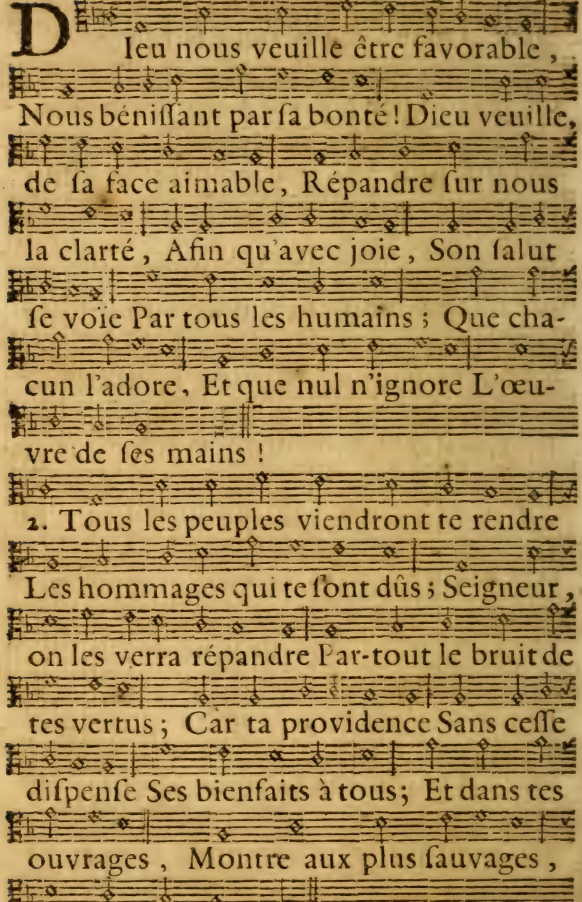
10. Bénis donc ce grand Dieu, mon

ame, Lui qui m'a toujours écouté; Et

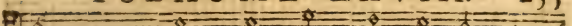
qui, lorsque je le reclame, Jamais ne

retient sa bonté.

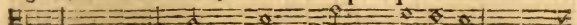
PSEAUME LXVII.



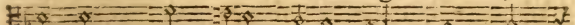
3. Grand



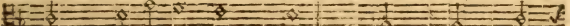
3. Grand Dieu, tous les peuples du mon-



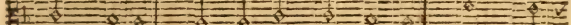
de Chanteront ton Nom glorieux ; La



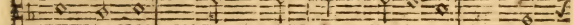
terre en fruits ſera féconde ; Ta main



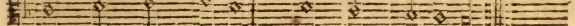
nous bénira des cieux. Du Dieu qui



nous aime, La bonté ſuprême, Nous fait

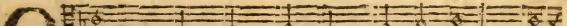


proſpérer : Tout ce qui reſpire , Dans

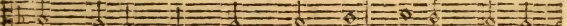


ſon vaſte empire , Le doit révérer.

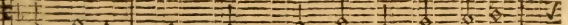
PSEAUME LXVIII.



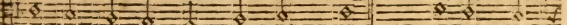
QUe Dieu ſe montre ſeulement, Et



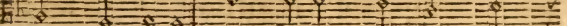
l'on verra dans un moment Abandonner



la place : Le camp des ennemis épars ;

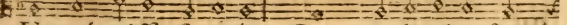


Epouvanté de toutes parts , Fuira de-



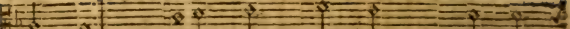
vant ſa face. On verra tout ce camp

s'enfuir , Comme l'on voit s'évanouir

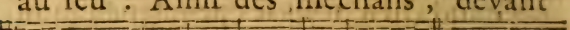


Une épaiſſe fumée , Comme la cire fond

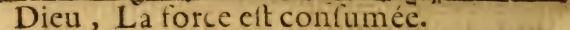
au



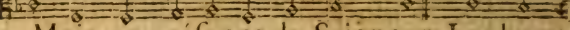
au feu : Ainſi des méchans, devant



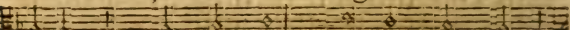
Dieu, La force eſt conſumée.



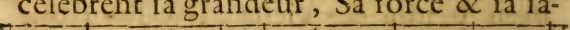
2. Mais, en préſence du Seigneur, Les bons



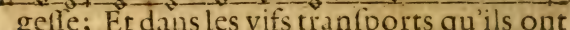
célèbrent ſa grandeur, Sa force & ſa ſa-



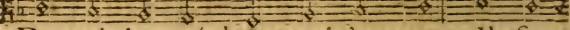
geſſe; Et dans les vifs tranſports qu'ils ont



De voir les méchans qui s'en vont, Ils ſau-

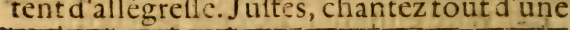


tent d'allégreſſe. Juſtes, chantez tout d'une



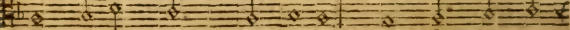
voix, Du Dieu des Dieux, du Roi des Rois,

La louange immortelle; Car ſur la nue

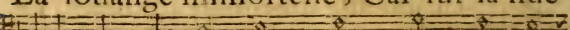


il eſt porté, Et, d'un nom plein de ma-

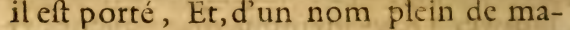
jeſté, L'Eternel il s'appelle.



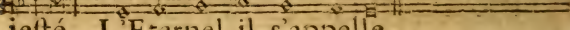
3. Rejouiſſez-vous devant lui; Il eſt



des orphelins l'appui, Le défenſeur, le

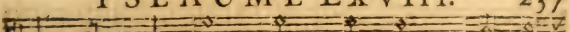


père; Des veuves l'unique recours: Lui

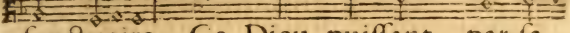


qu'on adore tous les jours, Eſt dans ſon

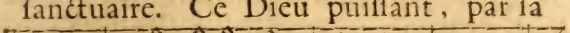
ſanctuaire.



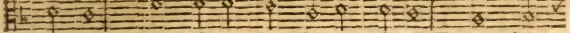
ſanctuaire. Ce Dieu puiſſant, par ſa



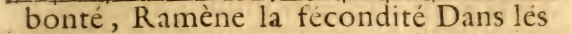
bonté, Ramène la fécondité Dans les



maiſons ſtériles; Du captif il briſe les

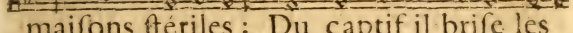


fers, Et tient le rébelle aux déſerts, Re-

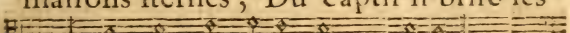


légué loin des villes.

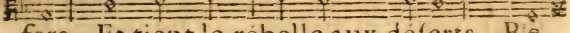
PAUSE I.



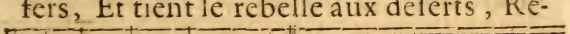
4. Quand, par tes ſoins & par ta voix,



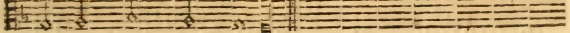
Tu menas ton peuple autrefois Dans le



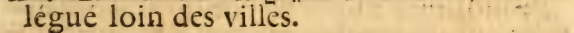
déſert horrible, Les cieux fondirent en



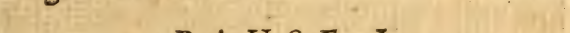
ſueur, La terre trembla de frayeur, A



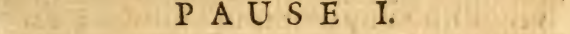
ton aſpect terrible. Le mont de Sina, tout



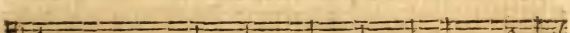
ttoublé, Dieu d'Iſraël, fut ébranlé, En



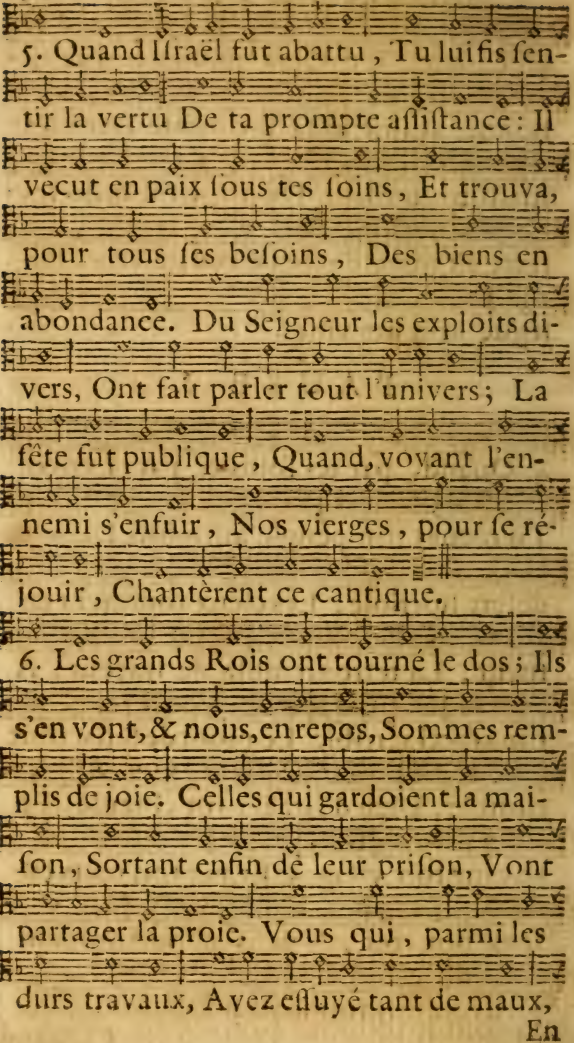
voyant ton viſage; Et, par ton merveil-



leux pouvoir, Tu fis abondamment



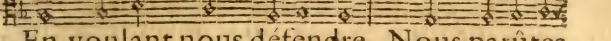
pleuvoir Sur ton ſaint héritage.



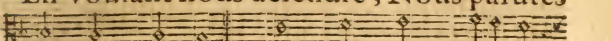
5. Quand Israël fut abattu, Tu luifis sentir la vertu De ta prompte assistance: Il vecut en paix sous tes soins, Et trouva, pour tous ses besoins, Des biens en abondance. Du Seigneur les exploits divers, Ont fait parler tout l'univers; La fête fut publique, Quand, voyant l'ennemi s'enfuir, Nos vierges, pour se réjouir, Chantèrent ce cantique.

6. Les grands Rois ont tourné le dos; Ils s'en vont, & nous, en repos, Sommes remplis de joie. Celles qui gardoient la maison, Sortant enfin de leur prison, Vont partager la proie. Vous qui, parmi les durs travaux, Avez essuyé tant de maux,

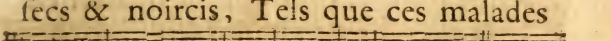
En



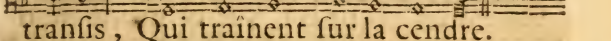
En voulant nous défendre, Nous parûtes



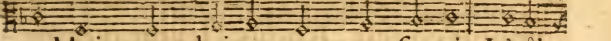
secs & noircis, Tels que ces malades



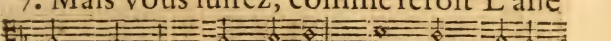
transis, Qui traînent sur la cendre.



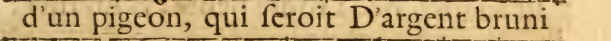
7. Mais vous luirez, comme feroit L'aile



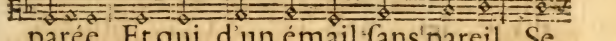
d'un pigeon, qui seroit D'argent bruni



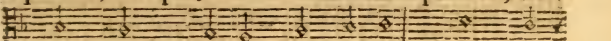
parée, Et qui, d'un émail sans pareil, Se



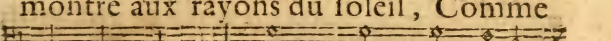
montre aux rayons du soleil, Comme



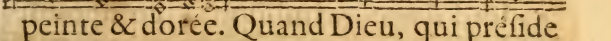
peinte & dorée. Quand Dieu, qui préside



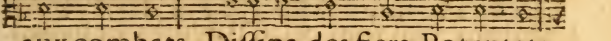
aux combats, Dissipa des fiers Potentats,



La troupe sacrilège, Tout le pays devint

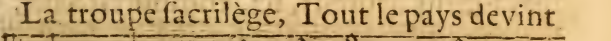


plus beau Que n'est Salmon, quand son

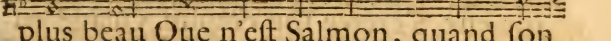


coupeau Est tout couvert de neige.

PAUSE II.



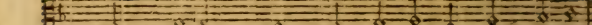
8. Le mont de Dieu passe en beauté Ba-



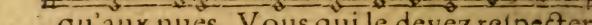
san, dont le sommet vanté S'élève jus-

qu'aux

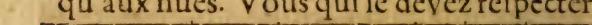
qu'aux nues. Vous qui le devez respecter,



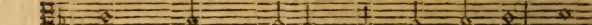
Hauts monts, osez-vous le heurter De



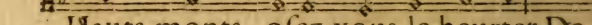
vos cimes cornues ? Sur ce mont qu'il



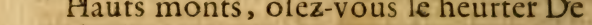
voulut choisir, Il nous fait voir avec plai-



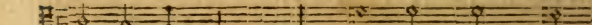
sir Sa présence à toute heure ; L'Eternel,



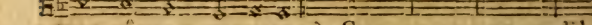
dis-je, désormais Sur ce sacré mont à



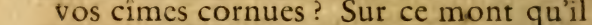
jamais Veut faire sa démeure.



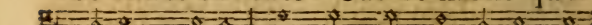
9. Ici d'Anges par millions, Il compose ses



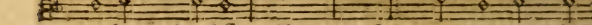
légions Qui font ce qu'il désire ; Et parmi



ces Esprits heureux, Ici, comme en Sina,

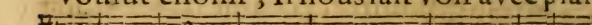


sur eux S'exerce son empire. Quand tu

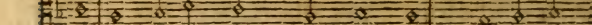


montas victorieux, Et qu'après ton char

glorieux Tu traînas les rébelles, Tu répan-

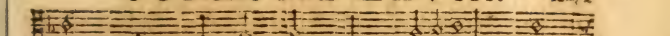


dis à pleines mains De riches dons sur

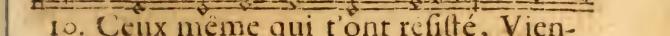


les humains, Et les rendis fidèles.

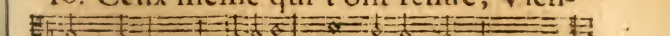
10. Ceux



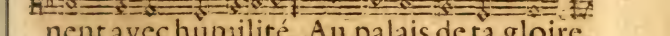
10. Ceux même qui t'ont resisté, Vien-



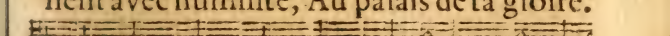
nent avec humilité, Au palais de ta gloire.



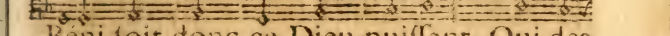
Béni soit donc ce Dieu puissant, Qui des



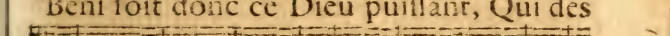
hauts cieux nous exauçant, Nous donne



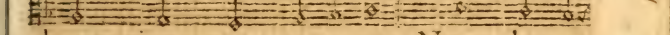
la victoire. L'Eternel est notre recours:



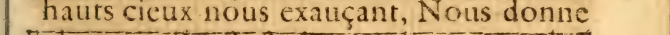
Nous obtenons par son secours, Plus



d'une délivrance; C'est lui qui fut notre

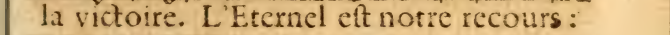


support, Et qui tient les clefs de la mort,

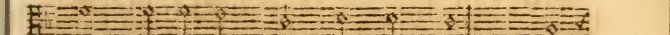


Lui seul en sa puissance.

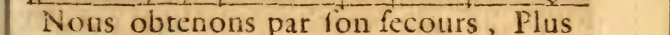
PAUSE III.



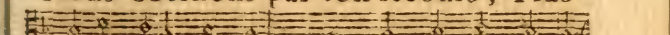
11. A nous défendre toujours prompt, Il



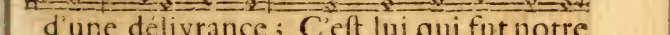
frappe le superbe front De la troupe enne-



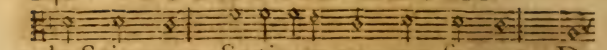
mie. On verra tomber sous ses coups,



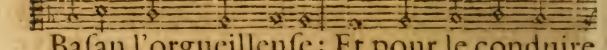
ceux qui provoquent son courroux, Par



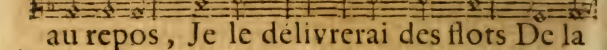
leur méchante vie. Mon peuple saint, dit



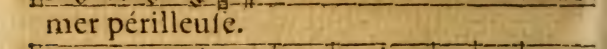
le Seigneur, Se tirera par ma faveur, De



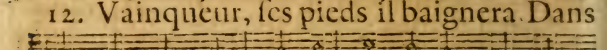
Basan l'orgueilleuse; Et pour le conduire



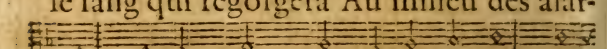
au repos, Je le délivrerai des flots De la



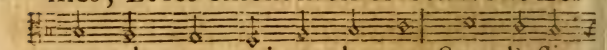
mer périlleuse.



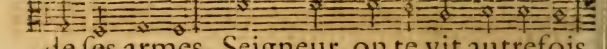
12. Vainqueur, ses pieds il baignera Dans



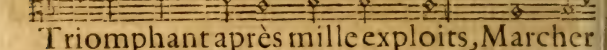
le sang qui regorgera Au milieu des alar-



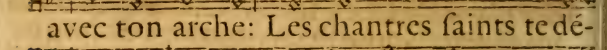
mes; Et ses chiens mêmes lécheront Les



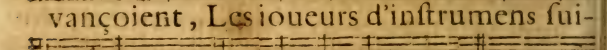
corps de ceux qui tomberont Sous l'effort



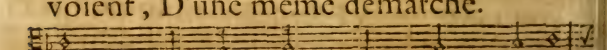
de ses armes. Seigneur, on te vit autrefois,



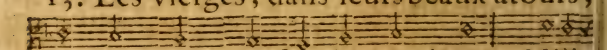
Triomphant après mille exploits, Marcher



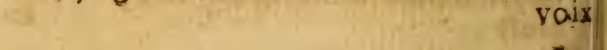
avec ton arche: Les chantres saints te dé-



vançoient, Les joueurs d'instrumens sui-



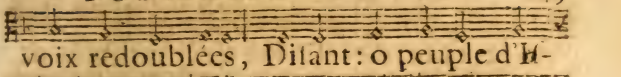
voient, D'une même démarche.



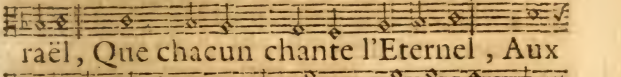
13. Les vierges, dans leurs beaux atours,

Y joignoient, au son des tambours, Mille

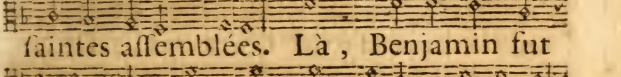
voix



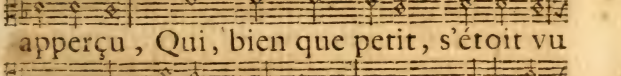
voix redoublées, Disant: o peuple d'Hi-



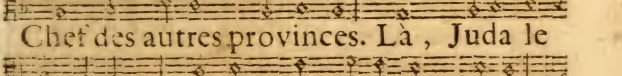
raël, Que chacun chante l'Eternel, Aux



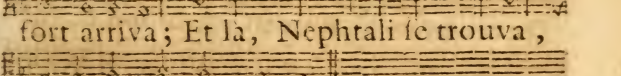
saintes assemblées. Là, Benjamin fut



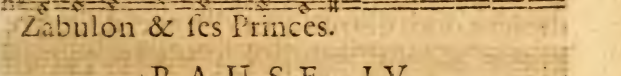
apperçu, Qui, bien que petit, s'étoit vu



Chef des autres provinces. Là, Juda le

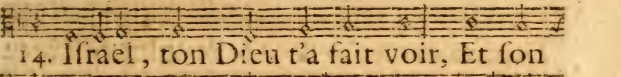


fort arriva; Et là, Nephtali se trouva,

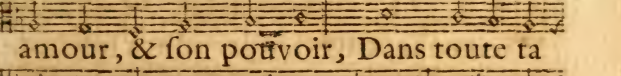


Zabulon & ses Princes.

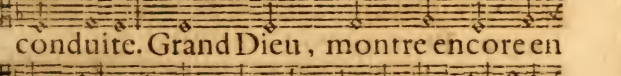
PAUSE IV.



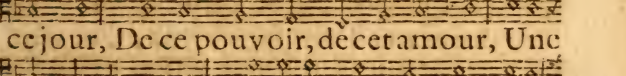
14. Israël, ton Dieu t'a fait voir, Et son



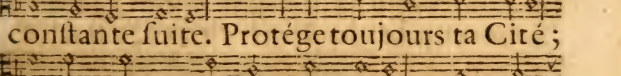
amour, & son pouvoir, Dans toute ta



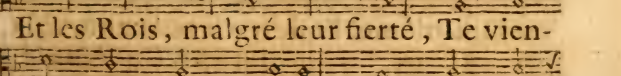
conduite. Grand Dieu, montre encore en



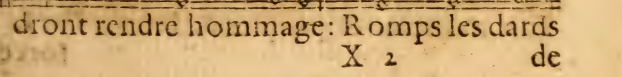
ce jour, De ce pouvoir, de cet amour, Une



constante suite. Protége toujours ta Cité;



Et les Rois, malgré leur fierté, Te vien-



dront rendre hommage: Romps les dards

de tes ennemis; Et fais que, vaincus &
soumis, Ils dépouillent leur rage.

15. Dompte la force des taureaux, De ces
peuples, qui, par troupeaux, S'assemblent
pour nous nuire. Dissipe les cruels desseins
De ces ennemis fiers & vains, Qui vou-
droient nous détruire. Les Princes d'Egypte
viendront, Les Maures se prosterneront
Dans ta demeure sainte. Peuples, célébrez
le Seigneur, Chantez par-tout à son hon-
neur, Et vivez en sa crainte.

16. Louez ce Dieu si glorieux, Qui voit
sous ses pieds les hauts cieux Qu'il a for-
més lui-même, Et de qui la tonnante voix,
Fait trembler & peuples & Rois, Par sa
force

force ſuprême. Soumettez-vous à l'Eter-

nel : Reconnoiſſez qu'en Iſraël Sa gloire

eſt établie, Comme on voit luire dans

les airs, Parmi la foudre & les éclairs,

Sa puiſſance infinie.

17. Grand Dieu, que ton Nom glorieux

Se fait craindre de ces ſaints lieux Qu'ho-

nore ta préſence! A toi, qui fais notre

bonheur, A toi, grand Dieu, ſoit tout

honneur, Force & magnificence.

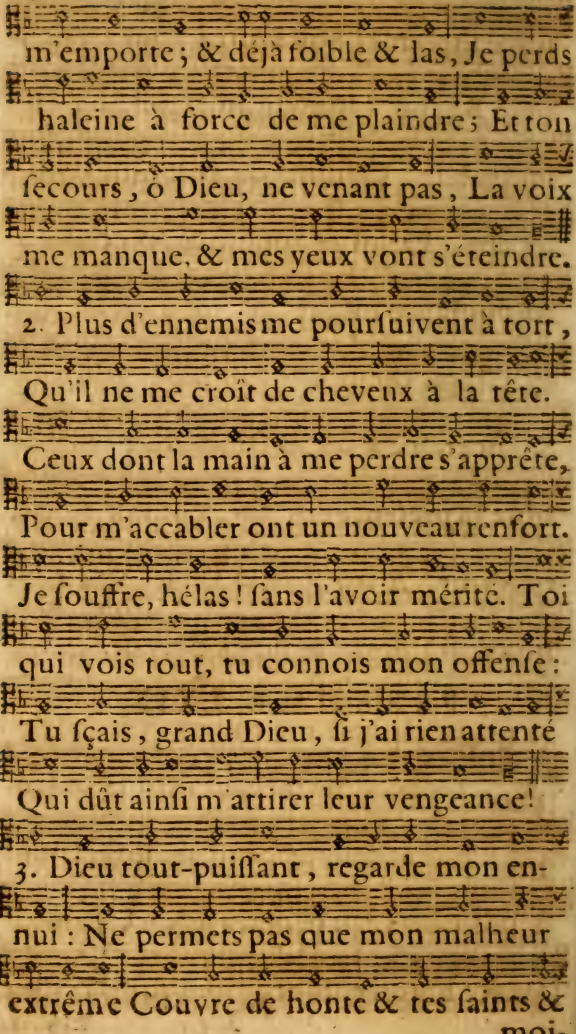
PSEAUME LXIX.

ACcours, Seigneur, accours & ſau-

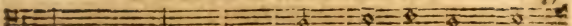
ve moi; Viens délivrer celui qui te réclame:

Je ſuis dans l'eau pénétré juſqu'à l'ame;

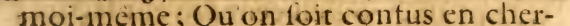
Dans le limon enfoncé je me vois : Le flot



m'emporte; & déjà foible & las, Je perds
haleine à force de me plaindre; Et ton
secours, ô Dieu, ne venant pas, La voix
me manque, & mes yeux vont s'éteindre.
2. Plus d'ennemis me poursuivent à tort,
Qu'il ne me croît de cheveux à la tête.
Ceux dont la main à me perdre s'apprête,
Pour m'accabler ont un nouveau renfort.
Je souffre, hélas! sans l'avoir mérité. Toi
qui vois tout, tu connois mon offense:
Tu sçais, grand Dieu, si j'ai rien attenté
Qui dût ainsi m'attirer leur vengeance!
3. Dieu tout-puissant, regarde mon en-
nui: Ne permets pas que mon malheur
extrême Couvre de honte & tes saints &
moi-

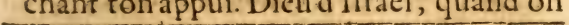


moi-même ; Qu'on ſoit confus en cher-

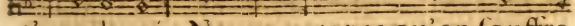


chant ton appui. Dieu d'Iſraël, quand on

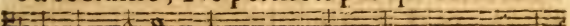
t'a reclamé, Ne permets pas qu'on ſouffre



un tel outrage. C'eſt pour toi ſeul que je

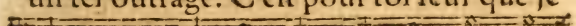


ſuis diffamé : Pour toi, la honte a cou-

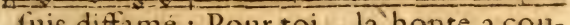


vert mon viſage.

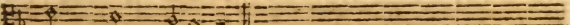
PAUSE I.



4. Ceux de mon ſang m'ont traité d'étran-



ger ; J'ai paru tel aux enfans de ma mère,

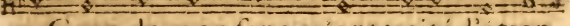


Lorſqu'on a vu, dans toute ma misère, De

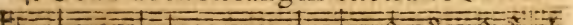
ta maiſon le zèle me ronger. Quand les

pervers ont parlé contre toi, C'eſt ſur

mon front qu'en eſt tombé le blâme : J'en

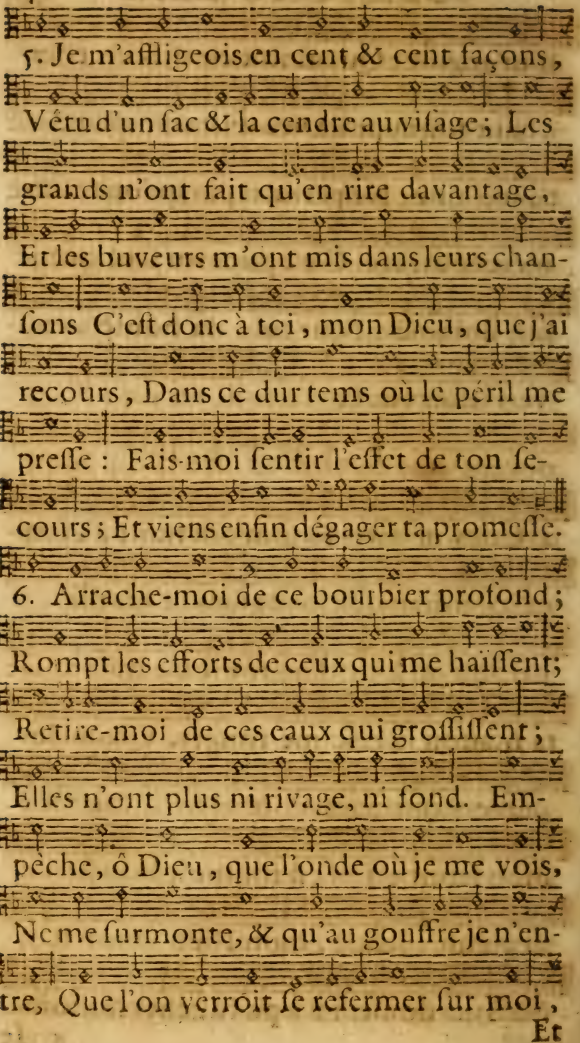


ai pleuré, jeûné, mon Dieu, mon Roi ;

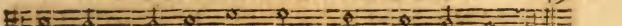


Mais ma douleur n'a pu toucher leur ame.

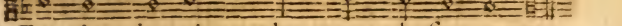
5. Je



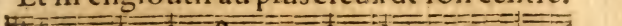
5. Je m'affligeois en cent & cent façons,
Vêtu d'un sac & la cendre au visage; Les
grands n'ont fait qu'en rire davantage,
Et les buveurs m'ont mis dans leurs chan-
sons C'est donc à toi, mon Dieu, que j'ai
recours, Dans ce dur tems où le péril me
presse : Fais-moi sentir l'effet de ton se-
cours ; Et viens enfin dégager ta promesse.
6. Arrache-moi de ce bourbier profond ;
Rompt les efforts de ceux qui me haïssent;
Retire-moi de ces eaux qui grossissent ;
Elles n'ont plus ni rivage, ni fond. Em-
pêche, ô Dieu, que l'onde où je me vois,
Ne me surmonte, & qu'au gouffre je n'en-
tre, Que l'on verroit se refermer sur moi,



Et m'engloutir au plus creux de ſon centre.



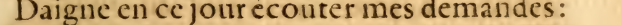
7. Par la grandeur de tes compaſſions,



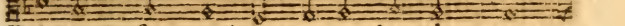
Daigne en ce jour écouter mes demandes:

Répands ſur moi tes graces les plus gran-

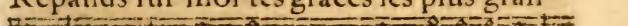
des, Et me ſoutiens dans mes afflictions.



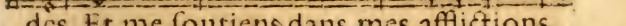
Ne cache plus la clarté de tes yeux A l'in-



nocent que tu vois en détreſſe; Mais

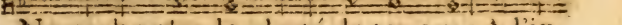


hâte-toi d'ouir du haut des cieux, Les

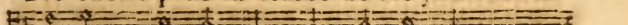


vœux ardens que ſa douleur t'adreſſe.

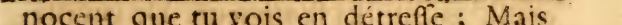
PAUSE II.



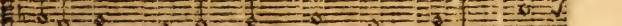
8. Viens à mon aide en cette extrêmité,



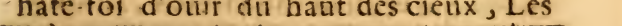
Soutiens mon ame, & rachète ma vie:



Délivre-moi de la main ennemie, Et me

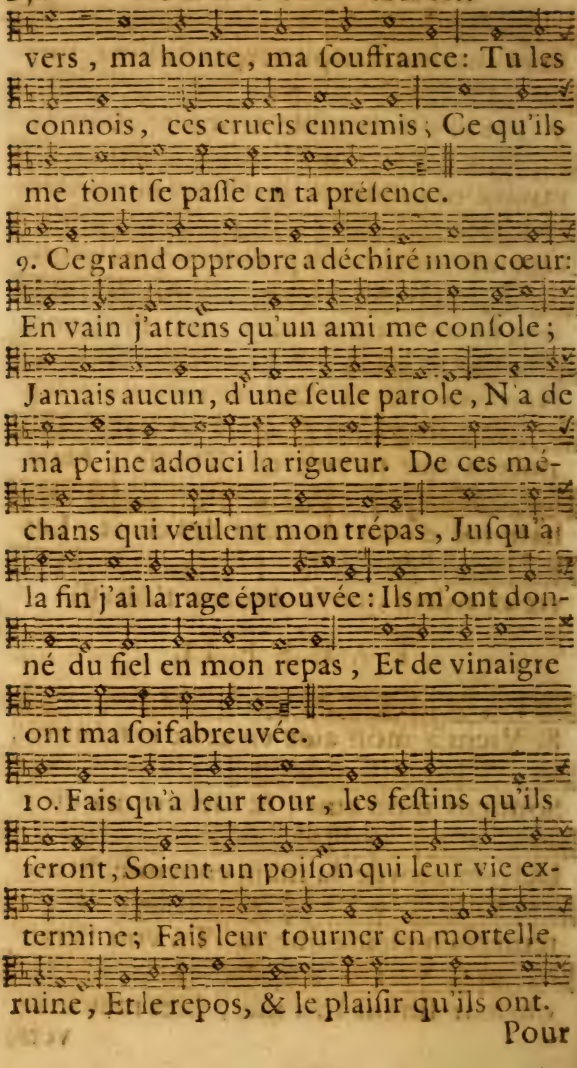


remets en pleine liberté. Tu vois l'état



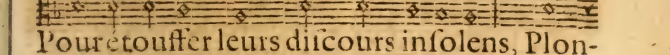
où leur fureur m'a mis, Mes maux di-

vers,

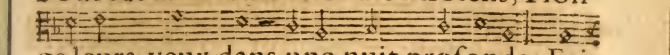


vers, ma honte, ma souffrance: Tu les
connois, ces cruels ennemis; Ce qu'ils
me font se passe en ta présence.
9. Ce grand opprobre a déchiré mon cœur:
En vain j'attens qu'un ami me console;
Jamais aucun, d'une seule parole, N'a de
ma peine adouci la rigueur. De ces mé-
chans qui veulent mon trépas, Jusqu'a
la fin j'ai la rage éprouvée: Ils m'ont don-
né du fiel en mon repas, Et de vinaigre
ont ma soif abreuvée.
10. Fais qu'à leur tour, les festins qu'ils
feront, Soient un poison qui leur vie ex-
termine; Fais leur tourner en mortelle
ruine, Et le repos, & le plaisir qu'ils ont.

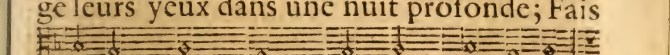
Pour



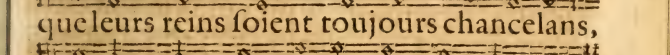
Pour étouffer leurs discours insolens, Plon-



ge leurs yeux dans une nuit profonde; Fais

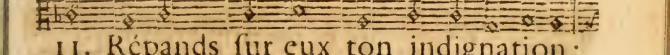


que leurs reins soient toujours chancelans,

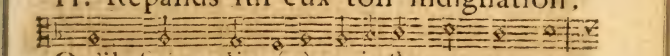


Que ton courroux les perde & les confonde

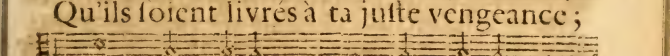
PAUSE III.



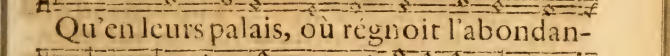
11. Répands sur eux ton indignation:



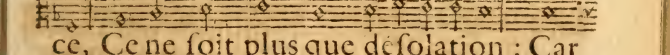
Qu'ils soient livrés à ta juste vengeance;



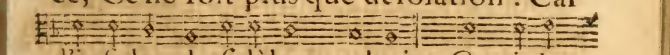
Qu'en leurs palais, où régnoit l'abondan-



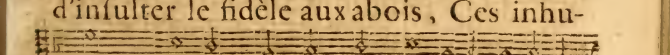
ce, Ce ne soit plus que désolation: Car



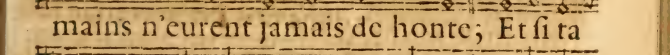
d'insulter le fidèle aux abois, Ces inhu-



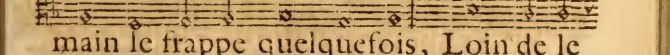
mains n'eurent jamais de honte; Et si ta



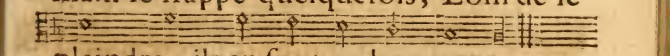
main le frappe quelquefois, Loin de le



plaindre, ils en font un bon conte.



12. Mets mal sur mal pour punir leur pé-



ché, Et que, pour eux, ta bonté soit tarie:

Ote

Ote leur nom de ton livre de vie; Qu'a-

vec les bons il n'y soit point couché.

Moi, je m'assure, en mes plus grand en-

nuis, Que tu seras ma force & ma retrai-

te; Aussi ma bouche, & les jours & les

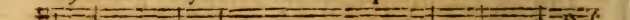
nuits, Célèbrera ta louange parfaite.

13. Mes hymnes saints plairont à l'Éter-

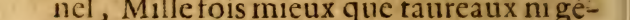
nel, Mille fois mieux que taureaux ni gé-

nisses: Les bons aussi, pour de tels sacri-

fices, Me répondront dans un chant solem-



nel. La joie alors dans nos cœurs renaîtra;



Car l'Eternel prend soin des misérables:

Du haut du ciel toujours il entendra, De

ses captifs les plaintes lamentables.

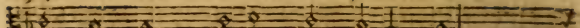
14. Vous, terre & cieux, publiez ses bon

tés:

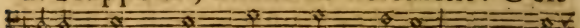
tés : Mer & poissons célébrez sa puissance ;
Car de Sion sa main prend la défense, Et
de Juda rebâtit les cités. Là se verront les
élus du Seigneur, Eux & leurs fils pros-
pérer d'âge en âge : Tous ceux, enfin, qui
cherchent son honneur, Posséderont la
terre en héritage.

PSEAUME LXX.

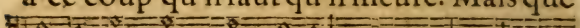
O Dieu, je m'abas sous tes yeux,
Pour implorer ton assistance ; Seigneur,
hâte ma délivrance, Viens confondre
mes envieux Que ceux qui menacent
ma vie, Poussés de rage contre moi,
Soient vus, pleins d'un mortel effroi,
S'enfuir avec ignominie.



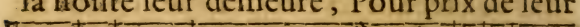
2. Frappons, disent-ils fièrement : C'est



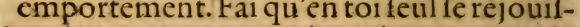
à ce coup qu'il faut qu'il meure. Mais que



la honte leur demeure, Pour prix de leur

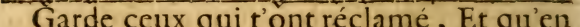


emportement. Fai qu'en toi seul se réjouis-

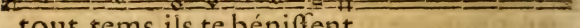


sent Tous ceux, ô Dieu, qui t'ont aimé ;

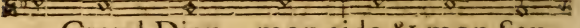
Garde ceux qui t'ont réclamé, Et qu'en



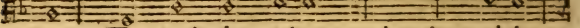
tout tems ils te béniſſent.



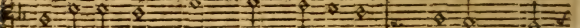
3. Grand Dieu, mon aide & mon Sau-



veur, Tu vois la peine qui m'accable :

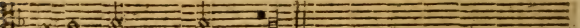


Avance ta main ſecourable : Hélas ! ne



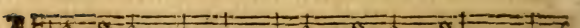
tarde plus, Seigneur.

PSEAUME LXXI.



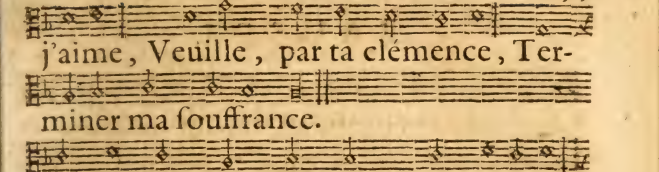
J'Eſpère en ta bonté ſuprême, Garan-

tis-moi, Seigneur, D'un mortel deshon-

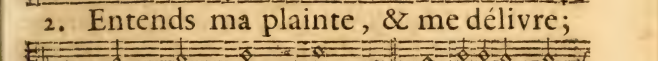


neur. Grand Dieu, que j'adore & que

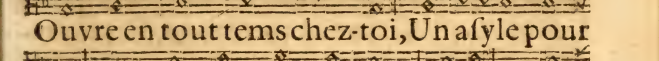
j'aime,



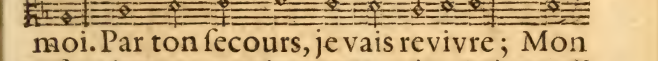
j'aime, Veuille, par ta clémence, Ter-



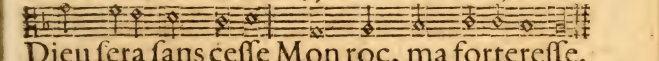
miner ma souffrance.



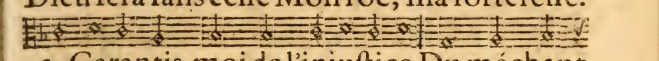
2. Entends ma plainte, & me délivre;



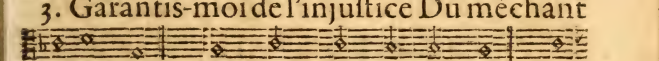
Ouvre en tout tems chez-toi, Un asyle pour



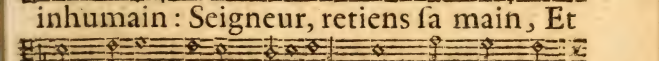
moi. Par ton secours, je vais revivre; Mon



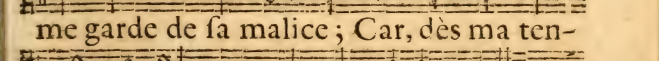
Dieu sera sans cesse Mon roc, ma forteresse.



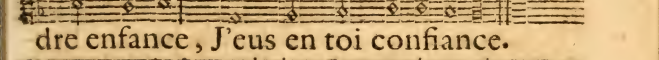
3. Garantis-moi de l'injustice Du méchant



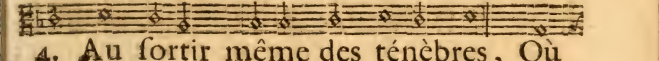
inhumain: Seigneur, retiens sa main, Et



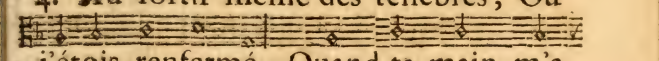
me garde de sa malice; Car, dès ma ten-



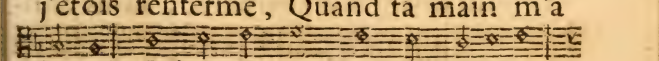
dre enfance, J'eus en toi confiance.



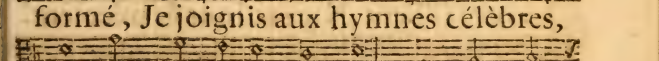
4. Au sortir même des ténèbres, Où



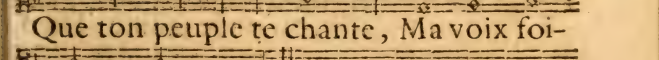
j'étois renfermé, Quand ta main m'a



formé, Je joignis aux hymnes célèbres,

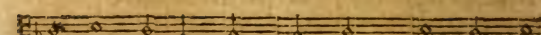


Que ton peuple te chante, Ma voix foi-

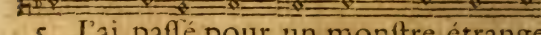


ble & trembiante.

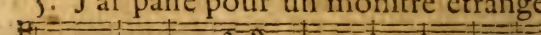
PAUSE I.



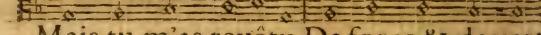
5. J'ai passé pour un monstre étrange,



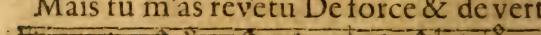
Mais tu m'as revêtu De force & de vertu :



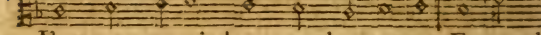
J'annoncerai donc ta louange, Et ta gloi-



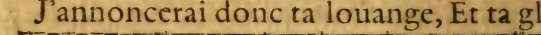
re infinie, Tous les jours de ma vie.



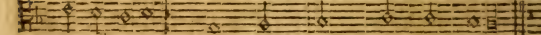
6. Au tems de ma langueur extrême, Dans



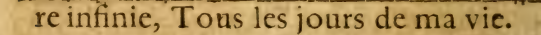
un âge avancé, M'aurois-tu délaissé ? Que



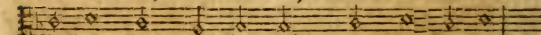
plutôt ta bonté suprême, Quand ma vi-



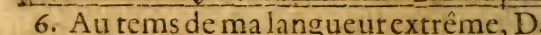
gueur me laisse, Soutienne ma foiblesse.



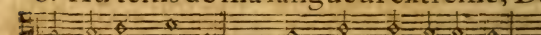
7. Ces méchans, qu'anime la haine, Pro-



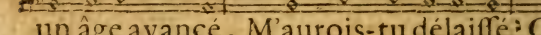
posent tour-à-tour, De me priver du jour ;



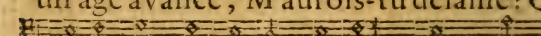
Et pour y parvenir sans peine, Tous con-



tre moi se lient, Nuit & jour ils m'épient.

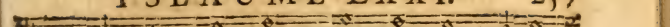


8. Vîte, ont-ils dit, qu'on le saisisse : Dieu,

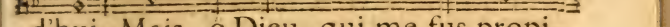


jadis son appui, L'abandonne aujour-

d'hui.

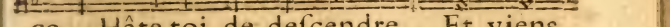


d'hui. Mais, ô Dieu, qui me fus propi-

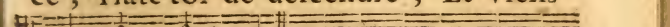


ce, Hâte-toi de descendre, Et viens

pour me défendre.

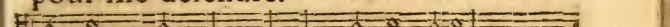


9. Puisqu'ils en veulent à ma vie, Tous



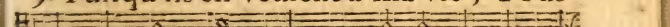
d'un commun accord, Repousse leur effort,

Et confonds leur cruelle envie, Pendant

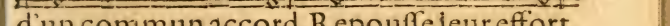


qu'avec constance J'attends ton assistance.

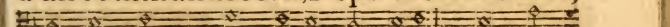
PAUSE II.



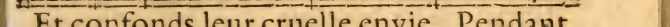
10. Avec ta louange ordinaire, Que je



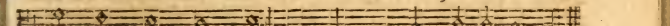
célébrerai, Grand Dieu, je publierai



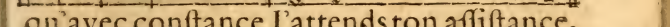
Les grâces qu'il te plaît me faire, Bien



que, si je les compte, Leur nombre

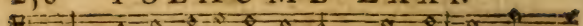


me surmonte.

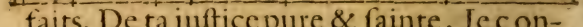


11. Je marcherai sans nulle crainte, Ne

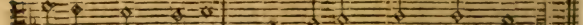
pensant désormais, Seigneur, qu'à tes hauts



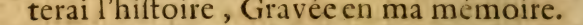
faits. De ta juſtice pure & ſainte, Je con-



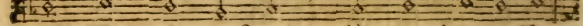
terai l'hiſtoire, Gravée en ma mémoire.



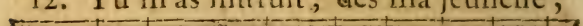
12. Tu m'as inſtruit, dès ma jeuneſſe;



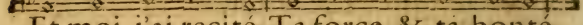
Et moi j'ai recité Ta force & ta bonté.



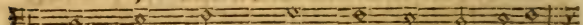
Veuille, ô mon Dieu, ſur ma vieilleſſe,



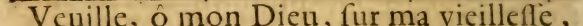
Répandre ta lumière, Juſqu'à l'heure



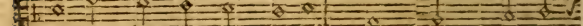
dernière.



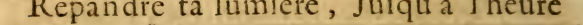
13. Laiſſe-moi dire ta puiſſance, Tant aux



vivans qu'à ceux Qui naîtront après eux;



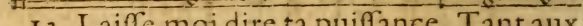
Car ta juſtice & ta clémence, En Sion ſi



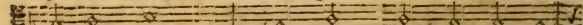
connues, S'élevent juſqu'aux nues.

PAUSE III.

14. Eſt-il quelqu'un à toi ſemblable?

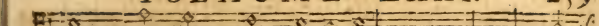


Après pluſieurs aſſauts, Après de ſi grands

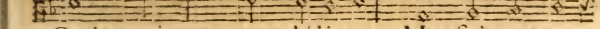


maux, Ta main puiſſante & ſecourable,

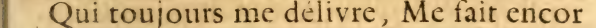
Qui



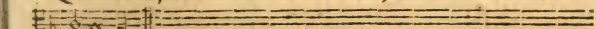
Qui toujours me délivre, Me fait encor



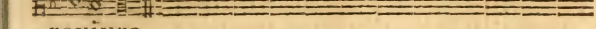
revivre.



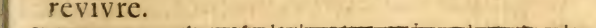
15. Des creux abîmes de la terre, Il t'a plu



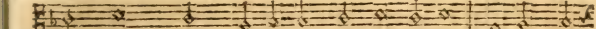
me tirer, Tu m'as fait prospérer; Et lorſ-



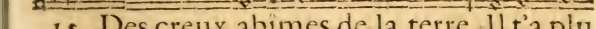
que l'on m'a fait la guerre, Ta divine



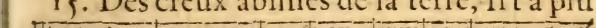
préſence M'a rempli d'aſſurance.



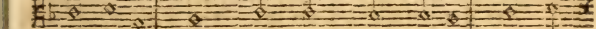
16. Auſſi dans l'ardeur de mon zèle, Ton



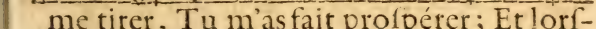
Nom ſi redouté Par moi ſera chanté. Sei-



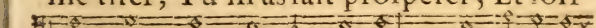
gneur, à ta gloire immortelle, Je veux que



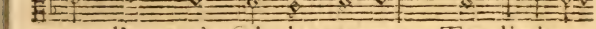
mon luth joue Les airs que je te voue.



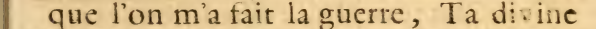
17. Ma bouche, d'une joie extrême, Veut



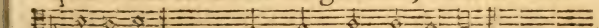
ſans ceſſe, ô Seigneur, Chanter à ton



honneur: Mon ame te bénit de même, Par

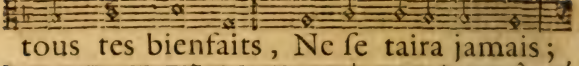


ſon zèle élevée Vers toi, qui l'a ſauvée.

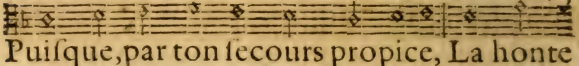


18. Ma langue auſſi, de ta juſtice Et de

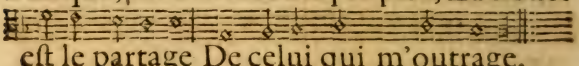
tous



tous tes bienfaits, Ne se taira jamais;

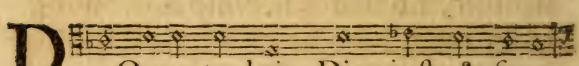


Puisque, par ton secours propice, La honte

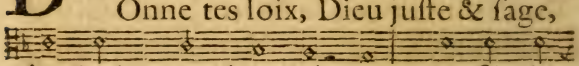


est le partage De celui qui m'outrage.

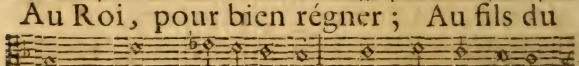
PSEAUME LXXII.



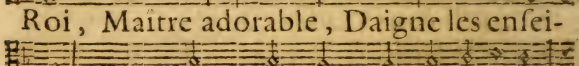
Donne tes loix, Dieu juste & sage,



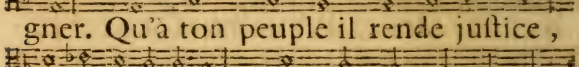
Au Roi, pour bien régner; Au fils du



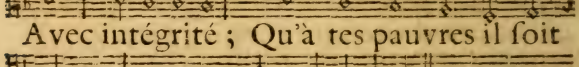
Roi, Maitre adorable, Daigne les enfei-



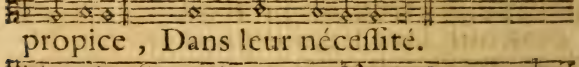
gner. Qu'à ton peuple il rende justice,



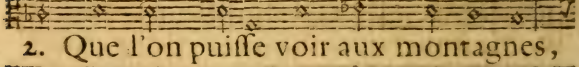
Avec intégrité; Qu'à tes pauvres il soit



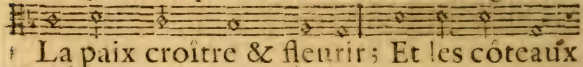
propice, Dans leur nécessité.



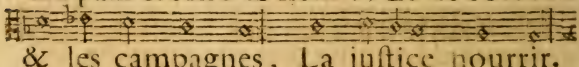
2. Que l'on puisse voir aux montagnes,



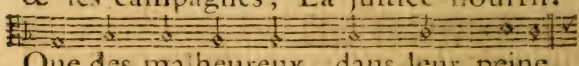
La paix croître & fleurir; Et les côteaux



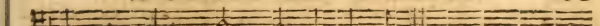
& les campagnes, La justice nourrir.



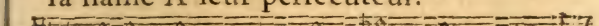
Que des malheureux, dans leur peine,



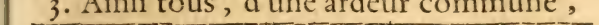
Il soit le protecteur; Et qu'il fasse sentir



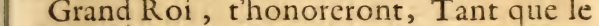
ſa haine A leur perſecuteur.



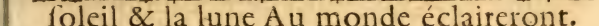
3. Ainſi tous, d'une ardeur commune,



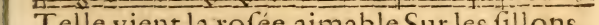
Grand Roi, t'honoreront, Tant que le



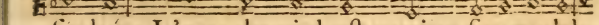
ſoleil & la lune Au monde éclaireront.



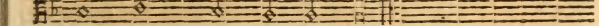
Telle vient la roſée aimable Sur les ſillons



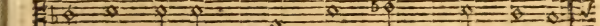
ſechés; L'eau du ciel eſt moins favorable



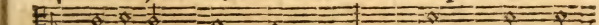
Aux prés qu'on a fauchés.



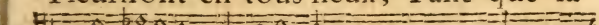
4. Les juſtes, ſous ſa main puiſſante,



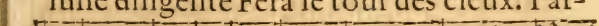
Fleuriront en tous lieux, Tant que la



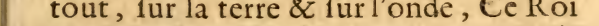
lune diligente Fera le tour des cieux. Par-



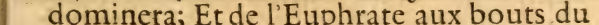
tout, ſur la terre & ſur l'onde, Ce Roi



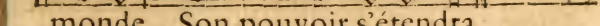
dominera; Et de l'Euphrate aux bouts du



monde, Son pouvoir s'étendra.

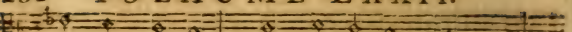


6. Ceux des déſerts quittant leur terre,

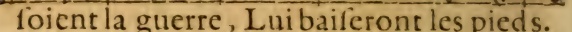


Viendront humiliés; Et ceux qui lui ſai-

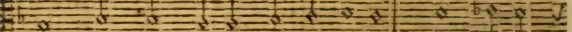
ſoient



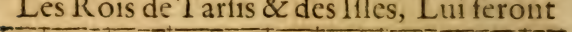
ſoient la guerre, Lui baiſeront les pieds.



Les Rois de Tarſis & des Iſles, Lui feront

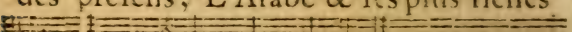


des préſens; L'Arabe & ſes plus riches

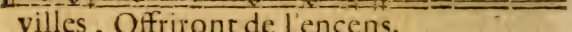


villes, Offriront de l'encens.

PAUSE.

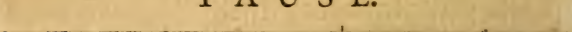


6. Sans fin, du couchant à l'aurore, Les

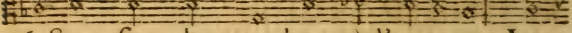


peuples & les Rois, Ceux de Tyr, l'In-

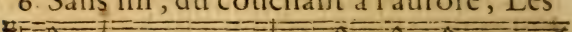
dien, le Maure, Reſpecteront ſes loix.



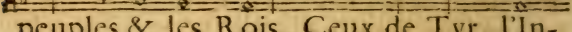
Les affligés, dans leur ſouffrance, N'au-



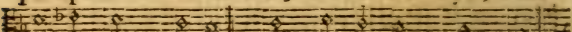
ront recours qu'à lui; Et ſon bras ſera



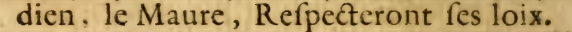
la defenſe Des foibles ſans appui.



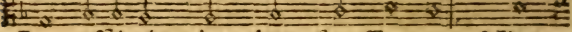
7. Il entend les cris pitoyables Du pauvre



languiſſant, Et rend la vie aux miſérables,

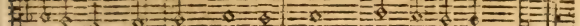


Par ſon ſecours puiſſant! Il réprime la

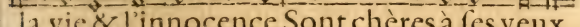


violence Des méchans furieux: Des bons

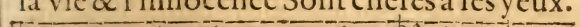
la vie & l'innocence Sont chères à ſes yeux.



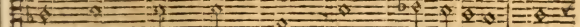
8. Dans tous les tems, l'or d'Arabie Ses



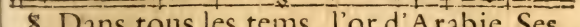
tréſors remplira ; Tous feront des vœux



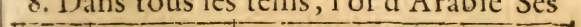
pour ſa vie, Chacun le bénira. Un peu de



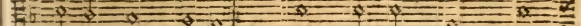
grains nous va produire De grands bleds



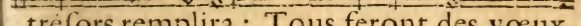
ſi bruyans, Qu'on entend moins les cè-



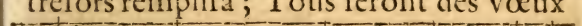
dres bruire, Agités par les vents.



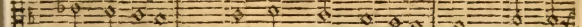
9. On verra, par ſes ſoins utiles, Les



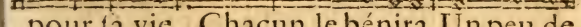
bourgeois, les marchands, Fleurir & croître



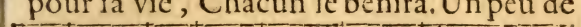
dans les villes, Comme fait l'herbe aux



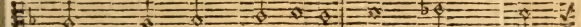
champs. De ce Roi juſte & plein de gloi-



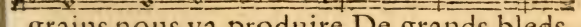
re, Et d'un nom ſans pareil, On verra du-



rer la mémoire Autant que le ſoleil.

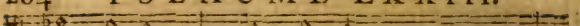


10. Enfin, tous les peuples du monde, Sous

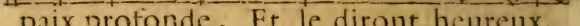


lui, ſelon leurs vœux, Jouiront d'une

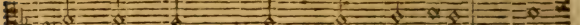
paix



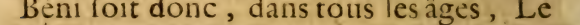
paix profonde, Et le diront heureux.



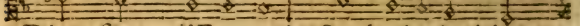
Béni soit donc, dans tous les âges, Le



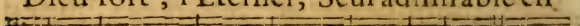
Dieu fort, l'Eternel, Seul admirable en



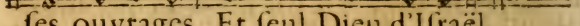
ses ouvrages, Et seul Dieu d'Israël.



11. Qu'on chante sa grandeur immense,



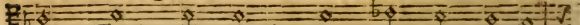
Dans les climats divers; Et que le bruit



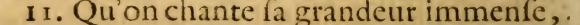
de sa clémence Remplisse l'univers.

PSEAUME LXXIII.

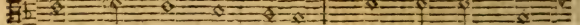
A



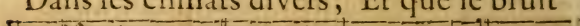
Près tout, le Seigneur est doux A



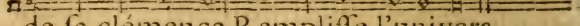
son Israël, même à tous, Quand, d'un



cœur sincère & sans vice, On suit les



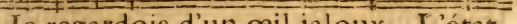
loix de sa justice. J'ai souffert de rudes



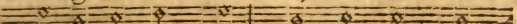
combats; Tout prêt de me voir renver-

ser, Mes pieds ne faisoient que glisser:

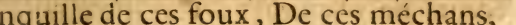
Je chancelois à chaque pas.



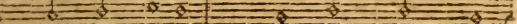
2. Je regardois d'un œil jaloux, L'état



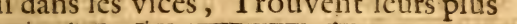
tranquille de ces foux, De ces méchans,



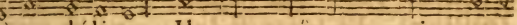
qui dans les vices, Trouvent leurs plus



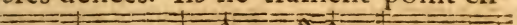
chères délices. Ils ne trainent point en



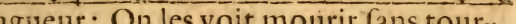
langueur: On les voit mourir ſans tour-



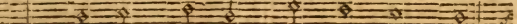
ment; Et juſqu'à leur dernier moment,



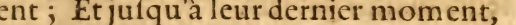
Leur eſprit garde ſa vigueur.



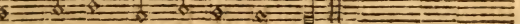
3. Pendant qu'on ſouffre mille maux,



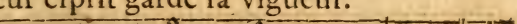
Ils n'ont ni chagrin, ni travaux; Et l'on



ne voit pas qu'ils pâtiſſent, Tandis que



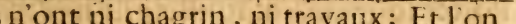
les autres gémiſſent. Pour parure &



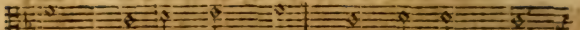
pour ornement, Autour de leur col gros

& fier, Ils ont l'orgueil comme un co-

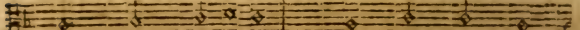
lier; La malice eſt leur vêtement.



4. Tout rit à ces audacieux, La graiſſe

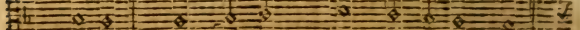


leur couvre les yeux, Et jamais leurs

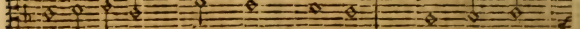


cœurs ne soupirent, Car ils ont plus

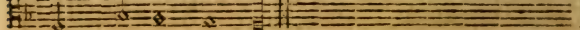
qu'ils ne desirent; Vivant au gré de leurs



souhaits, Et suivant leur caprice vain,



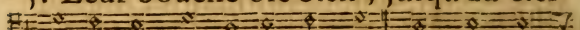
Ils affectent un air hautain, Et vantent



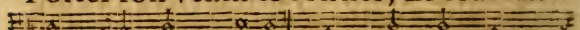
leurs malins projets.

PAUSE I.

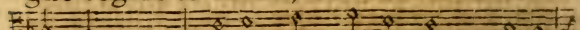
5. Leur bouche ose bien, jusqu'au ciel



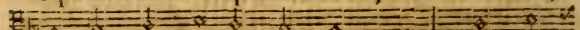
Porter son venin & son fiel; Et leur lan-



gue légère & vaine, Par tout le monde



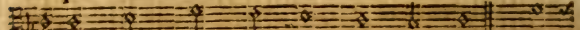
se promène. Cependant le juste en souci,



Est comme noyé dans ses pleurs; Et dans

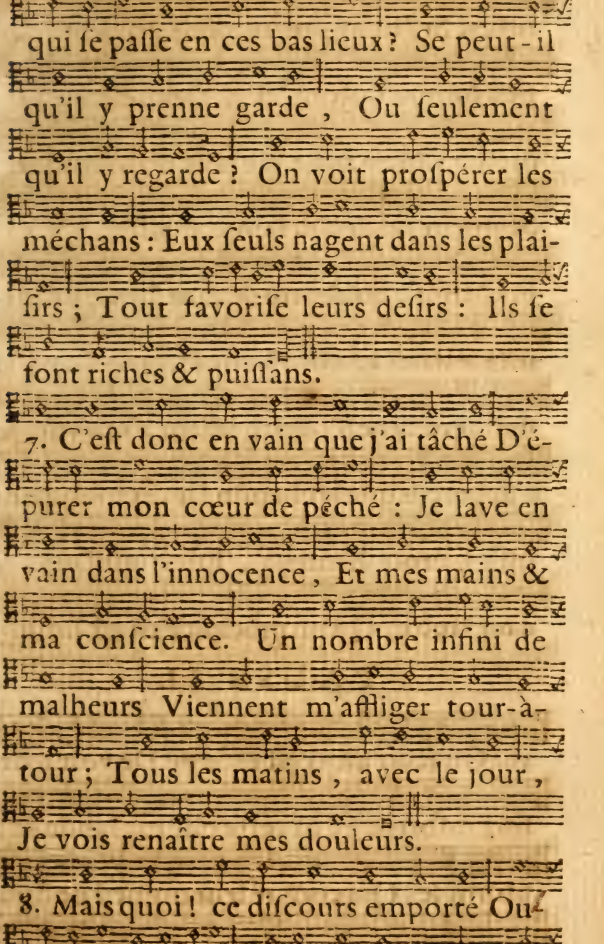
l'excès de ses douleurs, On l'entend qui

se plaint ainsi :



6. Le Dieu fort sçait-il dans les cieux, Ce

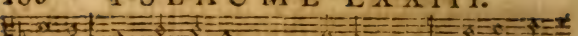
qui



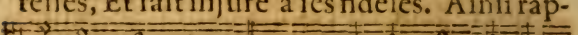
qui ſe paſſe en ces bas lieux ? Se peut-il qu'il y prenne garde, Ou ſeulement qu'il y regarde ? On voit proſpérer les méchans : Eux ſeuls nagent dans les plaiſirs ; Tout favoriſe leurs deſirs : Ils ſe font riches & puiſſans.

7. C'eſt donc en vain que j'ai tâché D'épurer mon cœur de péché : Je lave en vain dans l'innocence, Et mes mains & ma conſcience. Un nombre infini de malheurs Viennent m'affliger tour-à-tour ; Tous les matins, avec le jour, Je vois renaître mes douleurs.

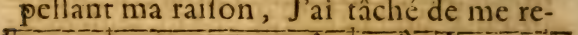
8. Mais quoi ! ce diſcours emporté Outrage la Divinité, Bleſſe ſes vertus immor-



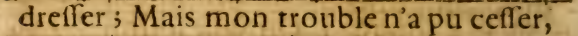
telles, Et fait injure à ſes fidèles. Ainſi rap-



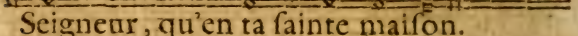
pellant ma raiſon, J'ai tâché de me re-



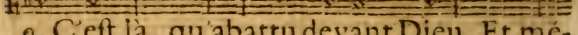
dreſſer ; Mais mon trouble n'a pu ceſſer,



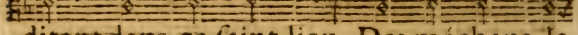
Seigneur, qu'en ta ſainte maiſon.



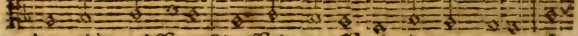
9. C'eſt là, qu'abattu devant Dieu, Et mé-



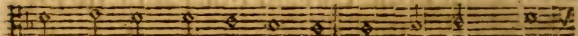
ditant dans ce ſaint lieu, Des méchans la



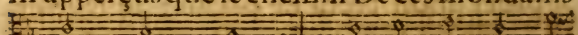
dernière iſſue S'offrit auſſitôt à ma vue. Je



m'apperçus que le chemin De ces mondains

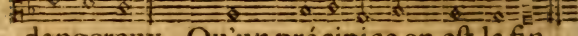


qu'on croit heureux, Eſt ſi gliſſant, ſi

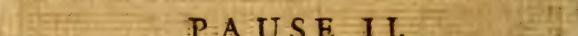


dangereux, Qu'un précipice en eſt la fin.

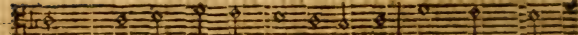
PAUSE II.



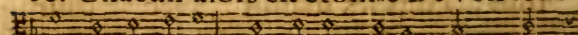
10. Chacun alors eſt étonné De voir leur



ſort infortuné, Et cette chûte grande &



prompte, Qui couvre leur orgueil de hon-



te. Dieu parle, & l'on voit effacé L'éclat

trompeur

trompeur de leur faux bien ; Tel qu'un

ſonge qui n'eſt plus rien, Dès que le

ſommeil a ceſſé.

11. Hélas! je ſuis ſourd à ta voix ; J'avois

preſque oublié tes loix : Le chagrin trou-

blant mes penſées, Je n'en formois que

d'inſenſées. Mon Dieu, j'avois perdu

l'eſprit : J'étois abruti devant toi ; Ma

raiſon n'étoit plus à moi, Quand ce dé-

ſeſpoir me ſurprit.

12. Mais, Seigneur, je veux déſormais

M'attacher à toi pour jamais ; Car quel-

que danger qui me preſſe, Ta main me

ſoutient & m'adreſſe. Tes conſeils en tout

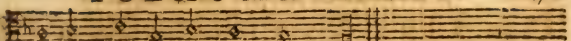
tems, Seigneur, Heureuſement me con-

duiront ; Tes ſoins enfin m'élèveront
Au comble de gloire & d'honneur.

13. De tout ce qu'au ciel j'apperçois, Qui
peut être mon Dieu que toi ? M'irai-je
forger dans le monde Quelque Divinité
ſeconde ? Le cœur me manquoit tous
les jours, Et mon corps ſéchoit de lan-
gueur : Mais ta bonté, dans ce malheur,
fut mon remède & mon ſecours.

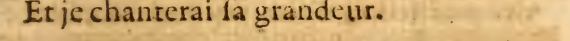
14. Ceux qui de toi s'éloigneront, Confus
tôt ou tard périront : Tous ceux qui quit-
tent ton ſervice, Tomberont dans le pré-
cipice. Pour moi, m'approcher du Sei-
gneur, Sera toujours mon plus grand
bien : Je l'ai choiſi pour mon ſoutien ;

Et

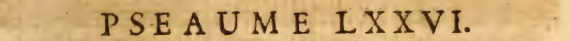


Et je chanterai ſa grandeur.

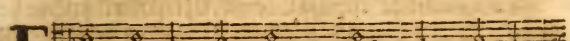
PSEAUME LXXVI.



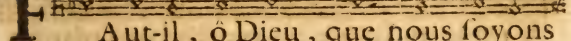
Faut-il, ô Dieu, que nous ſoyons



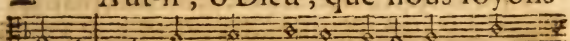
épars? Et que ſans fin, ta colère enflam-



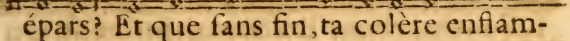
mée, Jette ſur nous une épaiſſe fumée, Sur



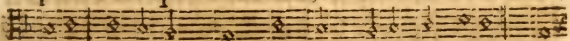
nous, Seigneur, le troupeau de tes parcs?



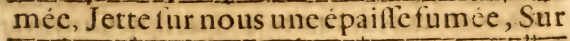
2. Ah! ſouviens-toi d'un peuple racheté,



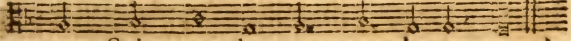
Qui de tout tems t'échut comme en par-



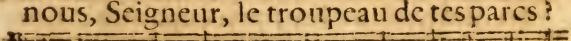
tage, Et du ſaint mont qui fut ton héritа-



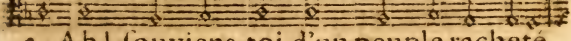
ge, Que l'on a vu par toi-même habité.



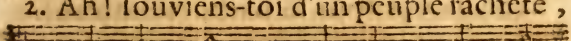
3. Hâte tes pas, viens confondre à jamais



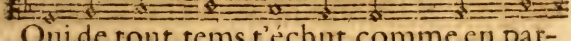
Des ennemis les troupes infidelles, Dont



la fureur & les mains criminelles Ont



tout détruit dans ton ſacré palais.



4. Où tes hauts faits jadis furent chantés,

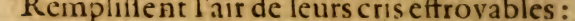
Ces

Ces malheureux, ces peuples exécrables

Rempliſſent l'air de leurs cris effroyables:

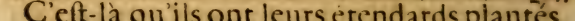
C'eſt-là qu'ils ont leurs étendards plantés.

5. Sous les efforts des Soldats inſolens, On



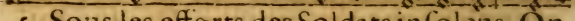
vit crouler tes ſaintes forteresſes, Comme

l'on voit, dans les forêts épaiſſes, Les



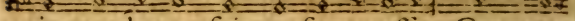
hauts ſapins ſous la hache tremblans.

6. Ces beaux lambris, taillés ſi richement,

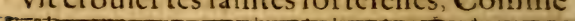


Dont autrefois ta maiſon fut ornée, En

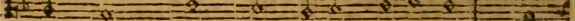
mille éclats volant ſous la coignée, Sont



renverſés du faîte au fondement.



7. Leur rage impie, hélas! a profané Ton

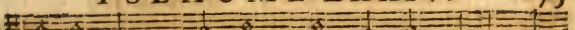


tabernacle & ta demeure ſainte, L'a mis

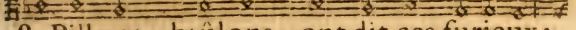
en cendre; &, ſans reſpect ni crainte, A

tes yeux même, ils ont tout ruiné.

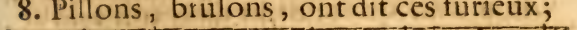
8. Pillons,



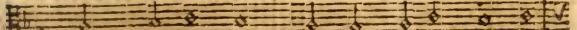
8. Pillons, brûlons, ont dit ces furieux;



Et trop cruels dans cette injuſte guerre,

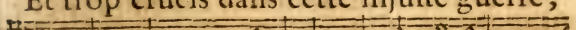


Ils ont par-tout ravagé notre terre, Et

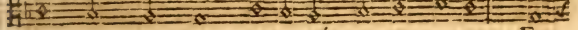


par le feu conſumé tes ſaints lieux.

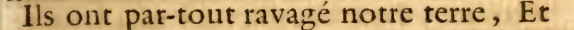
PAUSE I.



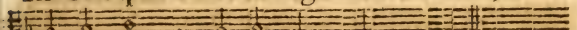
9. Nous n'avons plus aucun ſigne pour



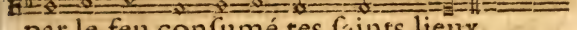
nous : Déjà par-tout nous manquons



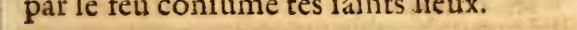
de prophètes, De conducteurs, de ſa-



crés interprêtes. Quand s'éteindra le feu



de ton courroux?

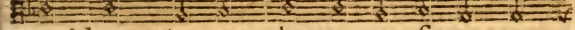


10. Juſques à quand, Dieu ſi juſte & ſi

bon, Juſques à quand faut-il qu'on nous

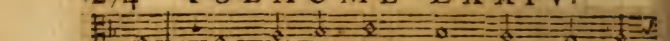
outrage? Souffriras-tu que leur aveugle

rage Mépriſe encor la vertu de ton nom?

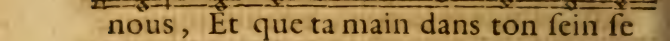


11. D'où vient qu'ainſi tu te tiens loin de

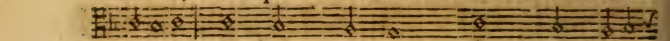
nous



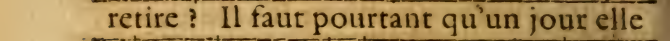
nous, Et que ta main dans ton sein se



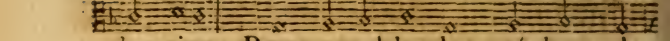
retire ? Il faut pourtant qu'un jour elle



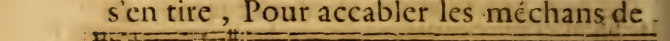
s'en tire, Pour accabler les méchans de



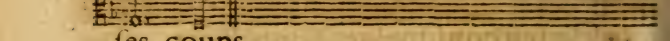
ses coups.



12. Mon Dieu, mon Roi, tu nous gar-

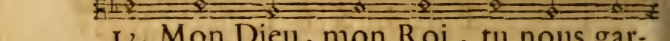


dois toujours : Ton peuple saint, par

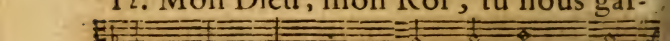


ta juste puissance, Aux yeux de tous

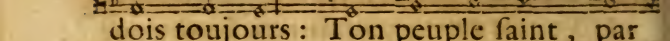
obtint ta délivrance, Et mille fois éprou-



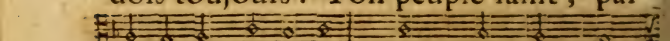
va ton secours.



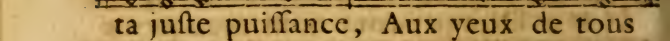
13. Ton bras fendit la mer en un mo-



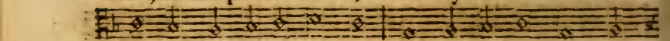
ment : Tu fis périr dans les eaux les



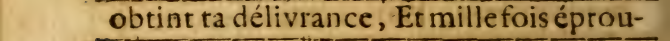
baleines ; De monstres morts les rives



furent pleines, Qui de ta force étoient



le monument.



14. Ta main donna le grand monstre des

eaux,

eaux, Dans le déſert, aux bêtes pour
pâture: Tu fis du roc ſortir l'eau vive
& pure, Qu'on vit couler en cent &
cent ruiſſeaux.

15. Tu fis tarir des grands fleuves le cours:
Le jour eſt tien, tienne la nuit humide;
Ta main les fit, & c'eſt elle qui guide Le
char brillant du grand aſtre des jours.

16. C'eſt toi, Seigneur, de qui la volonté
Borna jadis de ce monde l'eſpace: L'été
brûlant, & l'hyver plein de glace, Ont
été faits par ta ſage bonté.

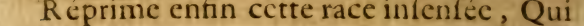
PAUSE II.

17. Tu ſais, ô Dieu, comme tes enne-
mis Inſolemment ta gloire ont rabaiſſée.

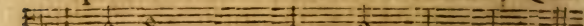
Reprime

Réprime enfin cette race insensée, Qui

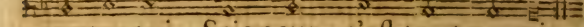
contre toi, Seigneur, s'est tout permis.



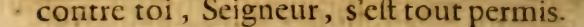
18. Reviens à nous, & n'abandonne pas



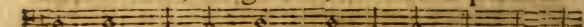
A ces vautours ta foible tourterelle; Sois



le soutien de ton peuple fidèle, Prêt de

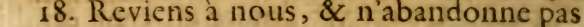


périr dans ses rudes combats.

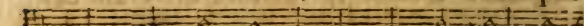


19. Jette les yeux, ô Dieu, sur ton traité;

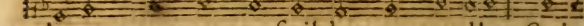
Car les méchans, dont la terre est remplie,



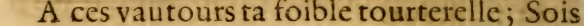
Aux gens de bien cherchent d'ôter la vie.



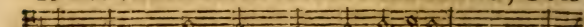
On voit par-tout régner l'iniquité.



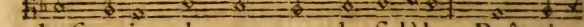
20. Des affligés, en ce tems malheureux,



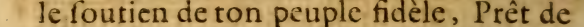
Ne permets pas que l'attente soit vaine:



Délivre-les & de honte, & de peine, Afin

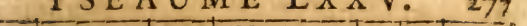


qu'encore ils te rendent leurs vœux.

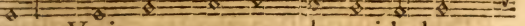


21. Reveille-toi, défends tes droits, Sei-

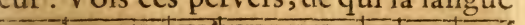
gneur,



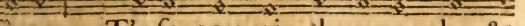
gneur : Vois ces pervers, de qui la langue



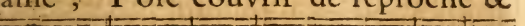
infâme, T'oſe couvrir de reproche &



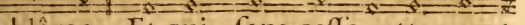
de blâme, Et qui, ſans ceſſe, attaquent



ton honneur.

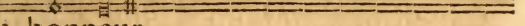


22. Vois leur malice & leur cœur plein

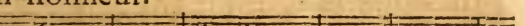


de fiel : En nous bravant, ils t'inſultent

toi-même : Entends leurs cris, qui vont

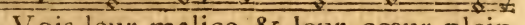


juſqu'au blaſphême, Comme des traits

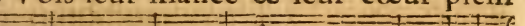


pouſſés contre le ciel.

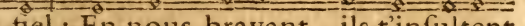
PSEAUME LXXV.



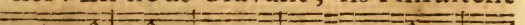
SEigneur, on te bénira ; On te bénira,



Seigneur : Ta ſalutaire faveur De nous

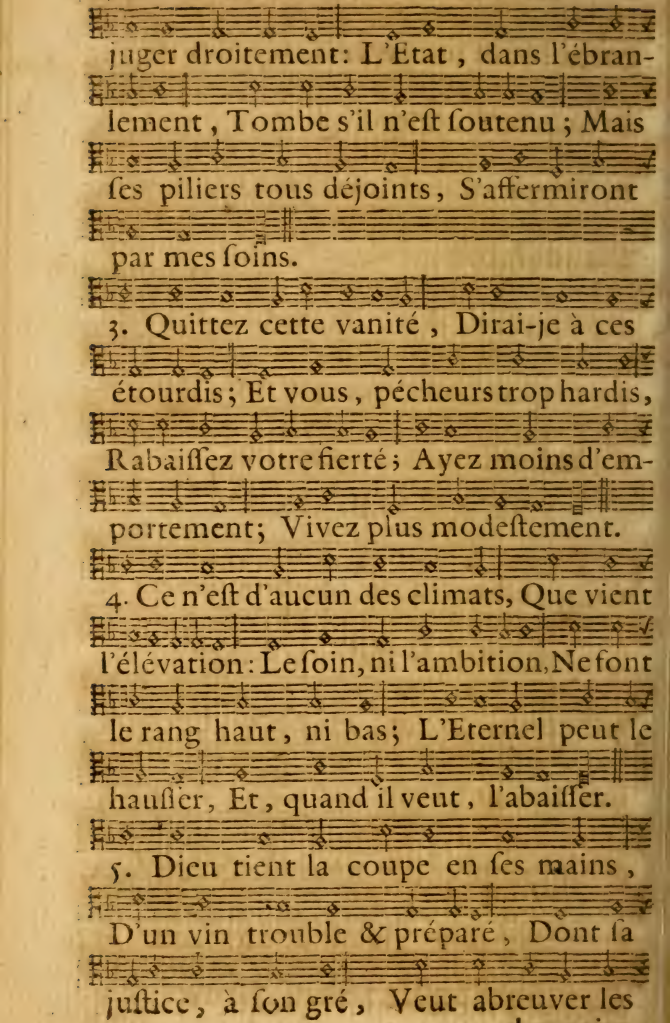


ſe rapprochera ; Et nous dirons en tous



lieux, Tes faits grands & glorieux.

2. Quand mon tems ſera venu, Je veux

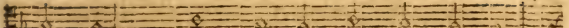


juger droitement: L'Etat, dans l'ébranlement, Tombe s'il n'eſt ſoutenu; Mais ſes piliers tous déjoints, S'affermiront par mes ſoins.

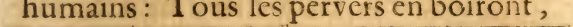
3. Quittez cette vanité, Dirai-je à ces étourdis; Et vous, pécheurs trop hardis, Rabaiſſez votre fierté; Ayez moins d'emportement; Vivez plus modeſtement.

4. Ce n'eſt d'aucun des climats, Que vient l'élévation: Le ſoin, ni l'ambition, Ne font le rang haut, ni bas; L'Eternel peut le hauſſer, Et, quand il veut, l'abaiſſer.

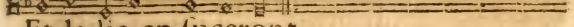
5. Dieu tient la coupe en ſes mains, D'un vin trouble & préparé, Dont ſa juſtice, à ſon gré, Veut abreuver les humains:



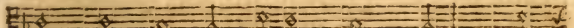
humains : Tous les pervers en boiront,



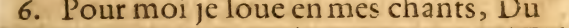
Et la lie en ſuceront.



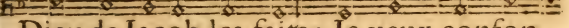
6. Pour moi je loue en mes chants, Du



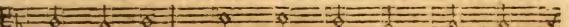
Dieu de Jacob les faits : Je veux confon-



dre à jamais, Le vain orgueil des mé-

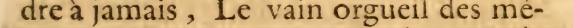


chans : Les bons ſeuls, par mon ſecours,

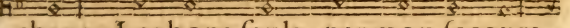


S'élèveront tous les jours.

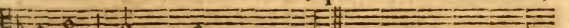
PSEAUME LXXVI.



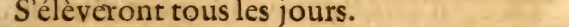
C'Eſt en Judée, où proprement Se



fait connoître le Seigneur ; C'eſt en Iſ-

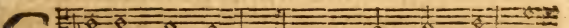


raël conſtamment, Qu'on voit reluire

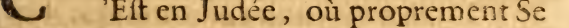


ſa grandeur : Dans Salem ſont ſes taber-

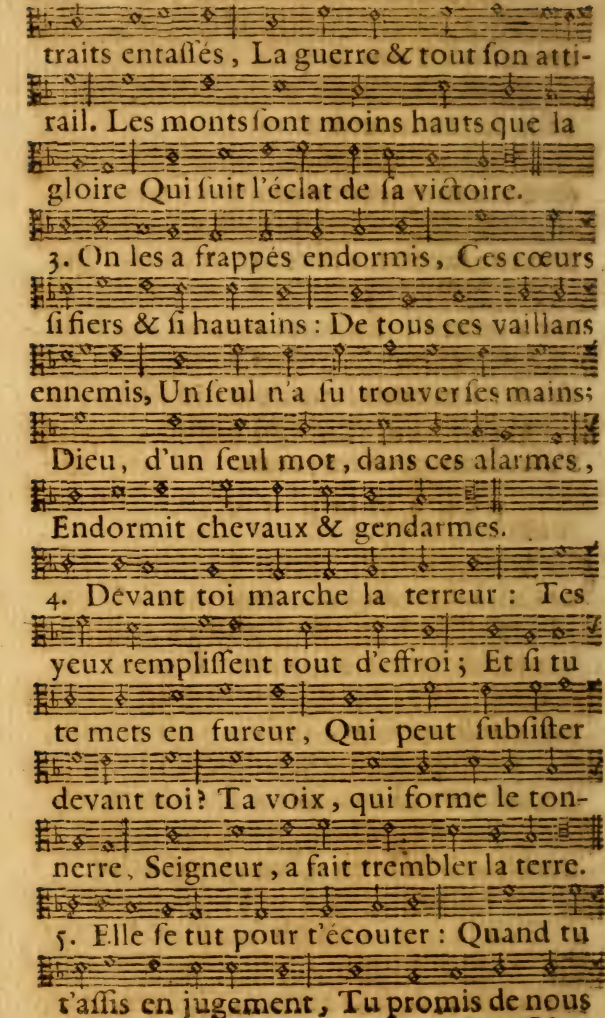
nacles ; Dans Sion il rend ſes oracles.



2. C'eſt là que l'on voit fracaſſés, Par ſa



main forte, & ſans travail, Glaives, écus,



traits entaſſés, La guerre & tout ſon attirail. Les monts ſont moins hauts que la gloire Qui ſuit l'éclat de ſa victoire.

3. On les a frappés endormis, Ces cœurs ſi fiers & ſi hautains: De tous ces vaillans ennemis, Un ſeul n'a ſu trouver ſes mains; Dieu, d'un ſeul mot, dans ces alarmes, Endormit chevaux & gendarmes.

4. Devant toi marche la terreur: Tes yeux rempliſſent tout d'effroi; Et ſi tu te mets en fureur, Qui peut ſubſiſter devant toi? Ta voix, qui forme le tonnerre, Seigneur, a fait trembler la terre.

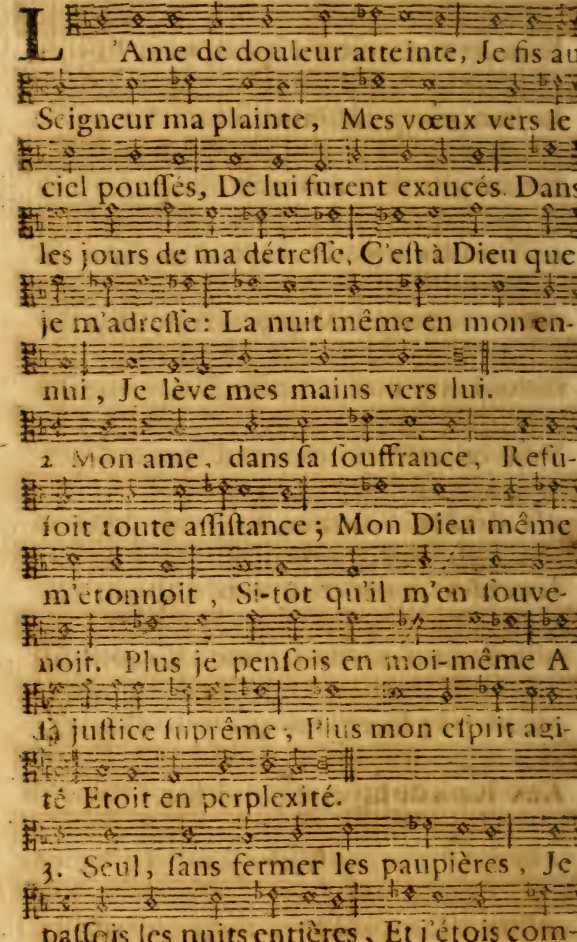
5. Elle ſe tut pour t'écouter: Quand tu t'aſſis en jugement, Tu promis de nous aſſiſter;

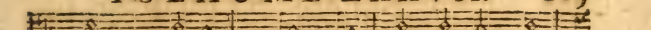
assister ; Et ton bras le fit hautement.
Plus le méchant a d'insolence, Plus on
reconnoît ta puissance.

6. Un jour Dieu viendra se venger Du
reste de ces furieux. Vous donc, qui sa-
vez vous ranger Auprès de lui, dans ses
saints lieux, Fidèles, offrez-lui sans cesse
Vos cœurs & vos chants d'allégresse.

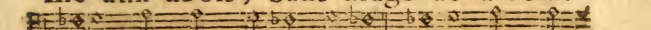
7. Offrez-lui vos dons à genoux, Et pré-
venez ses jugemens ; Car souvent son
juste courroux Abat les esprits des plus
grands ; Et son pouvoir est redoutable
Aux Rois de la terre habitable.

PSEAUME LXXVII.

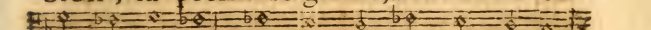




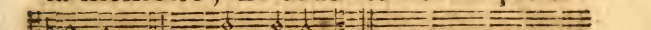
me aux abois, Sans uſage de la voix.



Sion, ta première gloire, Me revint en

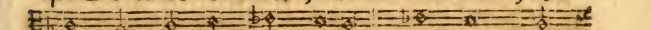


la memoire; Et tous les ſiécles paſſés

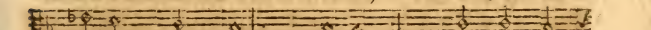


Furent par moi retracés.

4. De mes chants, avec triſteſſe, Je

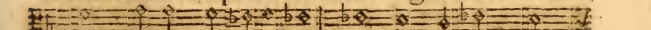


me ſouvenois ſans ceſſe; Et mon cœur

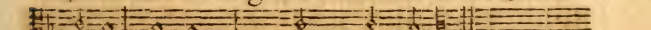


rempli d'ennuis, Soupiroit toutes les

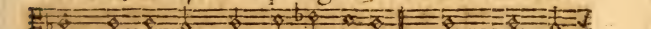
nuits. Ma trop foible intelligence Cher-



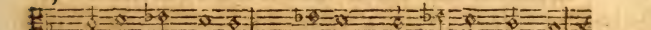
choit avec diligence La cauſe de mon



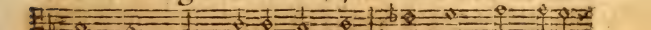
ſouci, Et je me plaignois ainſi:



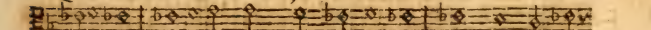
5. L'Eternel cache ſa face: Voudroit il



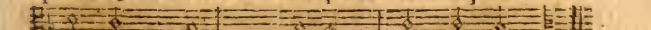
m'ôter ſa grace? Dois-je croire déſormais



Qu'il ne m'aimera jamais? Sa clémence ſi



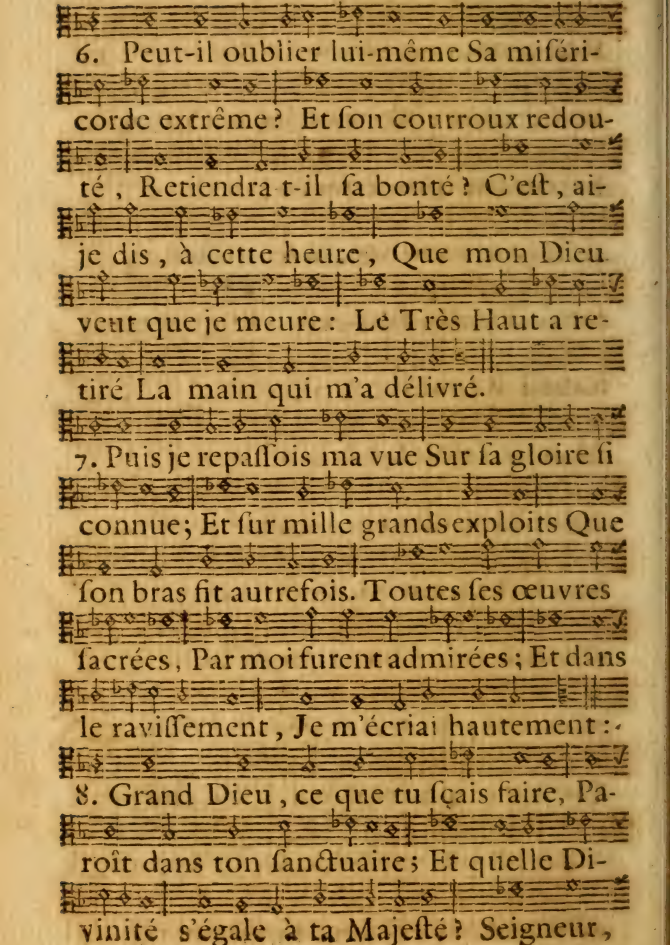
priſée, Eſt-elle toute épuiſée? La promeſſe



de mon Dieu, N'aura-t-elle plus de lieu?

PAUSE.

PAUSE.



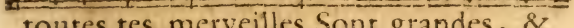
6. Peut-il oublier lui-même Sa miséricorde extrême? Et son courroux redouté, Retiendra-t-il sa bonté? C'est, ajoute dis, à cette heure, Que mon Dieu veut que je meure: Le Très Haut a retiré La main qui m'a délivré.

7. Puis je repassois ma vue Sur sa gloire si connue; Et sur mille grands exploits Que son bras fit autrefois. Toutes ses œuvres sacrées, Par moi furent admirées; Et dans le ravissement, Je m'écriai hautement:

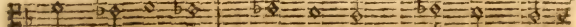
8. Grand Dieu, ce que tu sçais faire, Paroît dans ton sanctuaire; Et quelle Divinité s'égale à ta Majesté? Seigneur,

toutes

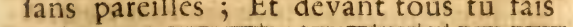
toutes tes merveilles Sont grandes, &



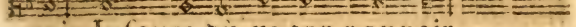
ſans pareilles ; Et devant tous tu fais



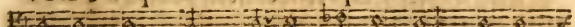
voir Juſques où va ton pouvoir.



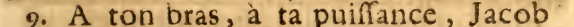
9. A ton bras, à ta puiſſance, Jacob



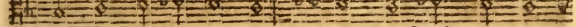
doit ſa délivrance ; Et de Joſeph les en-



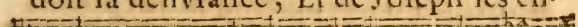
fans, Par toi furent triomphans. Les



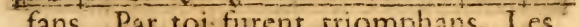
eaux, les eaux avec crainte, Ont vu ta



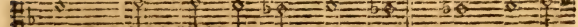
Majeſté ſainte ; Le gouffre le plus pro-



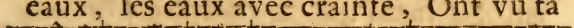
fond En a tremblé juſqu'au fond.



10. On vit éclater les nues, Comme en

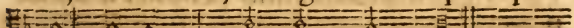


torrent répandues ; Et du bruit qu'on

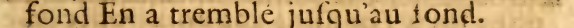


entendit, Le ciel même ſe fendit. Tes

traits en tous lieux volèrent, Tes gros

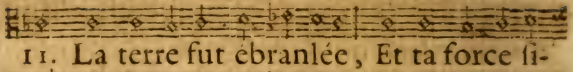


tonnerres roulèrent ; Et l'on vit tout

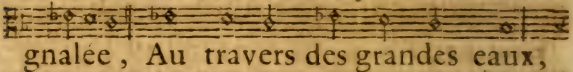


l'univers Enflammé par des éclairs.

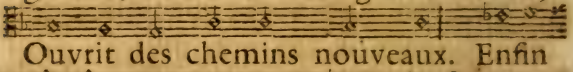
11. La



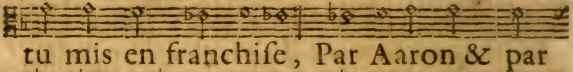
11. La terre fut ébranlée, Et ta force si-



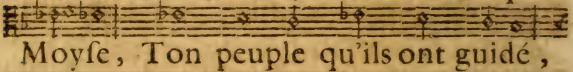
gnalée, Au travers des grandes eaux,



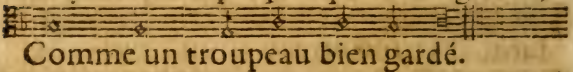
Ouvrit des chemins nouveaux. Enfin



tu mis en franchise, Par Aaron & par

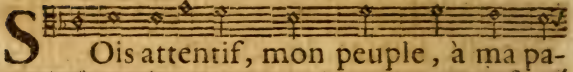


Moyse, Ton peuple qu'ils ont guidé,

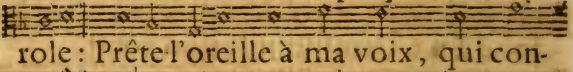


Comme un troupeau bien gardé.

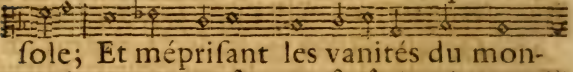
PSEAUME LXXVIII.



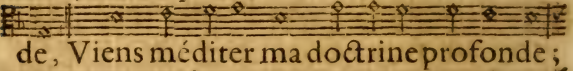
Sois attentif, mon peuple, à ma pa-



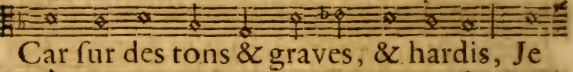
role: Prête l'oreille à ma voix, qui con-



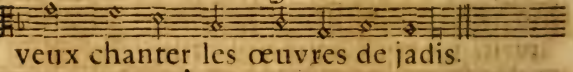
sole; Et mépriſant les vanités du mon-



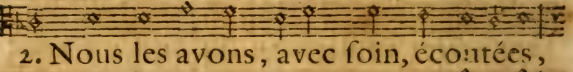
de, Viens méditer ma doctrine profonde;



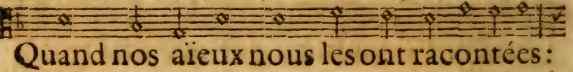
Car ſur des tons & graves, & hardis, Je



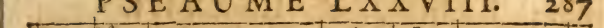
veux chanter les œuvres de jadis.



2. Nous les avons, avec ſoin, écoutées,

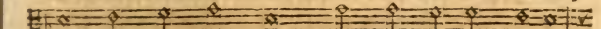


Quand nos aïeux nous les ont racontées:

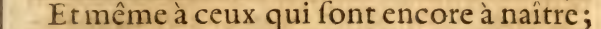


A nos enfans nous les feront connoître,

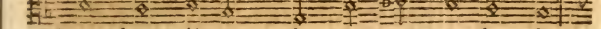
Et même à ceux qui ſont encore à naître;



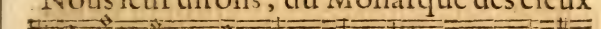
Nous leur dirons, du Monarque des cieux



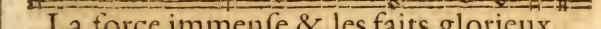
La force immenſe & les faits glorieux.



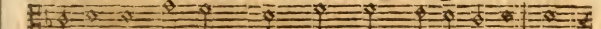
3. Avec Jacob Dieu fit ſon alliance, Et



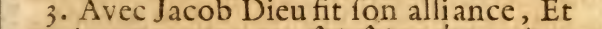
d'Iſraël ſa loi fut la ſcience: Il commanda



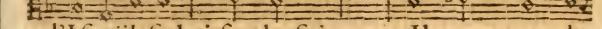
qu'elle fut enſeignée, De pere en fils, de



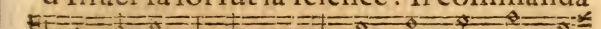
lignée en lignée, Et qu'on tranſmît à la



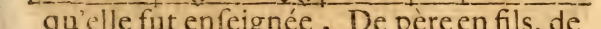
poſtérité, Ce monument de ſa rare bonté.



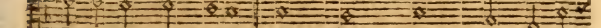
4. Dieu veut qu'en lui ſoit toute leur at-



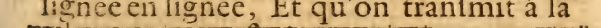
tente; Qu'à leur eſprit ſa gloire ſoit pré-



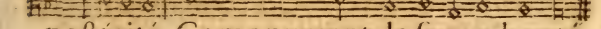
ſente; Qu'à ſon ſervice ils demeurent fi-



dèles, Loin d'imiter leurs ancêtres rébel-



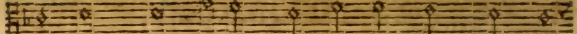
les, Qui, s'obſtinant dans leurs égaremens,



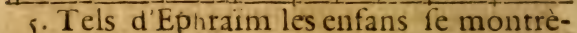
Firent les ſourds à ſes commandemens.

PAUSE

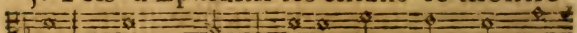
PAUSE I.



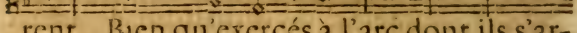
5. Tels d'Ephraim les enfans se montrè-



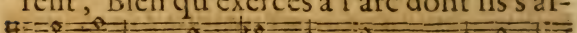
rent, Bien qu'exercés à l'arc dont ils s'ar-



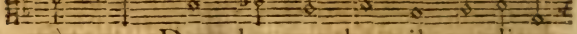
mèrent, Dans les combats ils perdirent



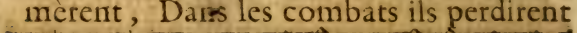
courage, Tournant le dos, effrayés du car-



nage : A l'Eternel ils manquèrent de foi,

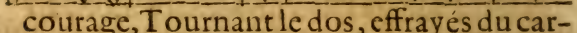


Abandonnant les sentiers de sa loi.

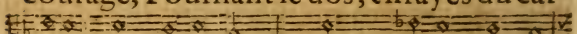


6. Du Souverain les divines merveilles

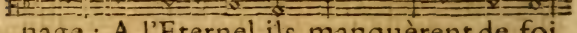
Qu'il fit pour eux, grandes & sans pa-



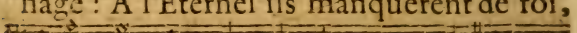
reilles, En un instant se virent oubliées :



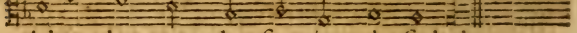
Ses vertus, dis-je, en Soan déployées,



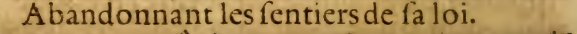
Et que l'Egypte éprouva sous les yeux



De leurs ingrats & perfides aïeux.



7. Son bras fendit les eaux les plus pro-



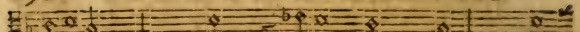
fondes : Il fit passer son peuple entre les

ondes,

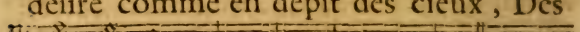
ondes, En retenant la mer amoncelée.
Ils sont le jour conduits par la nuée; Et
dans la nuit une flamme à son tour, Fait
dans la nuit pour un nouveau jour.
8. Des durs rochers, frappés par sa puissan-
ce, Il fit sortir des eaux en abondance; On
vit soudain de leurs arides veines, Dans le
désert couler mille fontaines, Et se for-
mer des lacs & des ruisseaux, Pour ra-
fraîchir le peuple & ses troupeaux.

PAUSE II.

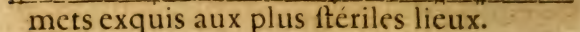
9. Mais endurcis dans leur vieille habitu-
de, Ils n'ont montré que de l'ingratitude;
Péchant toujours contre le Dieu suprême,
Ils ont douté de sa puissance même; Et



desiré comme en dépit des cieux, Des

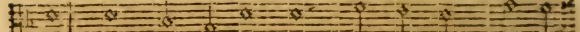


mets exquis aux plus stériles lieux.

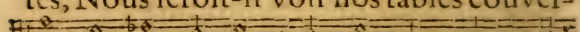


18. Dieu, dirent-ils, dans ces terres déser-

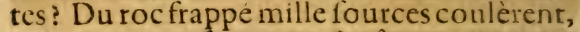
tes, Nous feroit-il voir nos tables couver-



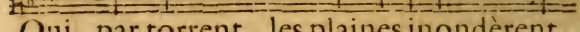
tes? Du roc frappé mille sources coulèrent,



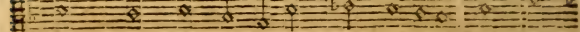
Qui, par torrent, les plaines inondèrent.



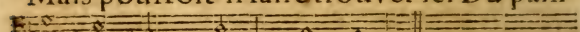
Mais pourroit-il faire trouver ici Du pain



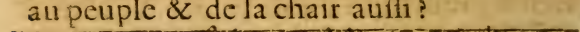
au peuple & de la chair aussi?



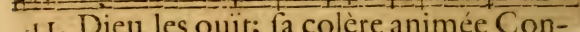
11. Dieu les ouït; sa colère animée Con-



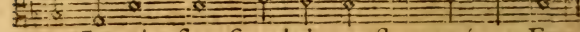
tre Jacob fut soudain enflammée, Et



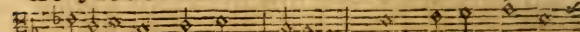
d'Israël l'injuste défiance, De l'Eternel ré



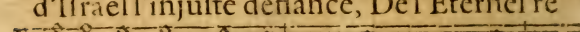
veilla la vengeance; Quand, méprisant



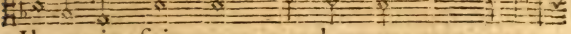
sa force & son appui, Ce peuple ingrat



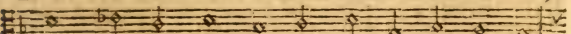
n'espéra plus en lui.



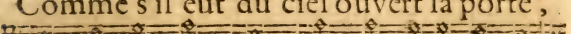
12. Car, même avant ces plaintes avenues,



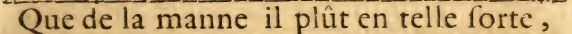
Il avoit fait commandement aux nues,



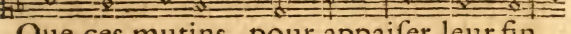
Comme s'il eût du ciel ouvert la porte,



Que de la manne il plût en telle sorte,

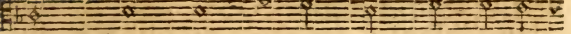


Que ces mutins, pour appaiſer leur fin,

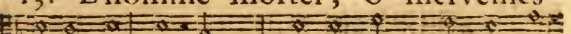


Viſſent tomber, du ciel même, du pain.

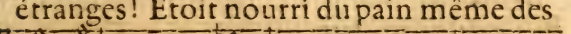
PAUSE III.



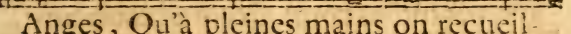
13. L'homme mortel, ô merveilles



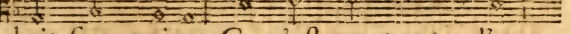
étranges! Etoit nourri du pain même des



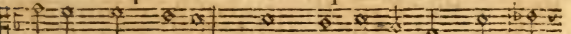
Anges, Qu'à pleines mains on recueil-



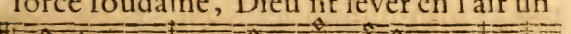
loit ſans peine. Ce n'eſt pas tout : d'une



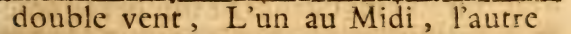
force ſoudaine, Dieu fit lever en l'air un



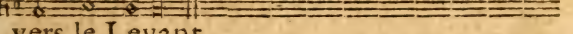
double vent, L'un au Midi, l'autre



vers le Levant.



14. Un tourbillon de vent & de pouſſière,



Eſt moins obſcur que n'eſt la fourmillière

D'oiſeaux volans tombés dans cet orage:

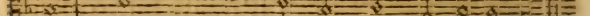
La mer a moins de ſable en ſon rivage,

Qu'il n'eſt d'oiſeaux par tout le champ ſe-

més, Pour contenter ces ventres affames.

15. De ces ingrats l'avidité ſi grande, Juſ-

qu'à l'excès ſe gorgea de viande; Dieu



rempliſſant leur vaſte convoitiſe, Leur

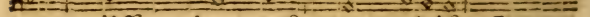
faim ceſſa, non pas leur gourmandiſe: Car

on voyoit les corps froids & mourans,

Avoir encor la chair entre les dents.

16. Du Tout-Puiſſant la main juſte & ſé-

vère, Sur les plus Grands fit tomber ſa colè-



re: Il retrancha de ſon ſaint héritage,

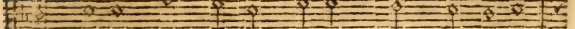
Les plus vaillans, dans la fleur de leur

âge; Et toutefois ce peuple criminel

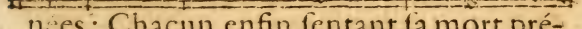
N'entendit

N'entendit pas la voix de l'Eternel.

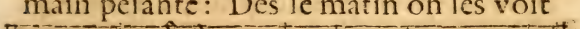
PAUSE. IV.



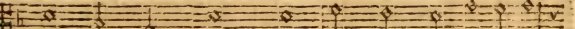
17. Auſſi, depuis, ils virent leurs années,



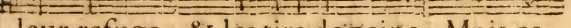
Par ſon courroux, tout d'un coup termi-



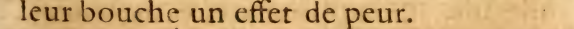
nées: Chacun enfin ſentant ſa mort pré-



ſente, Craint, mais trop tard, de Dieu la



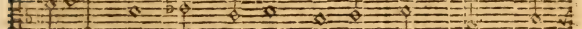
main peſante: Dès le matin on les voit



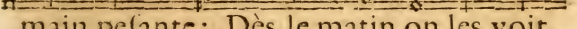
diſpoſés A reclamer du Seigneur les bontés.

18. Chacun alors dit & redit ſans ceſſe,

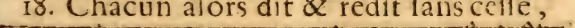
Que de tout tems Dieu fut leur fortereſſe;



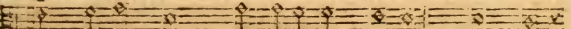
Que du Très-Haut la force ſouveraine Fut



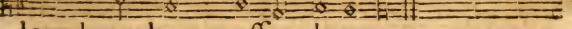
leur refuge, & les tira de peine: Mais ce



langage, hypocrite & trompeur, Fut dans



leur bouche un effet de peur.



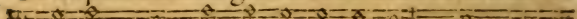
19. Jamais leur ame inconſtante & légère,

Ne fut ſoumiſe aux loix de Dieu leur père;

Et cependant ſa grace ſecourable Couvrit

ſouvent leur crime déteſtable : Dieu mo-

déra le feu de ſon courroux, Et ſe retint,

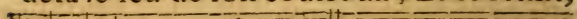


tant il eſt tendre & doux.

20. Il ſe ſouvint que la nature humaine

N'eſt, après tout, qu'une figure vaine, Qui

fuit ſoudain comme le vent qui paſſe.

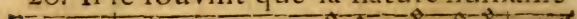


Combien de fois, abuſant de ſa grace,

Ce peuple fier l'a-t-il mécontenté ? Com-

bien de fois dans le déſert tenté ?

PAUSE V.



21. A l'offenſer cette race adonnée, A ſon

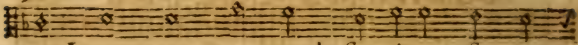
murmure eſt toujours retournée ; Sa crain-

te impie a donné des limites Au Tout-

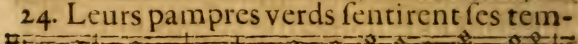
puiſſant,

puissant, Dieu des Israëlites; Comptant
pour rien les maux qu'il fit sentir Aux
ennemis, qui pensoient l'engloutir.
22. L'Egypte vit ses miracles terribles:
Soan trembla des prodiges horribles Que
son bras fit en diverses manières. L'eau
devint sang aux sources, aux rivières; Et
loin d'en boire, après ce changement,
On frémissoit à la voir seulement.
23. Il envoya toutes sortes de mouches,
Les dévorer même jusqu'en leurs couches.
Par son pouvoir des grenouilles formées,
A les punir se montroient animées. Il don-
ne aux vers les fruits de ces méchans, Et
leurs moissons aux insectes des champs.

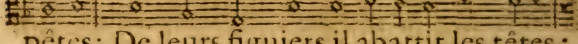
24. Leurs



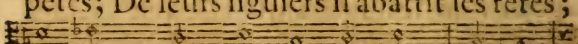
24. Leurs pampres verds sentirent ses tem-



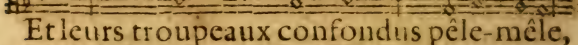
pêtes; De leurs figuiers il abattit les têtes;



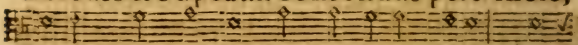
Et leurs troupeaux confondus pêle-mêle,



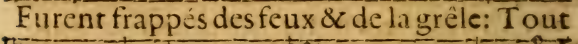
Furent frappés des feux & de la grêle: Tout



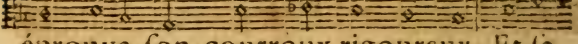
éprouva son courroux rigoureux, Et sa



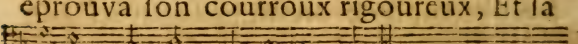
fureur fondit toute sur eux.



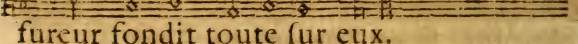
25. Les Messagers de sa juste vengeance,



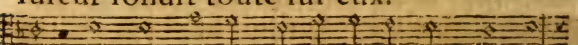
Les poursuivoient par-tout à toute ou-



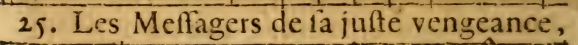
trance. Pour leur supplice, une mortelle



peste Fit en tous lieux un ravage funeste;

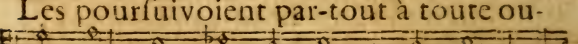


Et, tout d'un coup, leurs yeux virent périr

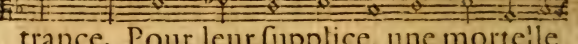


Tout le bétail qui les devoit nourrir.

PAUSE VI.

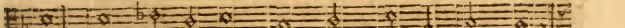


26. Leurs premiers nés, par un coup mé-

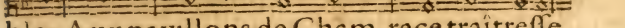


morable, Furent frappés de l'Ange redouta-

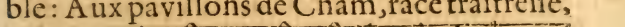
ble;



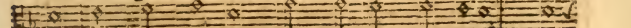
ble: Aux pavillons de Cham, race traîtresse,



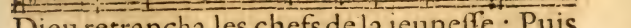
Dieu retrancha les chefs de la jeunesse: Puis



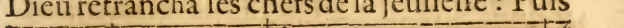
il mena son peuple, à grands troupeaux,



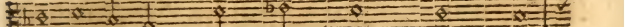
Dans le désert, par des sentiers nouveaux.



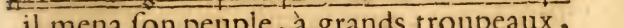
27. D'un Roi barbare on vit l'armée éteinte, Dans cette mer où nos aïeux, sans



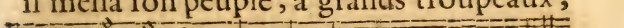
crainte, Tous, à pied sec, avoient trou-



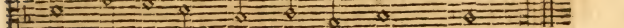
vé passage. Dieu les mena, soutenant



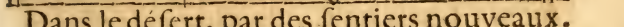
leur courage, Vers le saint mont, qu'a-



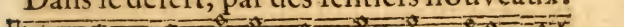
près divers combats, Il s'est acquis lui-



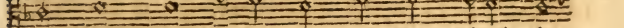
même par son bras.



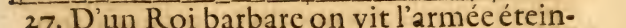
28. De devant eux les Nations il chasse,



Met sur leur terre Israël en leur place,

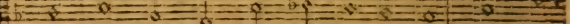


Lui partageant leurs maisons désolées.

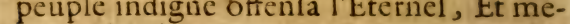


Mais, oubliant ces graces signalées, Ce

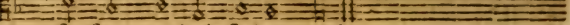
peuple



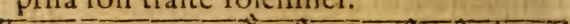
peuple indigne offensa l'Eternel, Et mé-



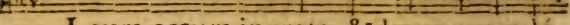
prisa son traité solemnel.



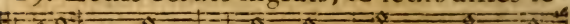
29. Leurs cœurs ingrats, & leurs ames lé-



gères, L'ont irrité, comme avoient fait

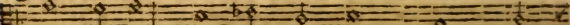


leurs pères ; A l'arc qui trompe ils ont

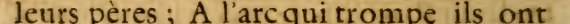


été semblables, Servant l'idole en leurs

hauts lieux damnables. Ils firent tant,

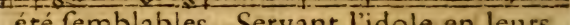


que le grand Dieu jaloux laissa sur eux

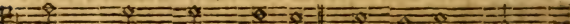


déborder son courroux.

PAUSE VII.

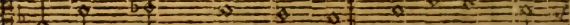


30. Dieu fut enfin si las de leurs capri-

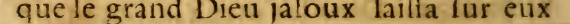


ces, Si mécontent de leurs noires mali-

ces, Qu'il dédaigna sa Nation élue,

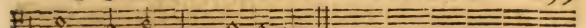


Ayant laissé sa maison dépourvue, Et

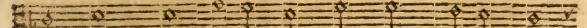


de Silo, le sacré lieu quitté, Où si long-

tems

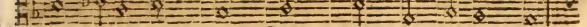


tems il avoit habité.

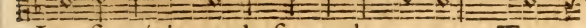


31. Son bras livra son Arche prisonniè-

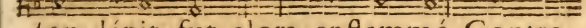
re A la merci d'une main meurtrière;



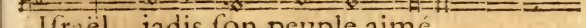
Et delaissant les siens dans les alarmes,



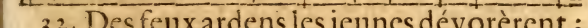
Les fit périr par la force des armes, Tant



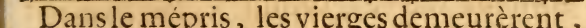
son dépit fut alors enflammé Contre



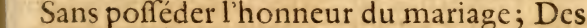
Israël, jadis son peuple aimé.



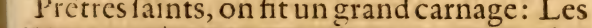
32. Des feux ardens les jeunes dévorèrent;



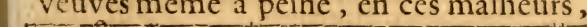
Dans le mépris, les vierges demeurèrent,



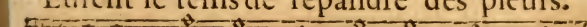
Sans posséder l'honneur du mariage; Des



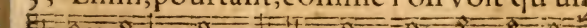
Prêtres saints, on fit un grand carnage: Les



veuves même à peine, en ces malheurs,



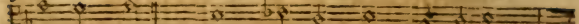
Eurent le tems de répandre des pleurs.



33 Enfin, pourtant, comme l'on voit qu'un

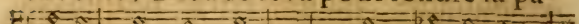
homme Plein de vapeurs, & vaincu par

le

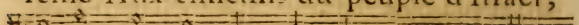


le ſomme, Tout en ſurſaut s'écrie & ſe

réveille; Dieu ſe leva pour rendre la pa-



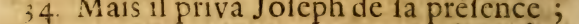
reille Aux ennemis du peuple d'Iſraël,



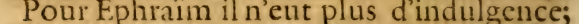
Et les couvrit d'un opprobre éternel.

PAUSE VIII.

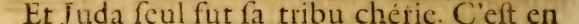
34. Mais il priva Joſeph de ſa préſence;



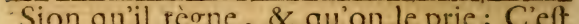
Pour Ephraïm il n'eut plus d'indulgence;



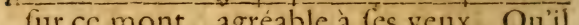
Et Juda ſeul fut ſa tribu chérie. C'eſt en



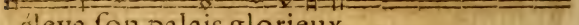
Sion qu'il règne, & qu'on le prie; C'eſt



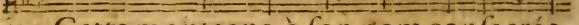
ſur ce mont, agréable à ſes yeux, Qu'il



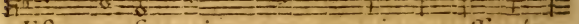
éleva ſon palais glorieux.



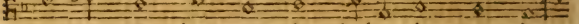
35. Cette montagne, à ſon nom conſacrée,



Eſt, par ſa main, pour toujours aſſurée,

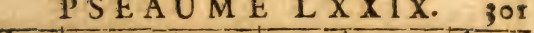


Autant & plus, que le globe du monde;

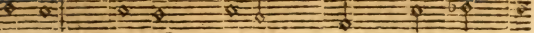


Et Dieu, qui voit les cœurs, & qui les

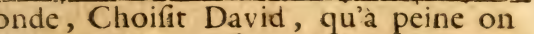
ſonde,



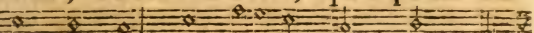
fonde, Choisit David, qu'à peine on



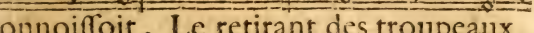
connoissoit, Le retirant des troupeaux



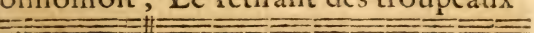
qu'il paissoit.



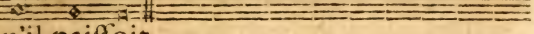
36. Il le chercha jusqu'en ce lieu cham-



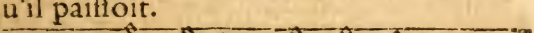
pêtre, Et lui donna son peuple pour le



paître: Il lui commit Israël, son partage,

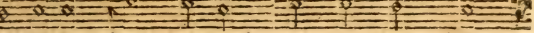


Son peuple acquis, & son saint héritage: Ainsi David avec soin l'a mené, Et,

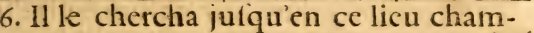


sous sa main, justement gouverné.

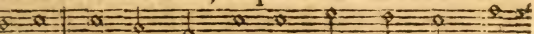
PSEAUME LXXIX.



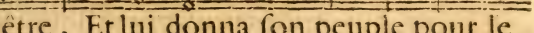
LEs Nations sont dans ton héritage;



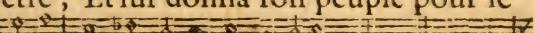
Ton sacré Temple a senti leur outrage:



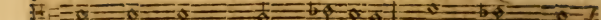
Jérusalem, ô Seigneur, est détruite, Et



par leur rage en masures réduite. Ils ont



donné les corps De tes serviteurs morts,

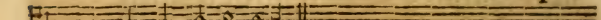


Aux oiſeaux pour curée, La chair de

tes enfans, Aux animaux des champs,

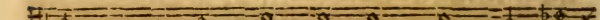
Pour être dévorée.

2. Autour des murs où l'on nous vint ſur-

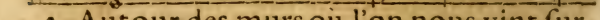


prendre, Nos triſtes yeux ont vu leur ſang

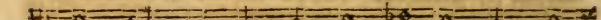
répandre, Comme de l'eau qu'on jette à



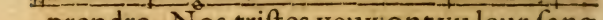
l'aventure, Sans que l'on pût leur donner



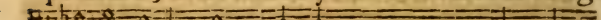
ſépulture. Nos voiſins emportés, Par mille



indignités Sans ceſſe nous irritent; Nous



ſommes le mépris De ces lâches eſprits,



Qui près de nous habitent.

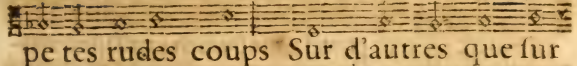
3. Dieu juſte & bon, juſques à quand ſe-

ra-ce Qu'à tes Elus tu cacheras ta face? De

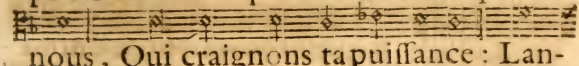
ton courroux, qui ſur nous étincelle,

L'ardeur enfin ſera-t-elle éternelle? Frap-

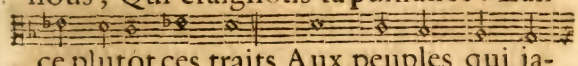
pe



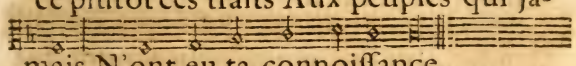
pe tes rudes coups Sur d'autres que sur



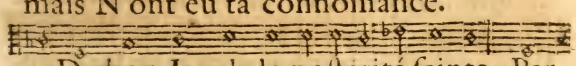
nous, Qui craignons ta puissance : Lan-



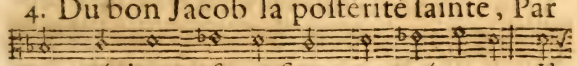
ce plutôt ces traits Aux peuples qui ja-



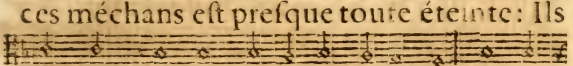
mais N'ont eu ta connoissance.



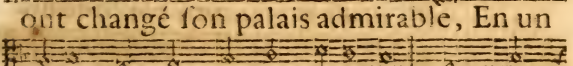
4. Du bon Jacob la postérité sainte, Par



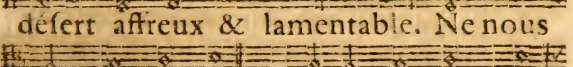
ces méchans est presque toute éteinte: Ils



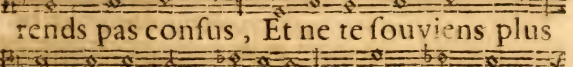
ont changé son palais admirable, En un



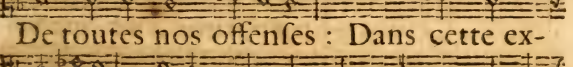
désert affreux & lamentable. Ne nous



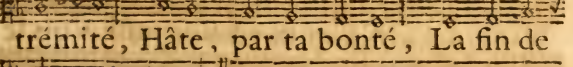
rends pas confus, Et ne te souviens plus



De toutes nos offenses : Dans cette ex-

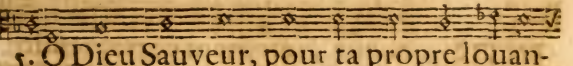


trémité, Hâte, par ta bonté, La fin de

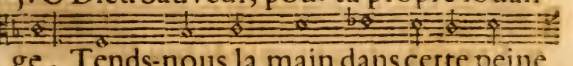


nos souffrances.

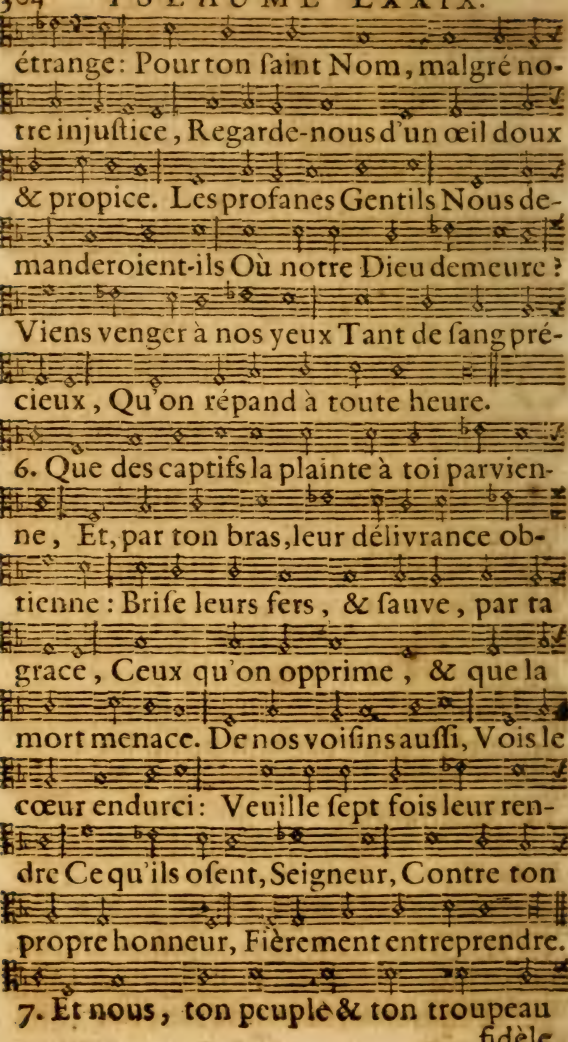
PAUSE.



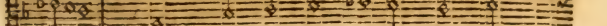
5. O Dieu Sauveur, pour ta propre louan-



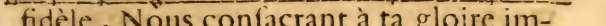
ge, Tends-nous la main dans cette peine


étrange: Pour ton saint Nom, malgré no-
tre injustice, Regarde-nous d'un œil doux
& propice. Les profanes Gentils Nous de-
manderoient-ils Où notre Dieu demeure ?
Viens venger à nos yeux Tant de sang pré-
cieux, Qu'on répand à toute heure.
6. Que des captifs la plainte à toi parvien-
ne, Et, par ton bras, leur délivrance ob-
tienne: Brise leurs fers, & sauve, par ta
grace, Ceux qu'on opprime, & que la
mort menace. De nos voisins aussi, Vois le
cœur endurci: Veuille sept fois leur ren-
dre Ce qu'ils osent, Seigneur, Contre ton
propre honneur, Fièrement entreprendre.
7. Et nous, ton peuple & ton troupeau
fidèle,

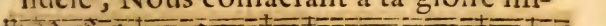
fidèle, Nous consacrant à ta gloire im-



mortelle, Nous publierons tes bontés

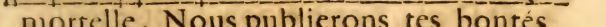


secourables, même au-delà des siècles

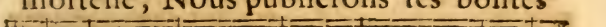


innombrables.

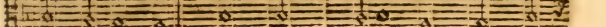
PSEAUME LXXX.



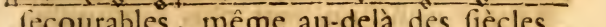
O Pasteur d'Israël, écoute, Toi qui,



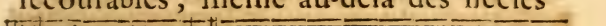
par une sûre route, Conduis Joseph com-



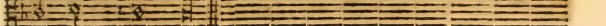
me un troupeau, Viens avec un éclat



nouveaux; Toi, qu'on voit plein de ma-



jesté, Entre les Chérubins porté.

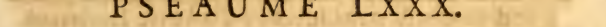


2. Grand Dieu, marche avec ta puissance:

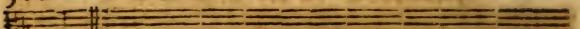
Guide Ephraïm par ta présence; Qu'à

Manassé, qu'à Benjamin, Ta voix montre

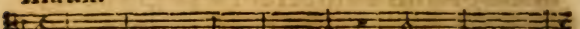
le droit chemin; Et fais, qu'après tant de



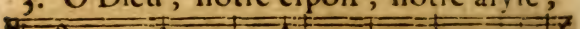
travaux, Nous puissions voir cesser nos



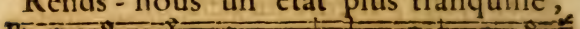
maux.



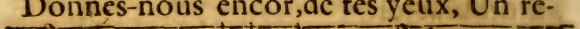
3. O Dieu, notre espoir, notre asyle,



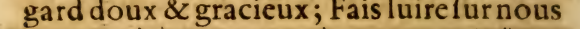
Rends-nous un état plus tranquille,



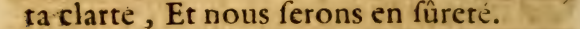
Donnes-nous encor, de tes yeux, Un re-



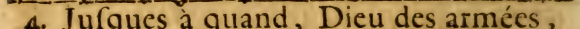
gard doux & gracieux; Fais luire sur nous



ta clarté, Et nous serons en sûreté.



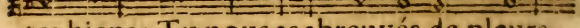
4. Jusques à quand, Dieu des armées,



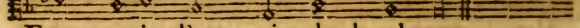
Seront tes fureurs allumées Contre les

prières des tiens? Tu nous a privés de

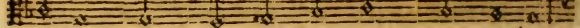
tes biens: Tu nous as abreuvés de pleurs,



Et nourris d'un pain de douleurs.

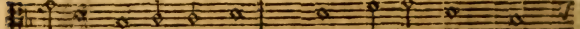


5. Tu nous mets en bute aux reproches



De nos voisins & de nos proches: Nos in-

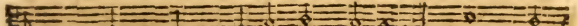
justes persécuteurs Nous insultent dans



nos malheurs. Mais, ô Dieu, rends-nous

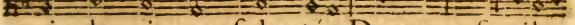
ta clarté, Et nous ſerons en ſûreté.

PAUSE.



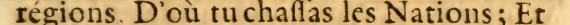
6. Ta vigne, en Egypte portée, Fut, par

toi, depuis tranſplantée Dans ces fertiles

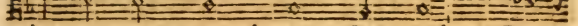


régions. D'où tu chaſſas les Nations; Et

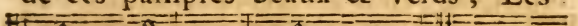
de ces pampres beaux & verds, Les



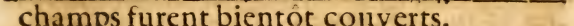
champs furent bientôt couverts.



7. On vit ſon ombre répandue, Cacher des

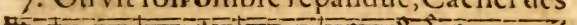


hauts monts l'étendue; Ses jets à la hau-

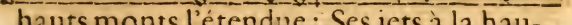


teur montés Des cèdres au Liban plan-

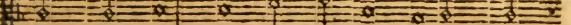
tés: Même les rameaux qu'ils pouſſoient,



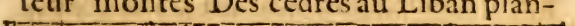
Du fleuve à la mer s'avançoient.



8. D'où vient que ſa haie eſt briſée, Qu'elle

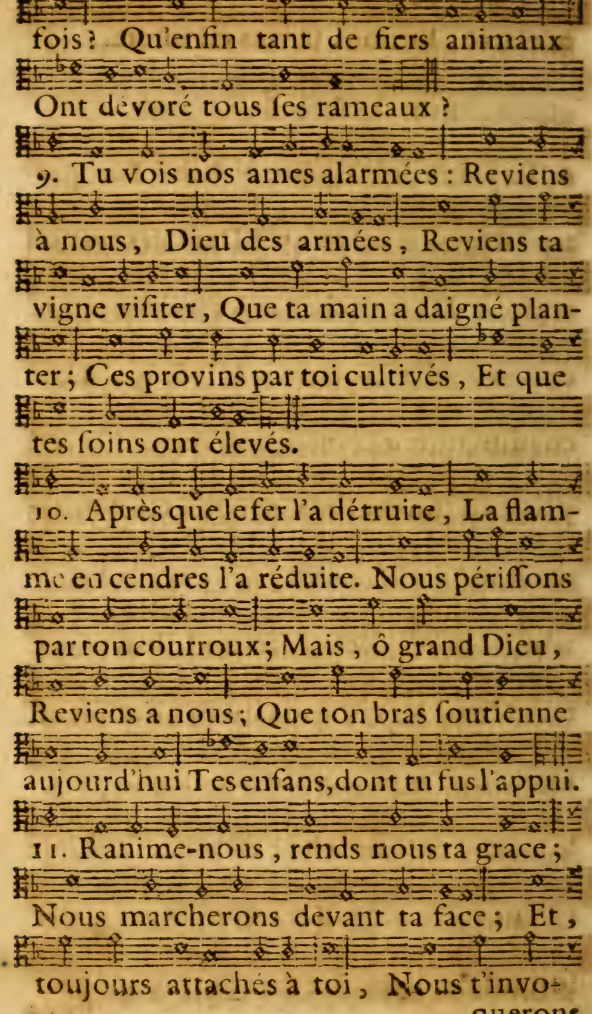


eſt aux paſſans expoſée; Que les ſangliers



ſortant des bois, La ravagent toute à la

fois?



fois? Qu'enfin tant de fiers animaux
Ont devoré tous ſes rameaux?
9. Tu vois nos ames alarmées: Reviens
à nous, Dieu des armées, Reviens ta
vigne viſiter, Que ta main a daigné plan-
ter; Ces provins par toi cultivés, Et que
tes ſoins ont élevés.
10. Après que le fer l'a détruite, La flam-
me en cendres l'a réduite. Nous périſſons
par ton courroux; Mais, ô grand Dieu,
Reviens a nous; Que ton bras ſoutienne
aujourd'hui Tes enfans, dont tu fus l'appui.
11. Ranime-nous, rends nous ta grace;
Nous marcherons devant ta face; Et,
toujours attachés à toi, Nous t'invo-

querons

querons avec foi : Fais luire sur nous ta

clarté, Et nous serons en sûreté.

PSEAUME LXXXI.

CHantez du Seigneur La juste puis-

sance ; Louez sa grandeur ; Car c'est l'Eter-

nel Qui, seul, d'Israël A pris la défense.

2. Que pour vos chansons, Toute la mu-

sique Epuise ses tons, Et que tour-à-tour,

Et fifre & tambour, Soient de ce cantique.

3. Au premier du mois, Sonnez la trom-

pette, Et tous à la fois, Pour rendre

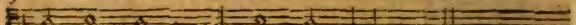
l'honneur Qu'on doit au Seigneur, Cé-

lébrez la fête.

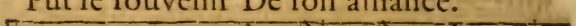
4. Jadis notre Dieu En fit l'ordonnance,

Afin qu'en ce lieu, Le peuple à venir,

Pût



Pût ſe ſouvenir De ſon alliance.

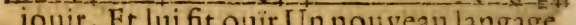


5. Quand, après le cours D'un long eſcla-

vage, Dieu, par ſon ſecours, Le vint ré-

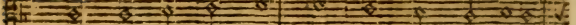
jouir, Et lui fit ouïr Un nouveau langage.

PAUSE I.

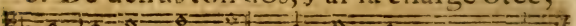


6. De deſſus ton dos, J'ai la charge ôtée;

Du travail des pots, Dit la voix des cieux,

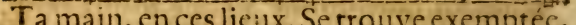


Ta main, en ces lieux, Se trouve exemptée.

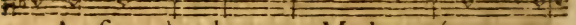


7. Au fort du danger, Ma bonté connue

Sçut te ſoulager: Tu me réclamois; Je



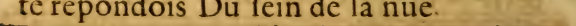
te répondois Du ſein de la nue.



8. Puis je t'éprouvai Aux eaux de quérel-

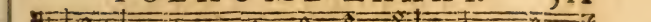
les; Et quand je trouvai Ton cœur endur-

ci, Ma parole ainſi Reprit les Rébèles.

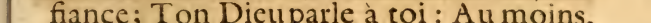


9. Mon peuple, entends moi Avec con-

fiance;

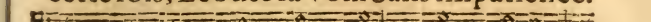


fiance; Ton Dieu parle à toi : Au moins,



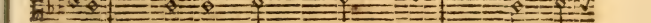
cette fois, Ecoute sa voix Sans impatience.

10. Ne sers point les Dieux Des Nations



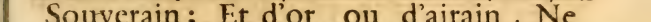
soles, N'adore, en tous lieux, Que le

Souverain; Et d'or ou d'airain, Ne



fais point d'idoles.

11. Je suis ton vrai Dieu, Ton guide fi-



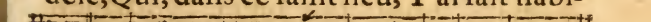
dèle, Qui, dans ce saint lieu, T'ai fait habi-

ter, T'ayant fait quitter L'Egypte cruelle.

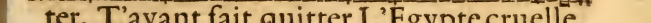
PAUSE II.

12. Ouvre, en ton besoin, Seulement la

bouche, De toi j'aurai soin; Je t'assisterai,



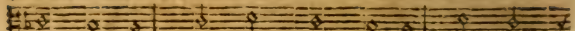
Et je veillerai A ce qui te touche.



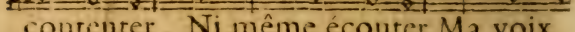
13. Mais, mon peuple élu, Au lieu de

se rendre, N'a jamais voulu, Ni me

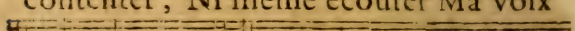
contenter,



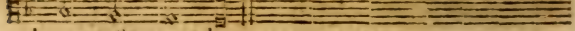
contenter, Ni même écouter Ma voix



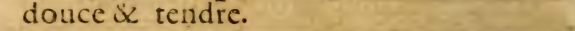
douce & tendre.



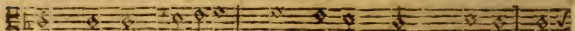
14. Enfin dépité, Je le livre en proie A



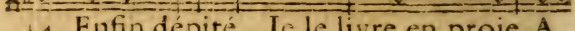
la dureté De ſon cœur pervers, Qui va



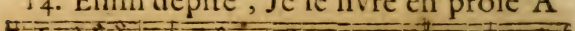
de travers, Pour ſuivre ſa voie.



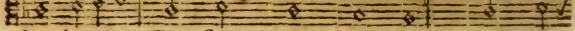
15. Ah! peuple inſenſé, Que n'étois-tu



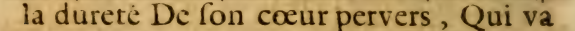
ſage! Que n'as-tu penſé A garder ma loi,



Sans être envers moi Ingrat & volage!

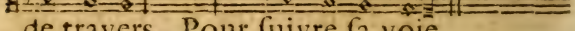


16. Si d'un cœur conſtant, Il m'eût voulu

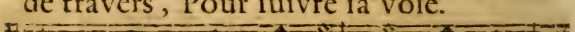


plaire, J'euſſe, en un inſtant, Etendu mon

bras, J'euſſe mis à bas Son fier adverſaire.

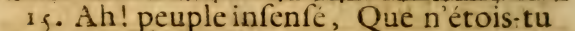


17. Tous ſes ennemis, Déguiſant leur

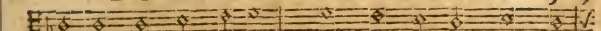


haine, Lui ſeroient ſoumis; Et ſes

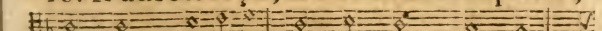
heureux jours Couleroient toujours,



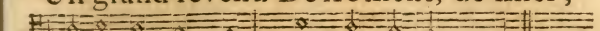
Sans trouble & ſans peine.



18. Il auroit reçu, Pour sa récompense,

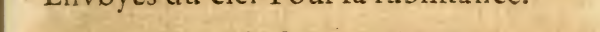


Un grand revenu De froment, de miel,

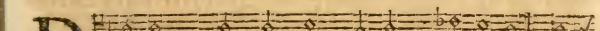


Envoyés du ciel Pour sa subsistance.

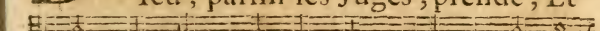
PSEAUME LXXXII.



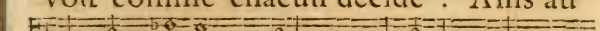
Dieu, parmi les Juges, préside, Et



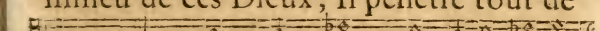
voit comme chacun décide : Assis au



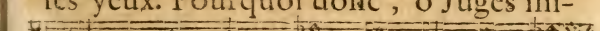
milieu de ces Dieux, Il pénètre tout de



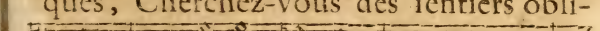
ses yeux. Pourquoi donc, ô Juges ini-



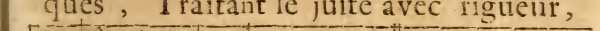
ques, Cherchez-vous des sentiers obli-



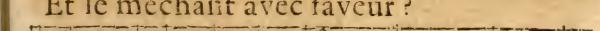
ques, Traitant le juste avec rigueur,



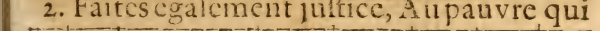
Et le méchant avec faveur ?



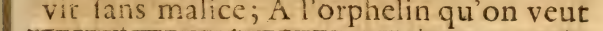
2. Faites également justice, Au pauvre qui



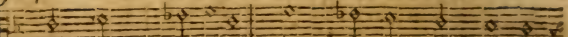
vit sans malice ; A l'orphelin qu'on veut



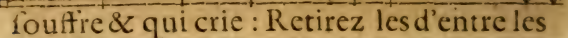
fouler ; Au foible qu'on veut accabler.



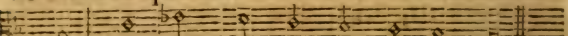
Ecoutez l'affligé qui prie, L'innocent qui



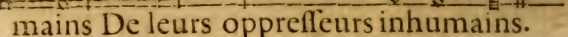
souffre & qui crie : Retirez les d'entre les



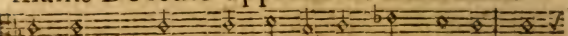
mains De leurs oppresseurs inhumains.



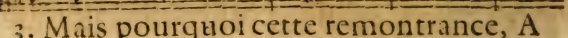
3. Mais pourquoi cette remontrance, A



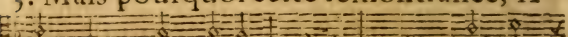
des gens sans intelligence, Qui suivent



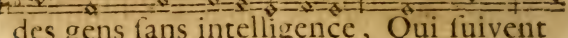
leur aveuglement, Dans ce commun dé-



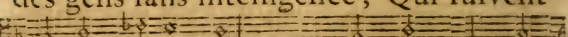
reglement? Je l'ai dit, on vous doit hom-



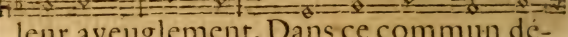
mage: Vous êtes Dieux, de Dieu l'ima-



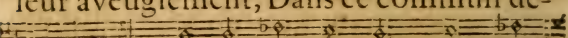
ge, Les enfans du Dieu souverain, Qui



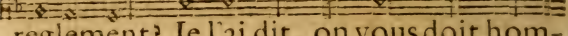
vous mit son pouvoir en main.



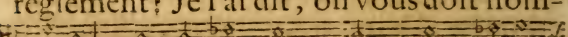
4. Mais étant nés ce que nous sommes,



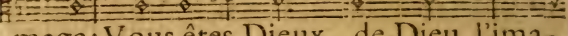
Vous mourrez comme d'autres hommes:



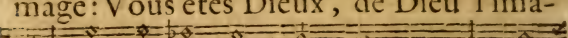
Un jour, Grands, vous passerez tous; Vous



mourrez de même que nous; Viens, toi,

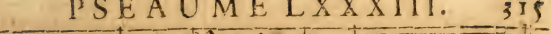


prends en main le tonnerre. Viens toi-mê-



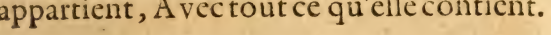
me juger la terre; C'est à toi seul qu'elle

appartient,

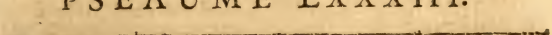


appartient, Avec tout ce qu'elle contient.

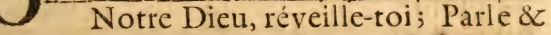
PSEAUME LXXXIII.



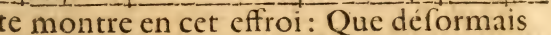
O Notre Dieu, réveille-toi; Parle &



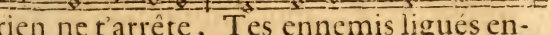
te montre en cet effroi: Que désormais



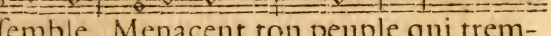
rien ne t'arrête, Tes ennemis ligués en-



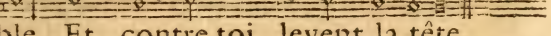
semble, Menacent ton peuple qui trem-



ble, Et, contre toi, levent la tête.

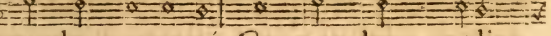


2. Ils ont, avec habileté, Contre ton

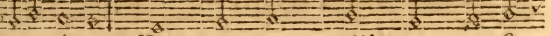


peuple concerté Ce que leur malice

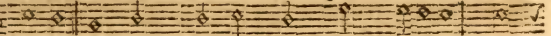
imagine: De tous ceux qu'ils ont vu se



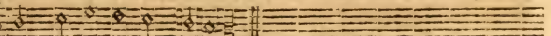
plaire A l'ombre de ton Sanctuaire, Ils



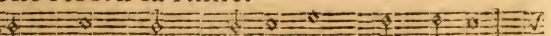
ont résolu la ruine.



3. Qu'ils soient, disent-ils, tous défaits;



Que de ces gens, & de leurs faits, Tombe



à nos pieds toute la gloire; Et qu'enfin

des Israëlites, De leur nom, ni de leurs limites, Il ne reste plus de mémoire.

4. Tous, d'un accord, ont conjuré, Tous ont contre toi conspiré; L'Idumée & la Palestine, De Moab & d'Agar la race, Hammon, qui suit la même trace, Et la nation Gébaline.

5. Amalec & les Tyriens, Ismaël, les Assyriens, Toutes leurs forces y déployent: Dans la fureur qui les transporte, Ils coururent pour donner main-forte Aux fils de Loth, qui les employent.

6. Fais, pour dompter ces ennemis, Ce qu'aux bords du Cison tu fis A Madian, en pleine guerre, Quand Sisaré & Jabin périrent,

périrent, Et qu'en Endor ils ne servirent

Que de graisse à fumer la terre.

PAUSE.

7. Renverse leurs chefs, comme Oreb,

Et comme l'orgueilleux Zéeb, Zébac &

Salmuna, leurs Princes; Car, poussés d'une

aveugle rage, Ils voudroient que ton hé-

ritage Devînt une de leurs provinces.

8. Comme une boule va roulant; Com-

me un tourbillon violent, A son gré le

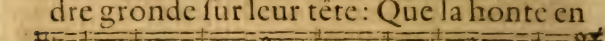
chaume promène; Comme un feu qui

réduit en cendre Une forêt, & qui fait

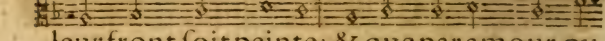
fendre Des rochers la cime hautaine.

9. Qu'ainsi ton orage, ô mon Dieu, Les

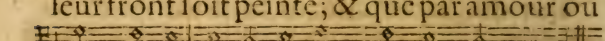
poursuive, & qu'en chaque lieu Ta fou-



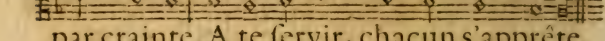
dre gronde sur leur tête: Que la honte en



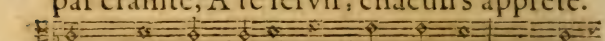
leur front soit peinte; & que par amour ou



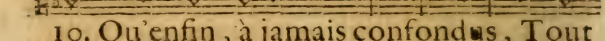
par crainte, A te servir, chacun s'apprête.



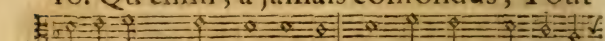
10. Qu'enfin, à jamais confondus, Tout



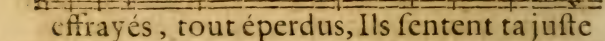
effrayés, tout éperdus, Ils sentent ta juste



puissance; Qu'au nom d'Eternel, que tu

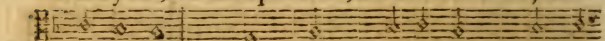


portes, La terre entière, en toutes sortes,

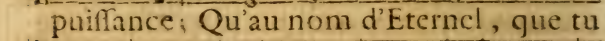


Rende une prompte obéissance.

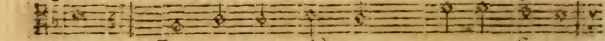
PSEAUME LXXXIV.



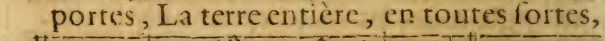
ROi des Rois, Eternel mon Dieu,



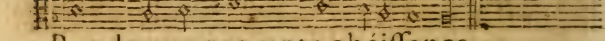
Que ton tabernacle est un lieu, sur tous



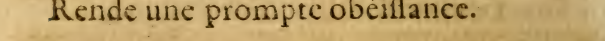
les autres lieux, aimable! Mon cœur lan-



guit, mes sens ravis Ne respirent que tes

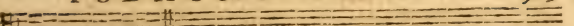


parvis, Et que ta présence adorable: Mon



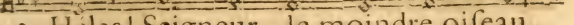
ame, vers toi s'élevant, Cherche ta face, ô

Dieu

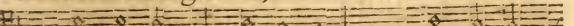


Dieu vivant.

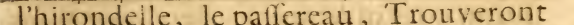
2. Hélas! Seigneur, le moindre oiſeau,



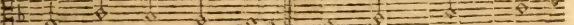
l'hirondelle, le paſſereau, Trouveront



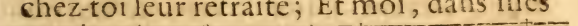
chez-toi leur retraite; Et moi, dans mes



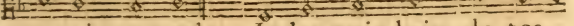
ennuis mortels, Je languis loin de tes



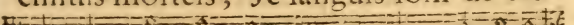
autels; C'eſt en vain que je m'y ſouhaite.



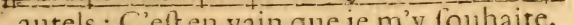
Heureux qui peut, dans ta maiſon, Te



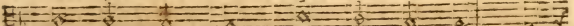
louer en toute ſaiſon.



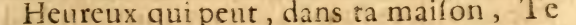
3. O mille fois heureux celui De qui tou-



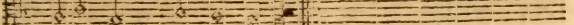
jours tu fus l'appui, Et qui, d'une rou-



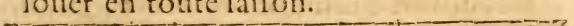
te conſtante, Paſſe, pour te rendre ſes



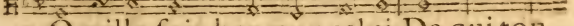
vœux, Le vallon ſec & ſabloneux,



Sans que la peine l'épouvante! L'eau



vive ſous ſa main naîtra; L'eau du ciel

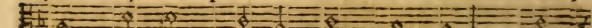


ſes puits remplira,

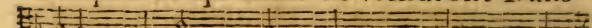
PAUSE.

PAUSE.

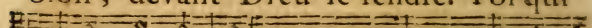
4. Toujours plus forts, ils marcheront,



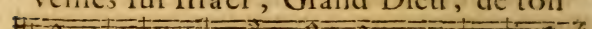
Jusqu'à ce qu'enfin ils viendront Dans



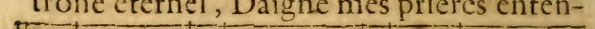
Sion, devant Dieu se rendre. Toi qui



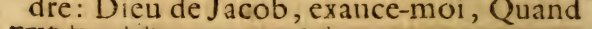
veilles sur Israël, Grand Dieu, de ton



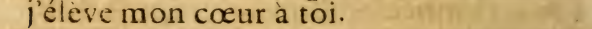
trône éternel, Daigne mes prières enten-



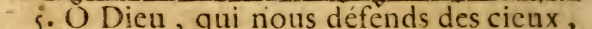
dre: Dieu de Jacob, exauce-moi, Quand



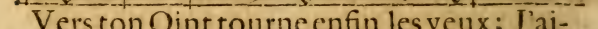
j'éleve mon cœur à toi.



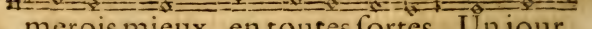
5. O Dieu, qui nous défends des cieux,



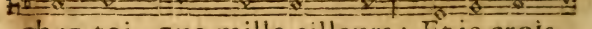
Vers ton Oint tourne enfin les yeux; J'ai-



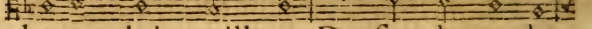
merois mieux, en toutes sortes, Un jour



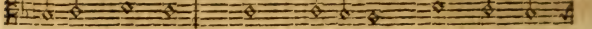
chez toi, que mille ailleurs; Et je crois



les emplois meilleurs Des simples gardes



de tes portes, Que d'habiter dans ces pa-



lais Où la vertu n'entre jamais.

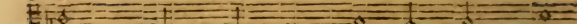
6. Qui

6. Qui veut en toi se confier, T'a pour
soleil & pour bouclier; Tu donnes la grace
& la gloire, Tu couronnes l'intégrité
D'honneur & de félicité, Au-delà de ce
qu'on peut croire. O mille & mille fois
heureux, Celui qui t'adresse ses vœux!

PSEAUME LXXXV.

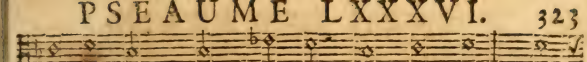
AUx tiens, Seigneur, tu redonnes
la paix : Jacob a vu ses captifs de retour;
A tes enfans tu remets leurs forfaits, Et ta
pitié se déclare à son tour : De ta fureur
le feu plus modéré Semble en ce jour
s'être un peu retiré ; Mais, ô grand Dieu,
qui nous étois si doux, Achève enfin
d'éteindre ton courroux.

2. Est ce

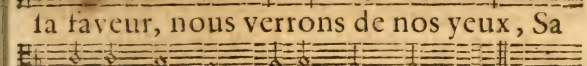


2. Eſt-ce à toujours que tu veux nous punir? Eſt-ce à toujours que ta main frappera? Plutôt, Seigneur, tu viendras nous bénir, Et tout ton peuple auſſi te bénira. Dieu tout-puiſſant, que notre indignité N'arrête point le cours de ta bonté: Tu vois nos maux; donne-nous ton ſecours; c'eſt à toi ſeul que nous avons recours.

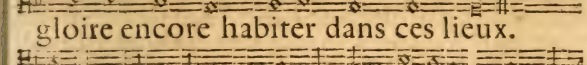
3. J'écouterai ce qu'il prononcera Pour ceux qu'il aime, & qui le chercheront: Ce Dieu clément de paix leur parlera. Et de leur faute ils ſe répentiront. Quand on le craint, qu'on l'invoque au beſoin, D'un Dieu ſi bon, le ſecours n'eſt pas loin: Par



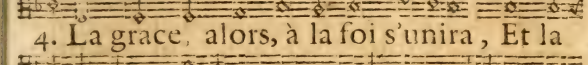
ſa faveur, nous verrons de nos yeux, Sa



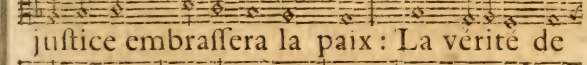
gloire encore habiter dans ces lieux.



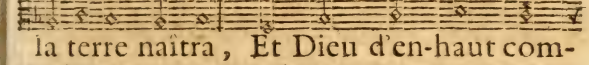
4. La grace, alors, à la foi s'unira, Et la



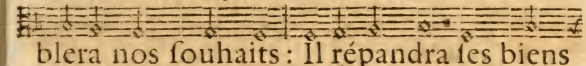
juſtice embraſſera la paix: La vérité de



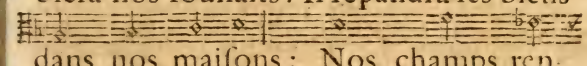
la terre naîtra, Et Dieu d'en-haut com-



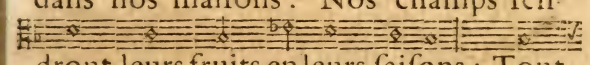
blera nos ſouhaits: Il répandra ſes biens



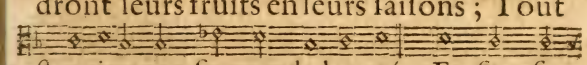
dans nos maiſons: Nos champs ren-



dront leurs fruits en leurs ſaiſons; Tout

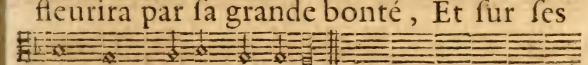


fleurira par ſa grande bonté, Et ſur ſes

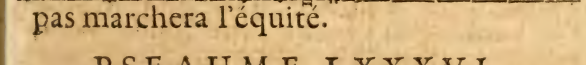


pas marchera l'équité.

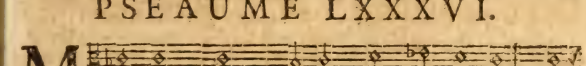
PSEAUME LXXXVI.



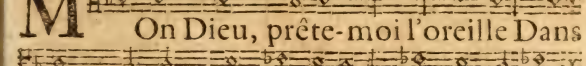
MOn Dieu, prête-moi l'oreille Dans



ma douleur ſans pareille: Vois la misère

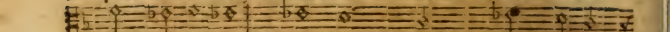


où je ſuis, Et ſoulage mes ennuis. Mon

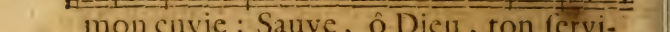


Dieu, garantis ma vie, Car te plaire eſt

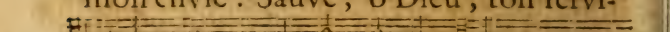
mon



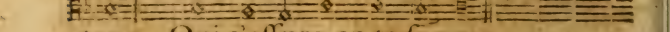
mon envie : Sauve, ô Dieu, ton servi-



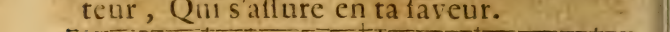
teur, Qui s'assure en ta faveur.



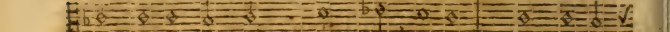
2. Délivre-moi, par ta grace, Du péril



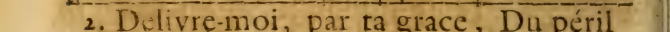
qui me menace, Quand, plein de zèle



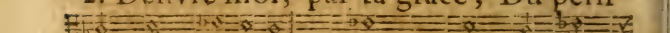
& d'amour, Je t'invoque nuit & jour.



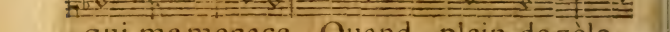
Veuille consoler mon ame, Qui sans cesse



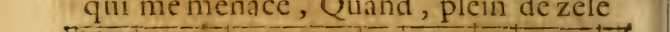
te réclame, Et qui vers toi, Dieu des



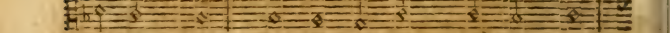
Cieux, s'élève jusques aux cieux.



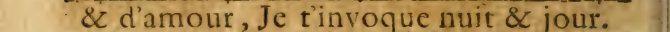
3. Seigneur, ta grace infinie, Au fidèle



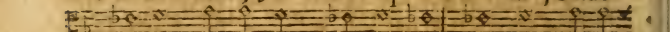
qui te prie, Fait ressentir tous les jours



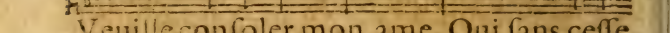
Les effets de ton secours. Puisqu'à toi



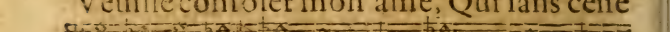
seul je m'arrête, Seigneur, entends ma



requête ; Et puisque j'espère en toi,

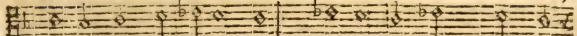


Daigne prendre soin de moi.

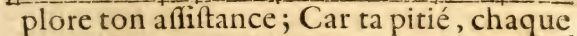


4. A toute heure, en ma souffrance, J'im-

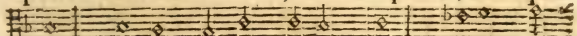
plore



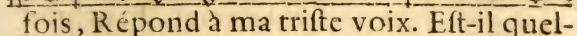
plore ton assistance ; Car ta pitié, chaque



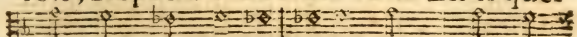
fois, Répond à ma triste voix. Est-il quel-



que Dieu semblable A toi, seul Dieu re-

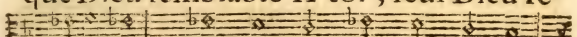


doutable? Qui peut former tes projets?

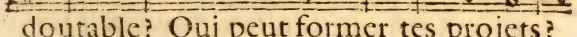


Qui peut imiter tes faits ?

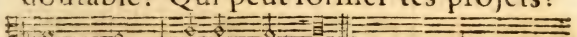
PAUSE.



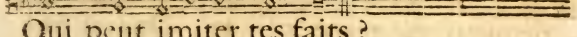
5. Sage Auteur de la nature, Le monde,



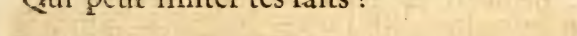
ta créature, Un jour viendra tout entier



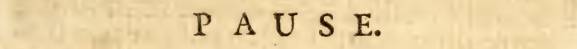
A tes pieds s'humilier. De toutes parts,



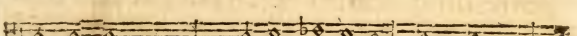
tes merveilles Sont grandes, sont sans



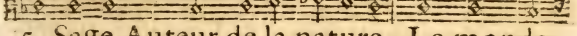
pareilles; Et tu règnes en tout lieu, Com-



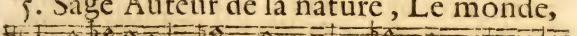
me le seul & vrai Dieu.



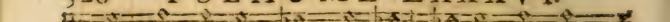
6. Seigneur, montre-moi ta voie; Fais



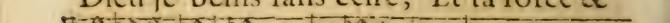
que j'y marche avec joie; Et que, selon



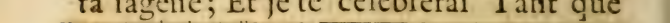
mon devoir, Je révère ton pouvoir. Mon



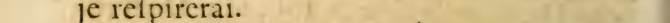
Dieu je bénis ſans ceſſe, Et ta force &



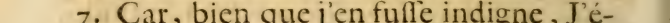
ta ſageſſe; Et je te célebrerai Tant que



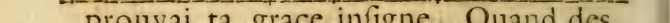
je reſpirerai.



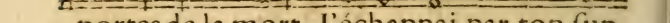
7. Car, bien que j'en fuſſe indigne, J'é-



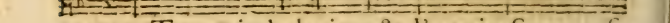
prouvai ta grace inſigne, Quand des



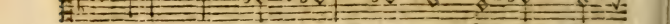
portes de la mort, J'échappai par ton ſup-



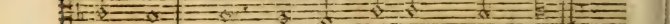
port. Tu vois la haine & l'envie, Sans ceſ-



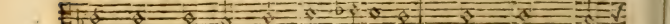
ſe attaquer ma vie: Tous conſpirent con-



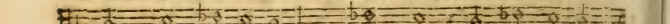
tre moi, Sans aucun égard pour toi.



8. Mais ta bonté favorable, Te rend tou-

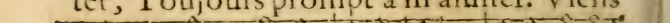


jours ſecourable, Toujours lent à t'irri-

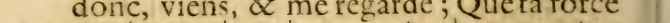


ter, Toujours prompt à m'aſſiſter. Viens

donc, viens, & me regarde; Que ta force

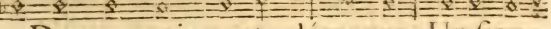


ſoit ma garde, Puiſqu'étant né ſous ta

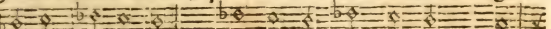


loi, Je ſuis doublement à toi.

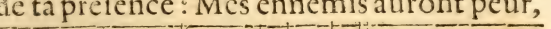
9. Donne-



9. Donne-moi, par ta clémence, Un ſigne

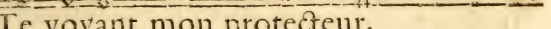


de ta préſence : Mes ennemis auront peur,



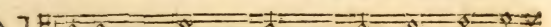
Te voyant mon protecteur.

PSEAUME LXXXVII.

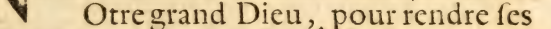


NOtre grand Dieu, pour rendre ſes

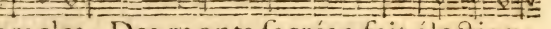
oracles, Des monts ſacrés a fait élection :



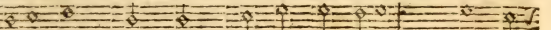
Il aime mieux les portes de Sion, Que de



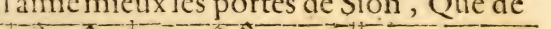
Jacob les divers tabernacles.



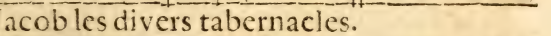
2. O que de toi de merveilles ſont dites,



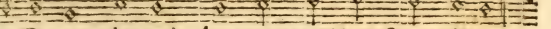
Jeruſalem ! ton deſtin ſera tel, Que l'on



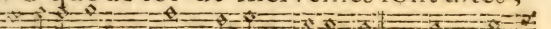
verra d'Egypte & de Babel, Le peuple



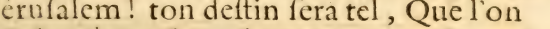
entier, rangé dans tes limites.



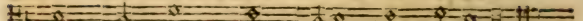
3. Du Tyrien, du Philiſtin, du Maure :



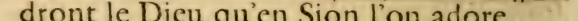
Il ſera dit, qu'ils ſortent de ton ſein : Tous



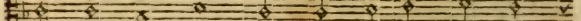
s'uniſſant, par un pieux deſſein, Crain-



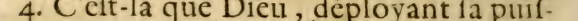
dront le Dieu qu'en Sion l'on adore.



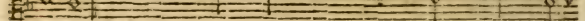
4. C'eſt-là que Dieu, déployant ſa puiſ-



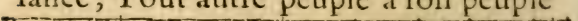
ſance, Tout autre peuple à ſon peuple



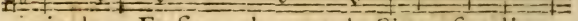
joindra; Enfin, chacun de Sion ſe dira,



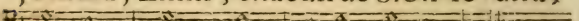
Et de Salem vantera ſa naiſſance.



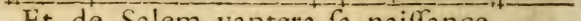
5. Des chantres ſaints l'agréable harmo-



nie, Retentira par-tout à ſon honneur:

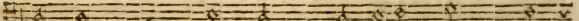


Je répandrai ſur toi, dit le Seigneur, De

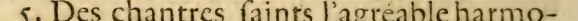


mes tréſors l'abondance infinie.

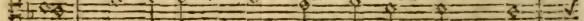
PSEAUME LXXXVIII.



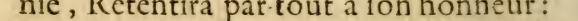
MOn Dieu, mon unique Sauveur!



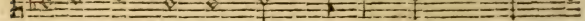
Nuit & jour devant toi je crie: Fais



que mes vœux, quand je te prie, Mon-



tent à toi par leur ferveur; Daigne ton



oreille me tendre, Et mes triſtes cla-

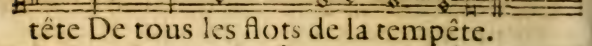
meurs

meurs entendre.

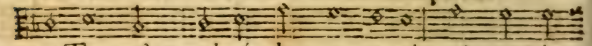
2. Seigneur, tu me vois surmonté Par
les maux qui me font la guerre: Entre les
morts que l'on enterre, Déja je puis être
compté, Abattu par un long orage, Je
perds la force & le courage.

3. Je suis sans aide, en mon besoin, Pressé
d'une douleur trop forte, Et tel qu'une
personne morte, Dont tu ne prends plus
aucun soin, Que ta main même a retran-
chée, Et dans le sépulcre couchée.

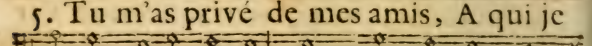
4. Hélas! Seigneur, tu m'as jeté Dans
des gouffres épouvantables; Tes juge-
mens si redoutables, Sur moi, par tout,
ont éclaté; Ton courroux a couvert ma



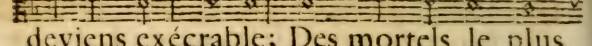
tête De tous les flots de la tempête.



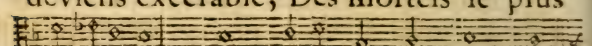
5. Tu m'as privé de mes amis, A qui je



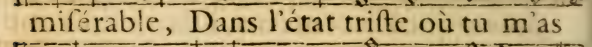
deviens exécrable; Des mortels le plus



misérable, Dans l'état triste où tu m'as

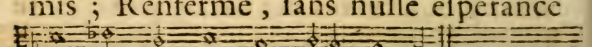


mis ; Renfermé, sans nulle espérance

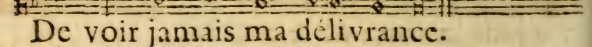


De voir jamais ma délivrance.

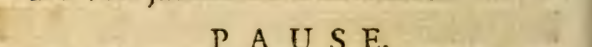
PAUSE.



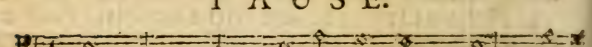
6. Mes yeux sont ternis de langueur ; Et



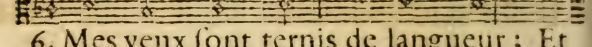
tous les jours, devant ta face, Tu me



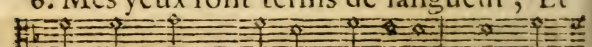
vois implorant ta grace. Hélas ! attendras-



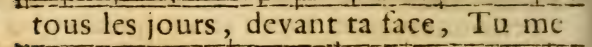
tu, Seigneur, A montrer ta force divine,



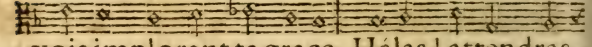
En ceux sur qui la mort domine ?



7. Pourroit on du tombeau sortir, O Dieu,

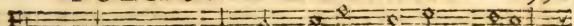


pour chanter tes merveilles, Ou tes louan-

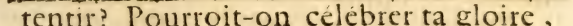


ges sans pareilles, Faire au sépulcre re-

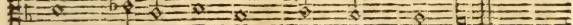
tentir



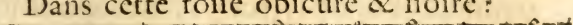
tentir? Pourroit-on célébrer ta gloire,



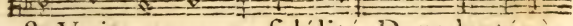
Dans cette fosse obscure & noire?



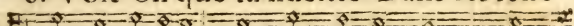
8. Voit-on que ta fidélité Dans les téné-



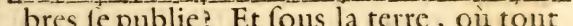
bres se publie? Et sous la terre, où tout



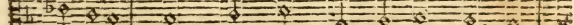
s'oublie, Se souvient-on de ta bonté?



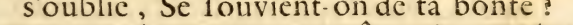
Mais pour moi, de toute mon ame,



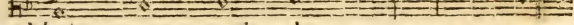
Dès le matin je te réclame.



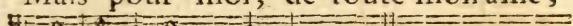
9. Pourquoi donc m'as tu rejeté? Pour-



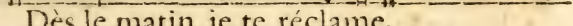
quoi caches-tu ton visage? Je fonds en



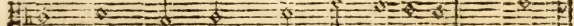
pleurs; dès mon jeune âge, En mille sortes



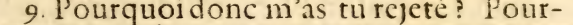
tourmenté, Accablé de douleurs cruelles,



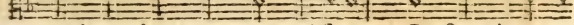
Craignant tes menaces mortelles.



10. Tes fureurs ont passé sur moi: Tes

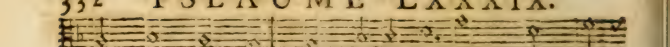


vengeances les plus terribles, Comme des

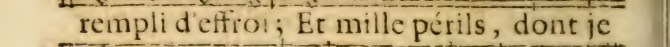


deluges horribles, Nuit & jour m'ont

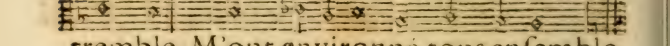
rempli



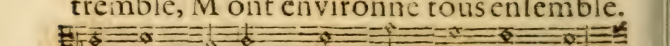
rempli d'effroi ; Et mille périls, dont je



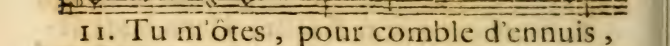
tremble, M'ont environné tous ensemble.



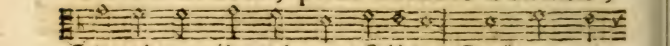
11. Tu m'ôtes, pour comble d'ennuis,



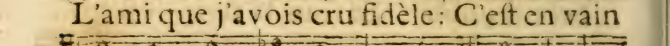
L'ami que j'avois cru fidèle : C'est en vain



que ma voix l'appelle, Dans l'état funeste

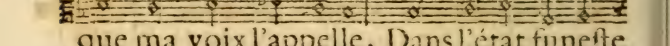


où je suis. Hélas! au fort de ma detresse,

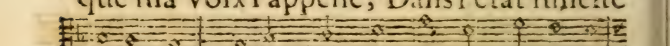


Chacun se cache & me délaisse.

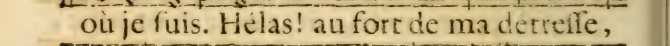
PSEAUME LXXXIX.



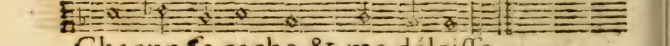
JE chanterai, Seigneur, sans cesse ta



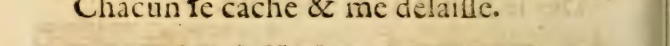
bonté ; Je parlerai sans fin de ta fidéli-



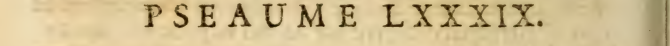
té ; Je dirai ta bonté, dont la terre est



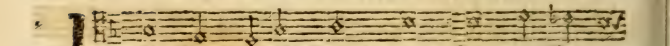
remplie, Et ta fidélité dans les cieux



établie. De tous ces vastes corps, la

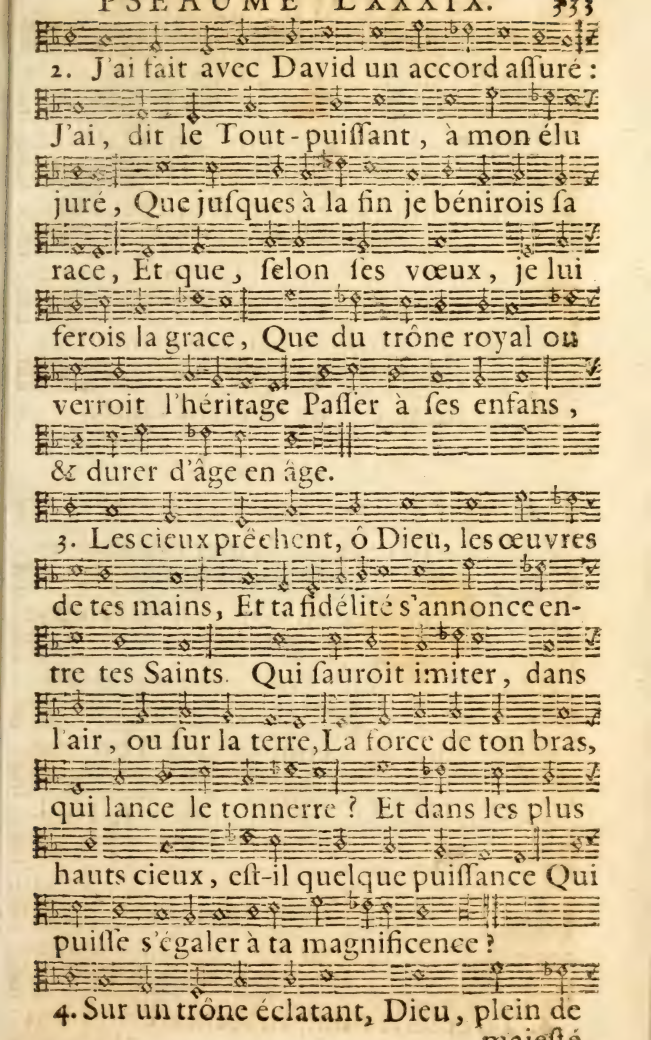


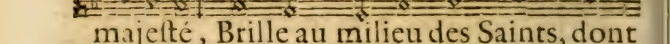
course invariable, Prouve que ta parole



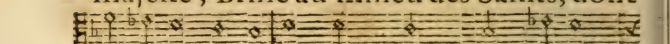
est toujours immuable.

2. J'ai

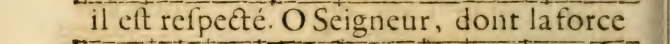

2. J'ai fait avec David un accord assuré :
J'ai, dit le Tout-puissant, à mon élu
juré, Que jusques à la fin je bénirois sa
race, Et que, selon ses vœux, je lui
ferois la grace, Que du trône royal on
verroit l'héritage Passer à ses enfans,
& durer d'âge en âge.
3. Les cieux prêchent, ô Dieu, les œuvres
de tes mains, Et ta fidélité s'annonce en-
tre tes Saints. Qui sauroit imiter, dans
l'air, ou sur la terre, La force de ton bras,
qui lance le tonnerre ? Et dans les plus
hauts cieux, est-il quelque puissance Qui
puisse s'égaler à ta magnificence ?
4. Sur un trône éclatant, Dieu, plein de
majesté,



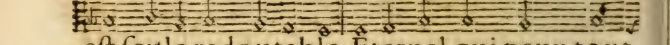
majesté, Brille au milieu des Saints, dont



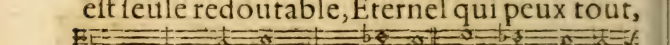
il est respecté. O Seigneur, dont la force



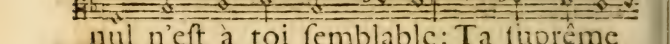
est seule redoutable, Eternel qui peux tout,



nul n'est à toi semblable: Ta suprême

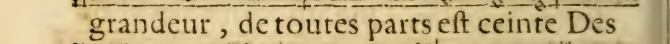


grandeur, de toutes parts est ceinte Des

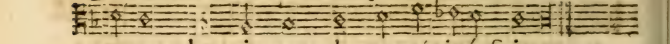


rayons lumineux de ta vérité sainte.

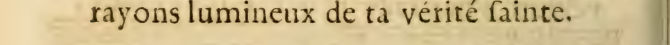
PAUSE I.



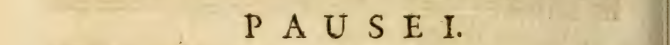
5. Quand tu veux, de la mer tu soulèves



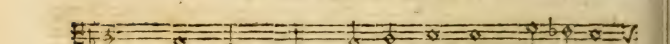
les flots, Quand tu veux, tu lui rends le



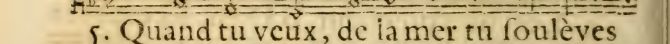
calme & le repos: Ton bras vainquit l'E-



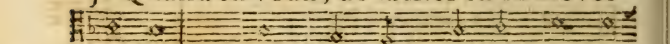
gypte, ainsi qu'à coups d'épée Ton bras



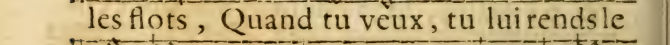
des ennemis la force a dissipée; A l'uni-



vers entier, ta main a donné l'être, Et la



terre & les cieux t'ont reconnu pour maître.



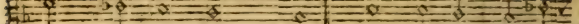
6. Tu créas le Midi, tu formas l'Aquilon:

Hermon

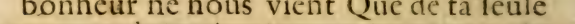
Hermon & le Tabor font réſonner ton nom: Ton bras eſt tout puiſſant, ta main forte & robuſte, Ta dextre eſt élevée, & de ton trône auguſte, L'équité, la juſtice, ont affermi la place: La clémence & la foi marchent devant ta face.

7. Que le peuple eſt heureux, qui te ſait révérer! On le verra toujours fleurir & proſpérer, Et ſuivre de tes yeux la clarté ſalutaire; Ton Nom fait le ſujet de ſa joie ordinaire, Puiſqu'il te plaît, Seigneur, de ta bonté fidelle, Lui donner, chaque jour, quelque marque nouvelle.

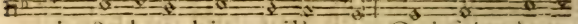
8. Si nous ſommes vainqueurs, l'honneur t'en appartient; Et ſi nous triomphons, ce bonheur



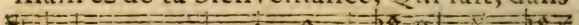
bonheur ne nous vient Que de ta seule



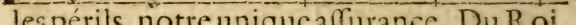
main & de ta bienveillance, Qui fait, dans



les périls, notre unique assurance. Du Roi

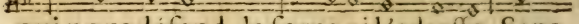


qui nous défend, la force ni l'adresse, Sans

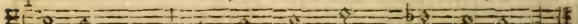


le Saint d'Israël, ne seroient que foiblesse.

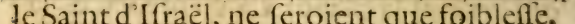
PAUSE II.



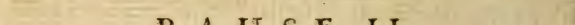
9. Autrefois, dans ta grace, avant tous



nos malheurs, Parlant par visions à nos

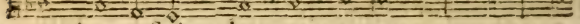


prédécesseurs, J'ai promis, leur dis-tu,

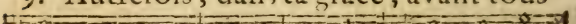


ma divine assistance Au plus fort d'entre

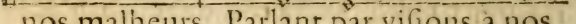
vous, né dans mon alliance : Je veux dire



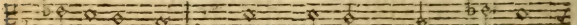
à David, mon serviteur fidèle, Que j'ai



pris d'entre ceux que mon peuple j'appelle.

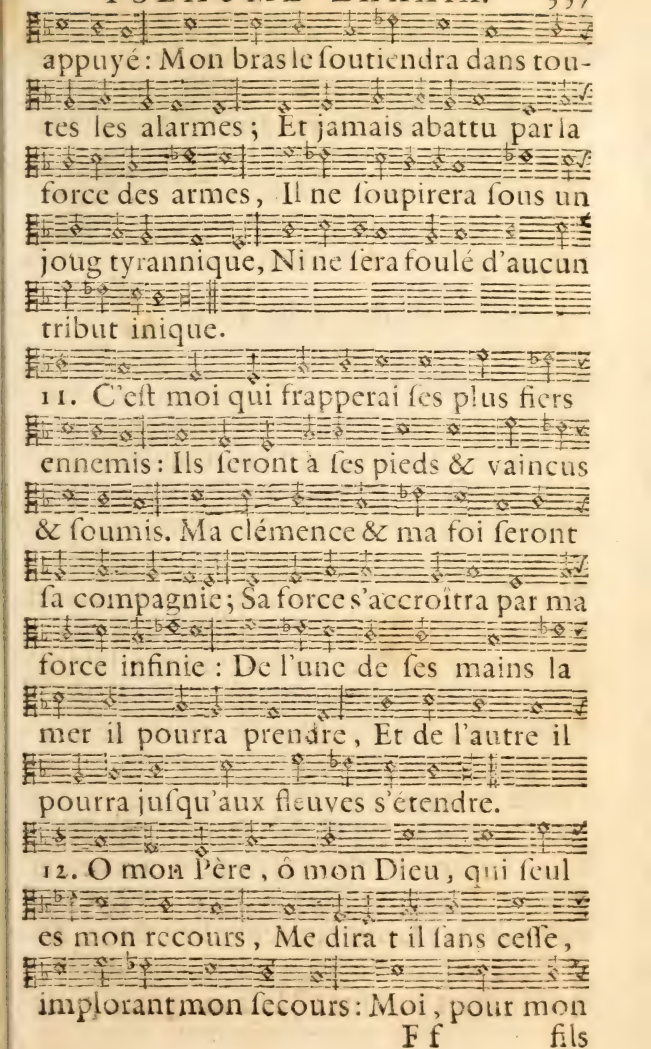


10. Comme par ma sainte huile il me fut



dédié, Je veux que de ma main il se sente

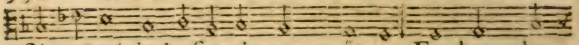
appuyé;



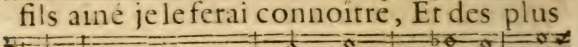
appuyé: Mon bras le soutiendra dans tou-
tes les alarmes; Et jamais abattu par la
force des armes, Il ne soupirera sous un
joug tyrannique, Ni ne sera foulé d'aucun
tribut inique.

11. C'est moi qui frapperai ses plus fiers
ennemis: Ils seront à ses pieds & vaincus
& soumis. Ma clémence & ma foi seront
sa compagnie; Sa force s'accroîtra par ma
force infinie: De l'une de ses mains la
mer il pourra prendre, Et de l'autre il
pourra jusqu'aux fleuves s'étendre.

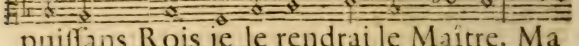
12. O mon Père, ô mon Dieu, qui seul
es mon recours, Me dira t il sans cesse,
implorant mon secours: Moi, pour mon



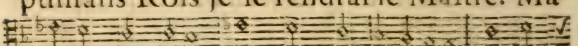
fils aimé je le ferai connoître, Et des plus



puissans Rois je le rendrai le Maître. Ma

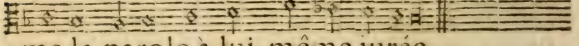


faveur lui sera pour jamais assurée, Et fer-

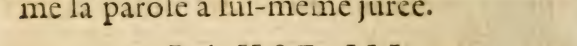


me la parole à lui-même jurée.

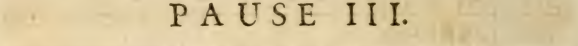
PAUSE III.



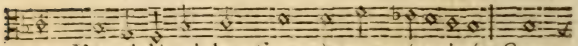
13. J'établirai les siens à perpétuité, Son



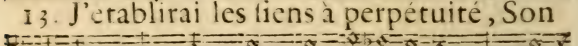
règne d'aucun tems ne sera limité, Tel



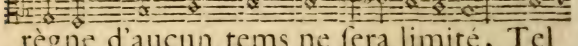
que le cours des cieux; & si jamais sa race



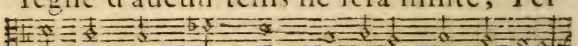
Trop ingrate, ou légère, abuse de ma grace;



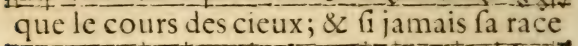
S'ils transgressent les loix de ma sainte



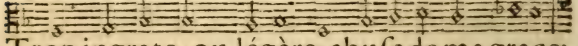
alliance, Ils sentiront les coups de ma



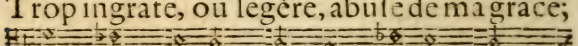
juste vengeance.



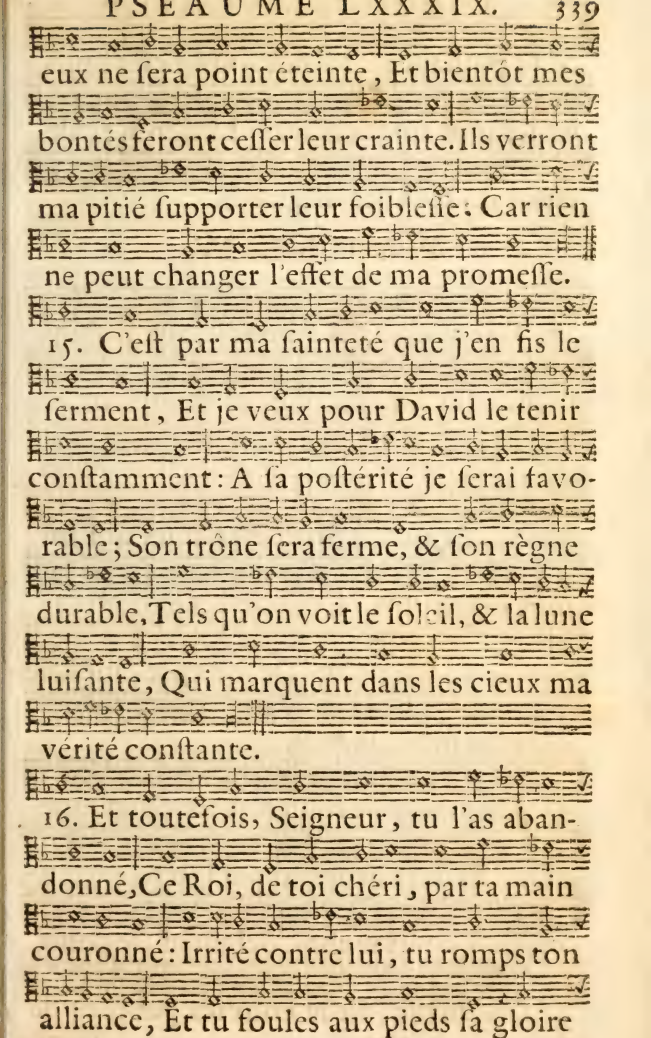
14. Je saurai m'enquérir & d'eux & de



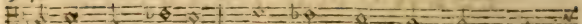
leurs faits; Leur reprocher leur faute, &



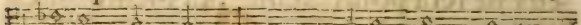
punir leurs forfaits : Mais ma grace pour



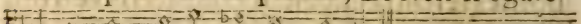
eux ne sera point éteinte, Et bientôt mes
bontés feront cesser leur crainte. Ils verront
ma pitié supporter leur foiblesse: Car rien
ne peut changer l'effet de ma promesse.
15. C'est par ma sainteté que j'en fis le
serment, Et je veux pour David le tenir
constamment: A sa postérité je serai favo-
rable; Son trône sera ferme, & son règne
durable, Tels qu'on voit le soleil, & la lune
luisante, Qui marquent dans les cieux ma
vérité constante.
16. Et toutefois, Seigneur, tu l'as aban-
donné, Ce Roi, de toi chéri, par ta main
couronné: Irrité contre lui, tu romps ton
alliance, Et tu foules aux pieds sa gloire



& ſa puiſſance : Tu fais tomber les murs

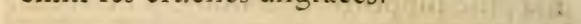


de ſes plus fortes places, Et rien n'égale

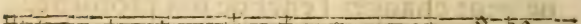


enfin ſes cruelles diſgraces.

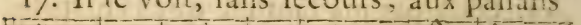
PAUSE IV.



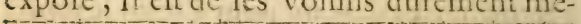
17. Il ſe voit, ſans ſecours, aux paſſans



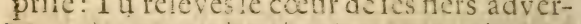
expoſé ; Il eſt de ſes voiſins durement mé-



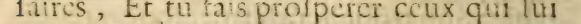
priſé : Tu relèves le cœur de ſes fiers adver-



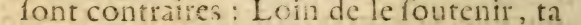
ſaires, Et tu fais proſpérer ceux qui lui



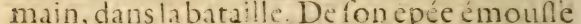
ſont contraires : Loin de le ſoutenir, ta



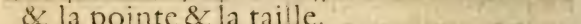
main, dans la bataille. De ſon epée émouſſe



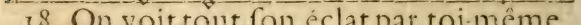
& la pointe & la taille.



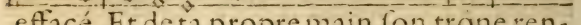
18. On voit tout ſon éclat par toi-même



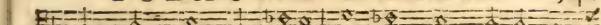
effacé, Et de ta propre main ſon trone ren-



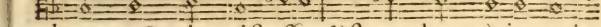
verſé : Tu retranches, Seigneur, le cours



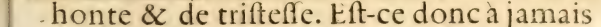
de ſa jeuneſſe, Et le couvres par-tout de



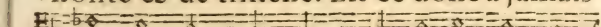
honte & de triſteſſe. Eſt-ce donc à jamais



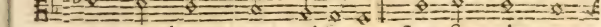
que, cachant ton viſage, Le feu de ton



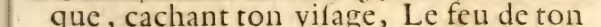
courroux détruit ton héritage ?



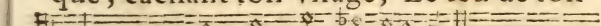
19. Ah! ſouviens-toi plutôt combien nos



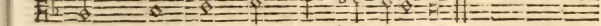
jours ſont courts, Et qu'en vain tu nous



fis, ſi tu ne nous ſecours: Car, où voit-on

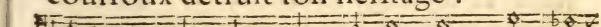


quelqu'un que la mort ne ſurprenne, Et

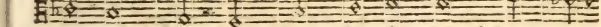


que la forte main du ſepulcre n'entraîne?

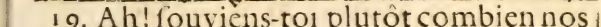
Cette bonté, Seigneur, ſi grande & ſi con-



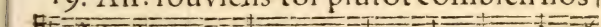
nue, Tant promiſe à David, qu'eſt elle



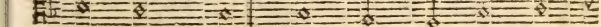
devenue ?



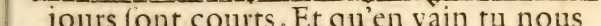
20. Seigneur, daigne penſer aux affronts



qu'on nous fait, Et vois des Nations l'or-



gueil & le forfait. J'en ai le cœur ſerré :



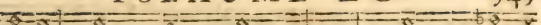
cette race maudite De ton Oint a ſouvent

diffamé la conduite. Béni soit l'Eternel ;
que son Peuple fidèle Célèbre incessam-
ment sa louange immortelle.

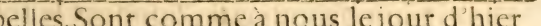
PSEAUME LC.

TU fus toujours, Seigneur, notre
retraite, Notre secours, notre sûre dé-
fense. Avant qu'on vît des hauts monts la
naissance, Et même avant que la terre fût
faite, Tu fus toujours vrai Dieu, comme
tu l'es, Et comme aussi tu dois l'être à
jamais.

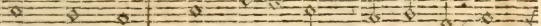
2. D'un mot tu peux nos foibles corps,
dissoudre, En nous disant, créatures mor-
telles, Cessez de vivre, & retournez en
poudre. Mille ans, à toi, qui l'Éternel t'ap-
pelles,



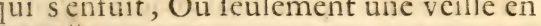
pelles, Sont comme à nous le jour d'hier



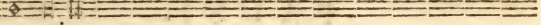
qui s'enfuit, Ou seulement une veille en



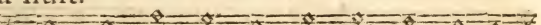
la nuit.



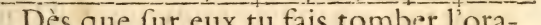
3. Dès que sur eux tu fais tomber l'ora-



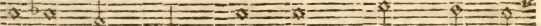
ge, Ils s'en vont tous comme un songe



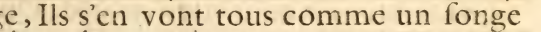
qui passe, Qu'avec le jour un prompt ré-



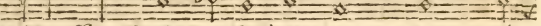
veil efface ; Ou comme aux champs on



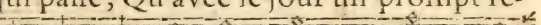
voit un verd herbage, Frais le matin,



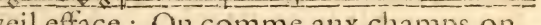
dans sa plus belle fleur, Perdre le soir sa



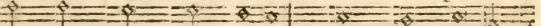
grace & sa couleur.



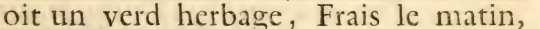
4. Ton jugement nous trouble & nous



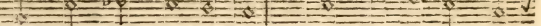
accable, Rien n'est égal à la peine où



nous sommes, Quand tout d'un coup ta

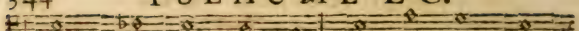


fureur redoutable Met devant toi tous les

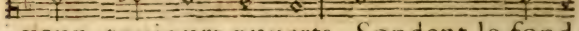


péchés des hommes ; Car tu vois tout ; tes

yeux

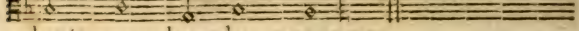


yeux, toujours ouverts, Sondent le fond

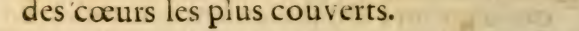


des cœurs les plus couverts.

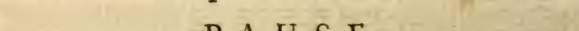
PAUSE.



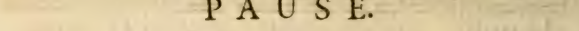
5. Par ton courroux notre course est bor-



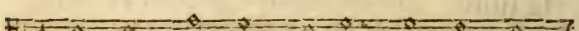
née; Et notre vie aussi vite s'envole, Que



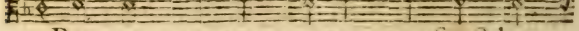
fait en l'air le son de la parole. Des plus



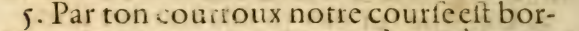
longs jours la suite est terminée A septante



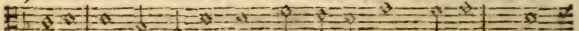
ans, à quatre-vingt en ceux De qui le corps



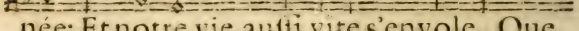
est fort & vigoureux.



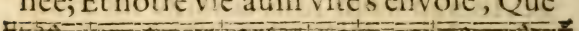
6. Même la fleur de cette vie est telle,



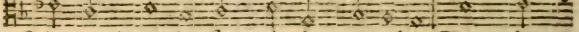
Qu'on n'y reuent que peine & que misè-



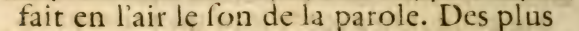
re: Elle s'enfuit, nous fuyons avec elle.



Hélas! qui sait jusqu'où va ta colère? Qui

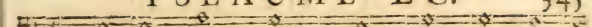


craint assez ce qu'elle nous fait voir De ta

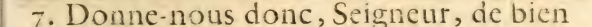


vengeance & de ton grand pouvoir?

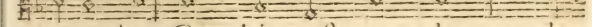
7. Donne-



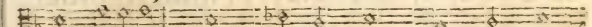
7. Donne-nous donc, Seigneur, de bien



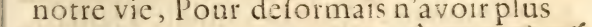
entendre, Combien eſt court le tems de



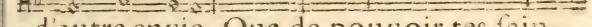
notre vie, Pour déformais n'avoir plus



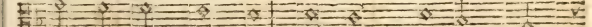
d'autre envie, Que de pouvoir tes ſain-



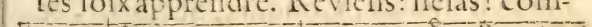
tes loix apprendre. Reviens: hélas! com-



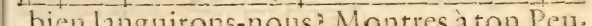
bien languirons-nous? Montres à ton Peu-



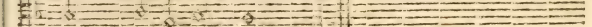
ple un viſage plus doux.



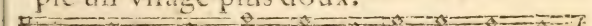
8. Qu'au point du jour ta bonté nous bé-



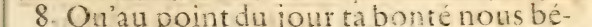
niſſe; Qu'à nos beſoins ſans ceſſe elle



pourvoie; Que notre courſe heureuſe-

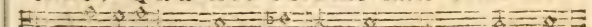


ment finiſſe, Et que les pleurs faſſent place

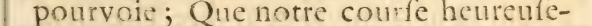


à la joie: Enfin au lieu de nos maux ri-

goureux, Rends nous ta grace, & des

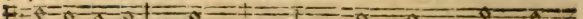


jours plus heureux.



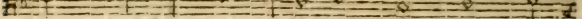
9. Dieu tout-puiſſant, que ton œuvre

éclatante

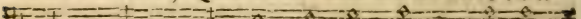


éclatante, De siècle en siècle en nos en-

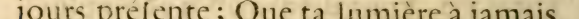
fans reluise; Que ta faveur nous soit tou-



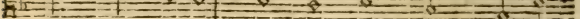
jours présente; Que ta lumière à jamais



nous conduise: Oui, de nous tous, misé-

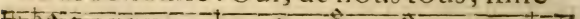


rables humains, Conduis, Seigneur, &

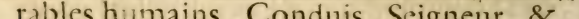


le cœur & les mains.

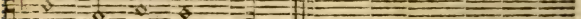
PSEAUME LCI.



QUi, sous la garde du grand Dieu

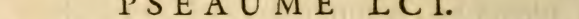


Pour jamais se retire, A son ombre, en un

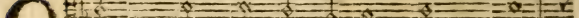


si haut lieu, Assuré se peut dire. Dieu seul

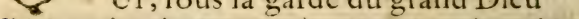
est mon libérateur, Mon espoir, mon



asyle: Sous la main d'un tel protecteur,



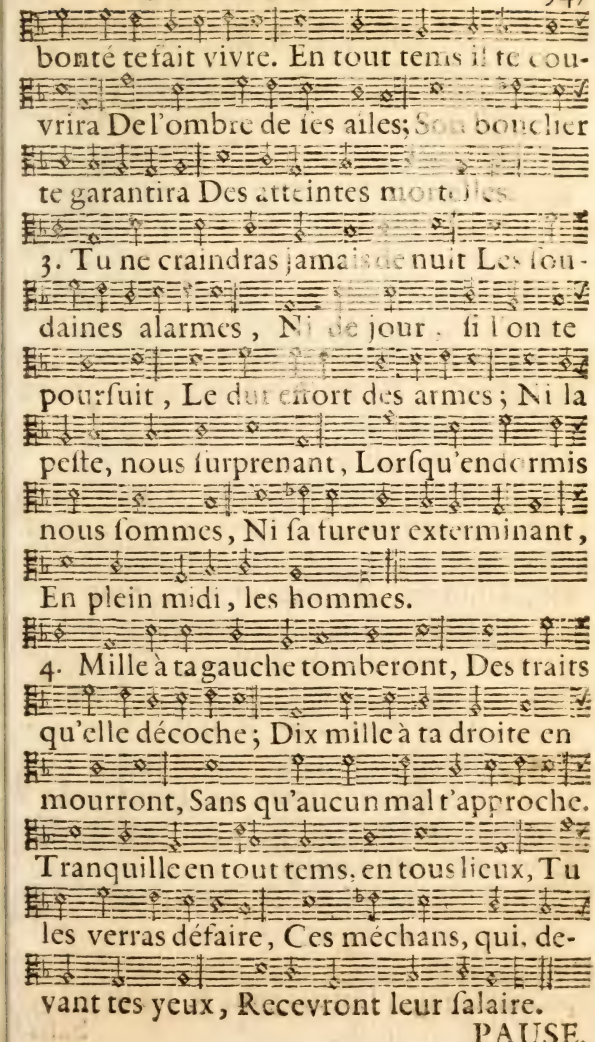
Mon ame, sois tranquille.



2. Des filets du rusé chasseur Son secours

te délivre: Malgré le cruel oppresseur, Sa

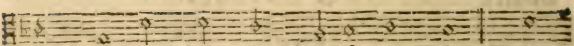
bonté



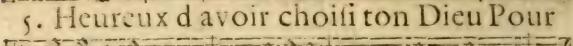
bonté te fait vivre. En tout tems il te cou-
vrira De l'ombre de ſes ailes; Son bouclier
te garantira Des atteintes mortelles.
3. Tu ne craindras jamais de nuit Les ſou-
daines alarmes, Ni de jour, ſi l'on te
pourſuit, Le dur effort des armes; Ni la
peſte, nous ſurprenant, Lorſqu'endormis
nous ſommes, Ni ſa fureur exterminant,
En plein midi, les hommes.
4. Mille à ta gauche tomberont, Des traits
qu'elle décoche; Dix mille à ta droite en
mourront, Sans qu'aucun mal t'approche.
Tranquille en tout tems, en tous lieux, Tu
les verras défaire, Ces méchans, qui, de-
vant tes yeux, Recevront leur ſalaire.

PAUSE.

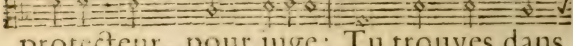
PAUSE.



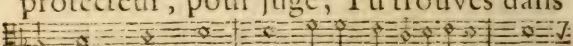
5. Heureux d'avoir choisi ton Dieu Pour



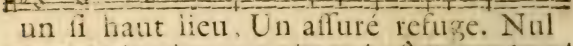
protecteur, pour juge; Tu trouves dans



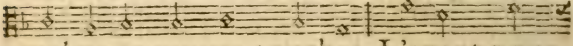
un si haut lieu, Un assuré refuge. Nul



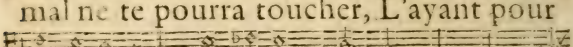
mal ne te pourra toucher, L'ayant pour



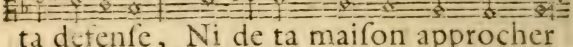
ta defense, Ni de ta maison approcher



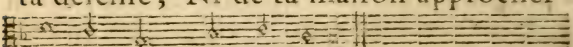
Jamais rien qui t'offense.



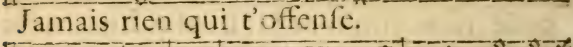
6. Il aura soin de commander Aux Anges,



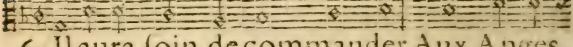
ses Ministres, D'être avec toi, pour te



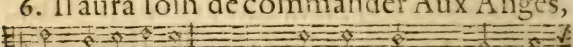
garder D'événemens sinistres. En leurs



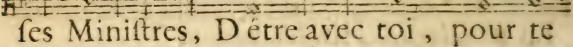
mains ils te porteront, Rendant ta route



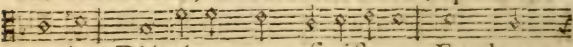
sûre: Tes pieds jamais ne heurteront



Contre la pierre dure.

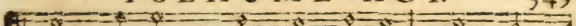


7. Tu pourras fouler les aspics, Les lions

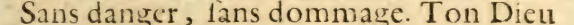


pleins de rage, Les dragons & les basilics,

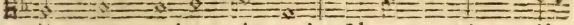
Sans



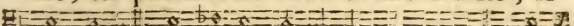
Sans danger, ſans dommage. Ton Dieu



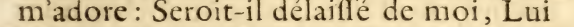
dit, en parlant de toi : Il me craint, il



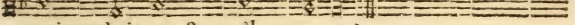
m'adore : Seroit-il délaiſſé de moi, Lui



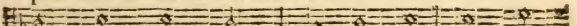
qui m'aime & m'honore ?



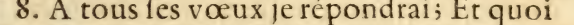
8. A tous ſes vœux je répondrai ; Et quoi



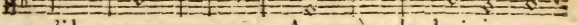
qu'il entreprenne, Auprès de lui je me



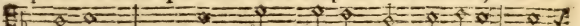
tiendrai, Pour le tirer de peine. A



ſouhait il verra ſes jours, Et proſpérer,

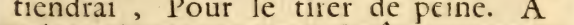


& croître ; Et toujours pour lui mon

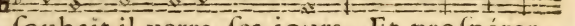


ſecours Sera prêt à paroître.

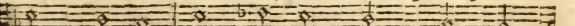
PSEAUME XCII.



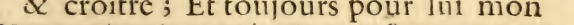
Que l'entrepriſe eſt belle, De te



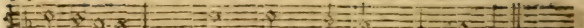
louer, Seigneur ! De chanter ton honneur,



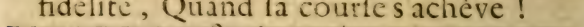
D'un cœur humble & fidèle ! Quand le ſo-



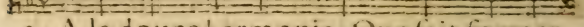
leil ſe lève, D'annoncer ta bonté ; Et ta



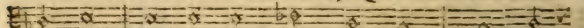
fidélité, Quand ſa courſe s'achève !



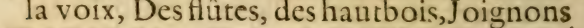
2. A la douce harmonie, Que fait former



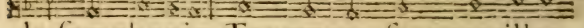
la voix, Des flûtes, des hautbois, Joignons



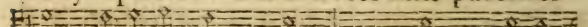
la ſymphonie. Tes œuvres ſans pareilles



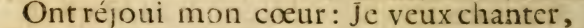
Ont réjoui mon cœur: Je veux chanter,



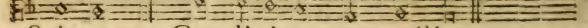
Seigneur, Ces divines merveilles.



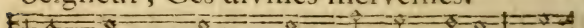
3. Grand Dieu, quelle eſt ta gloire, En



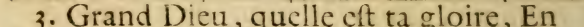
tes moindres projets ! Et que tous tes



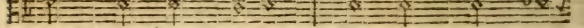
hauts faits Sont dignes de mémoire !



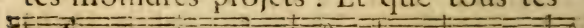
Seulement une choſe Trouble l'homme



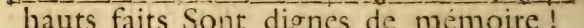
inſenſé : Son cœur en eſt bleſſé, Quand



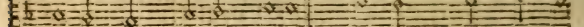
il ſe la propoſe.



4. Les pervers qui fleuriſſent Comme l'her-

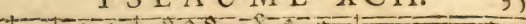


be des champs; Le bonheur des méchans,

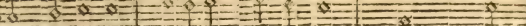


Dont les vœux s'accompliſſent; Leur gloire

peu

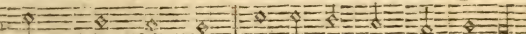


peu durable Périra toutefois. Mais, grand

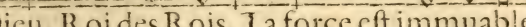


Dieu, Roi des Rois, Ta force eſt immuable.

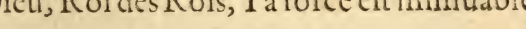
PAUSE.



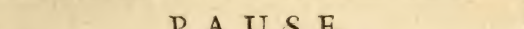
5. De tous tes adverſaires La race périra;



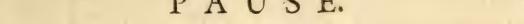
Ton bras diſſipera Ceux qui te ſont con-



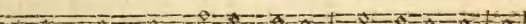
traires. Moi, Seigneur, que ta grace Aura



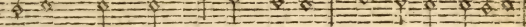
remis de bout, Je marcherai par-tout,



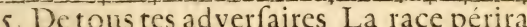
Plein d'une ſainte audace.



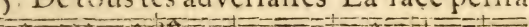
6. Vivant dans l'abondance, Je verrai de



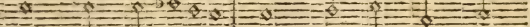
mes yeux, Sur tous mes envieux, Les



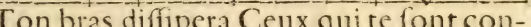
coups de ta vengeance; Et de tous ces ré-



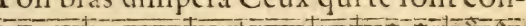
belles Dont l'orgueil tombera, Chaque



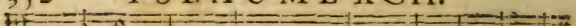
jour m'apprendra D'agréables nouvelles.



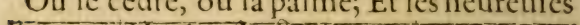
7. Mais dans un heureux calme s'élève



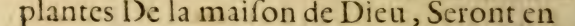
l'homme droit, Tel qu'au Liban l'on voit



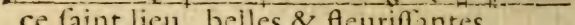
Ou le cedre, ou la palme; Et les heureuſes



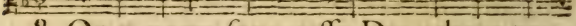
plantes De la maiſon de Dieu, Seront en



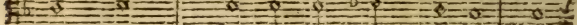
ce ſaint lieu belles & fleuriſſantes.



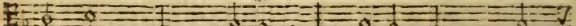
8. On y verra ſans ceſſe Des arbres tou-



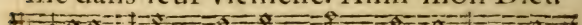
jours verds, Chargés de fruits divers, Mê-



me dans leur vieilleſſe. Ainſi mon Dieu

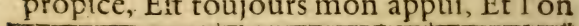


propice, Eſt toujours mon appui, Et l'on

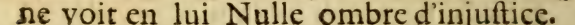


ne voit en lui Nulle ombre d'injuſtice.

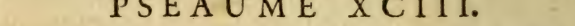
PSEAUME XCIII.



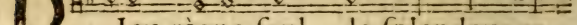
Dieu règne ſeul, de ſplendeur re-



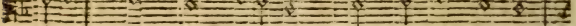
vêtu, Ceint & paré de force & de vertu:



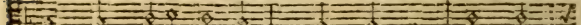
Sa main aſſit la terre fermement, Et rien



n'en peut mouvoir le fondement.

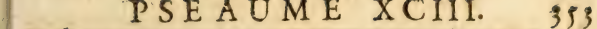


2. Tu fus, ô Dieu, de toute éternité:

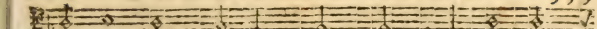


Ton trône eſt ſtable à perpétuité: D'en-haut

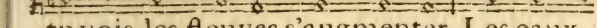
tu



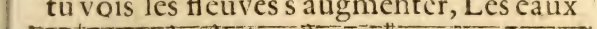
tu vois les fleuves s'augmenter, Les eaux



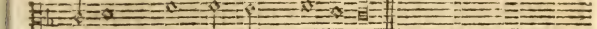
groſſir, les vagues s'irriter.



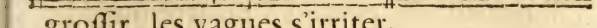
3. Tu vois les flots l'un ſur l'autre entaſ-



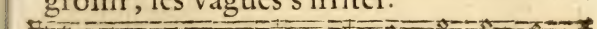
ſés, Comme en fureur, juſqu'au ciel



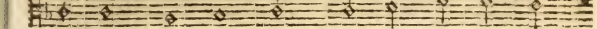
élancés; Mais ton pouvoir réprime leur



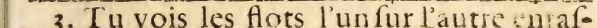
courroux, Ton ſeul regard les rend



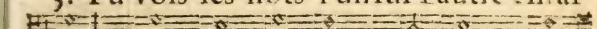
calmes & doux.



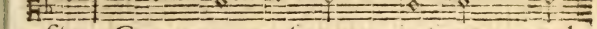
4. Dieu tout-puiſſant, dont les oracles



ſaints furent toujours fidèles & certains,

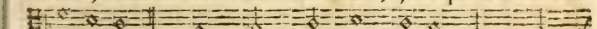


Fais qu'on te craigne, & qu'en toute ſai-

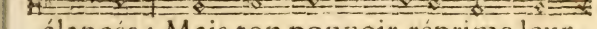


ſon, La ſainteté reluiſe en ta Maiſon.

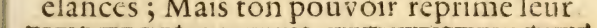
PSEAUME XCIV.



Dieu tout-puiſſant, Dieu des ven

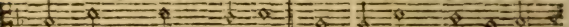


geances, Toi qui ſais punir les offenſes,

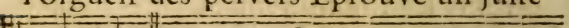


Viens, & te montre hautement; Grand

Dieu, qui juges l'univers, Fais qu'enfin

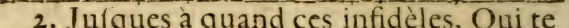


l'orgueil des pervers Eprouve un juſte

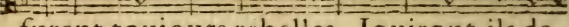


jugement.

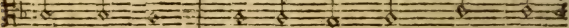
2. Juſques à quand ces infidèles, Qui te



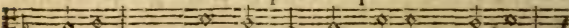
furent toujours rebelles, Jouiront-ils de



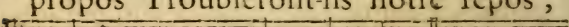
leur bonheur? Juſques à quand leurs fiers



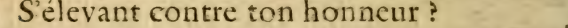
propos Troubleront-ils notre repos,



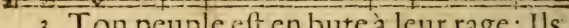
S'élevant contre ton honneur?



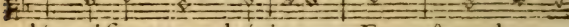
3 Ton peuple eſt en bute à leur rage: Ils



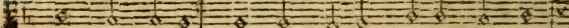
détruiſent ton héritage; Et même leur



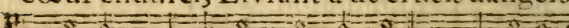
cœur endurci, Livrant à de cruels dangers



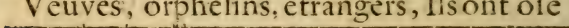
Veuves, orphelins, étrangers, Ils ont oſé



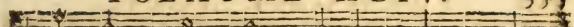
parler ainſi:



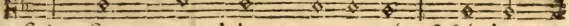
4. L'Éternel n'y peut rien comprendre:



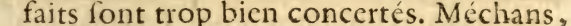
Peut-il nous voir, ou nous entendre? Nos



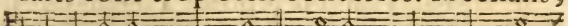
faits ſont trop bien concertés. Méchans,



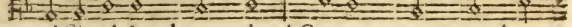
miſérables humains! Serez-vous toujours



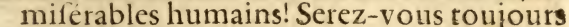
faux & vains, Toujours follement emportés?



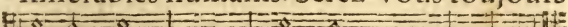
5. Celui qui fit tant de merveilles, Qui



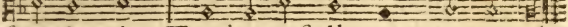
forma les yeux, les oreilles, N'entendra



donc, ni ne verra? Lui qui diſpenſe le ſa-

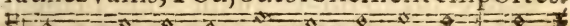


voir, Qui par-tout montre ſon pouvoir,

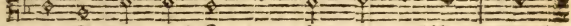


Jamais ne vous reprimera!

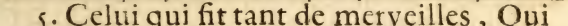
PAUSE.



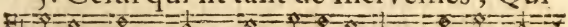
6. Dieu qui connoît ce que nous ſommes,



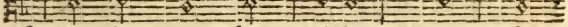
Sait bien que les projets des hommes



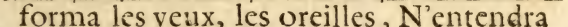
Ne ſont que pure vanité. Heureux, Sei-



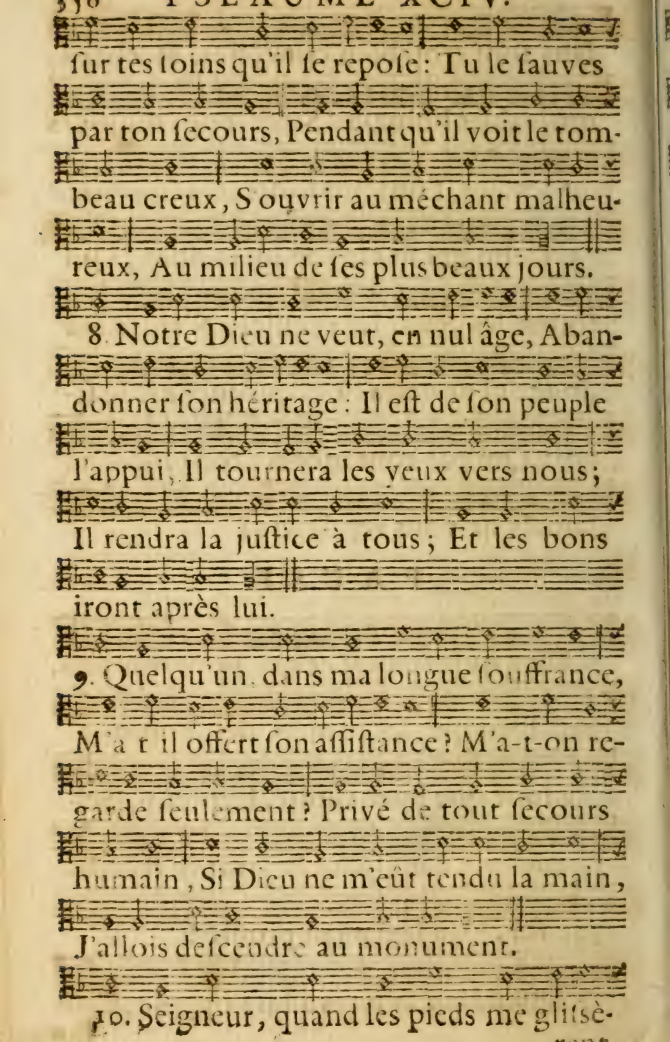
gneur, qui dans ta loi Inſtruit & redreſſé

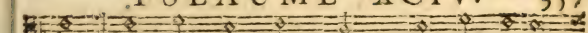


par toi, En a ſagement profité!

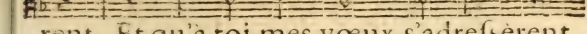


7. Quand le dur tems à lui s'oppoſe, C'eſt

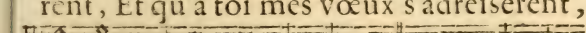

ſur tes ſoins qu'il ſe repoſe: Tu le ſauves
par ton ſecours, Pendant qu'il voit le tom-
beau creux, S'ouvrir au méchant malheu-
reux, Au milieu de ſes plus beaux jours.
8. Notre Dieu ne veut, en nul âge, Aban-
donner ſon héritage: Il eſt de ſon peuple
l'appui, Il tournera les yeux vers nous;
Il rendra la juſtice à tous; Et les bons
iront après lui.
9. Quelqu'un dans ma longue ſouffrance,
M'a-t-il offert ſon aſſiſtance? M'a-t-on re-
garde ſeulement? Privé de tout ſecours
humain, Si Dieu ne m'eût tendu la main,
J'allois deſcendre au monument.
10. Seigneur, quand les pieds me gliſsè-
rent,



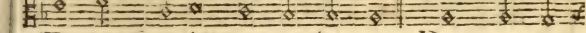
rent, Et qu'à toi mes vœux s'adreſsérent,



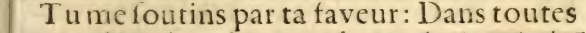
Tu me ſoutins par ta faveur: Dans toutes



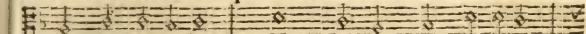
mes afflictions, Tes douces conſolations



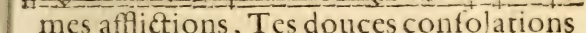
ont Toujours réjoui mon cœur.



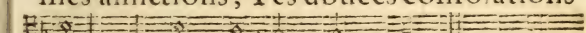
11. Car auſſi, comment ta juſtice Soutien-



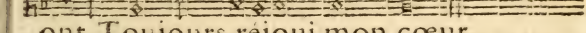
droit-elle la malice, Qui ne ſe plaît qu'à



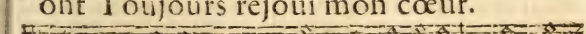
faire tort? Ces pervers qui ne craignent



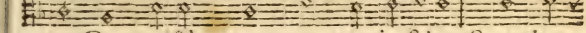
rien, Font mille maux aux gens de bien,



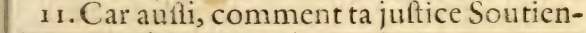
Et mettent l'innocent à mort.



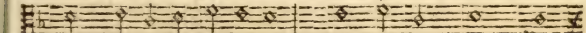
12. Mais le Dieu fort, ce juſte Juge, Eſt



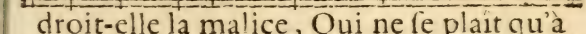
mon rocher, eſt mon refuge: Il punira tous



leurs forfaits; L'Eternel les accablera; Son

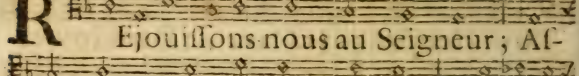


bras vengeur les détruira, Par les maux

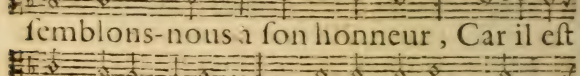


mêmes qu'ils ont faits.

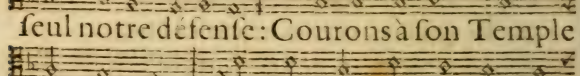
PSEAUME XCV.



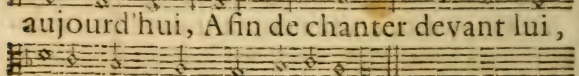
Rejouissons-nous au Seigneur; Assemblons-nous à son honneur, Car il est



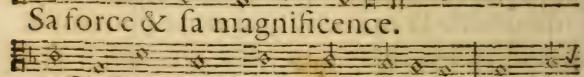
seul notre défense: Courons à son Temple



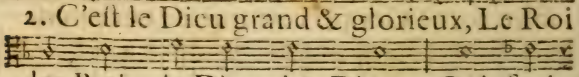
aujourd'hui, Afin de chanter devant lui,



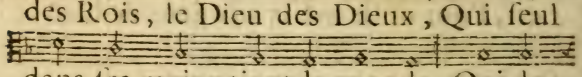
Sa force & sa magnificence.



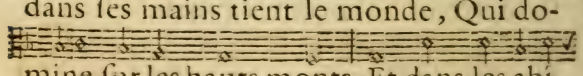
2. C'est le Dieu grand & glorieux, Le Roi



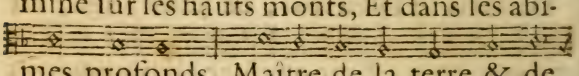
des Rois, le Dieu des Dieux, Qui seul



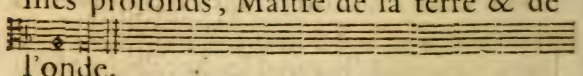
dans ses mains tient le monde, Qui do-



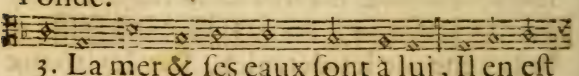
mine sur les hauts monts, Et dans les abi-



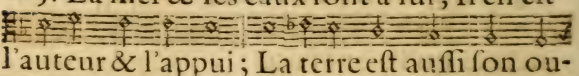
mes profonds, Maître de la terre & de



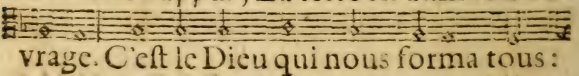
l'onde.



3. La mer & ses eaux sont à lui, Il en est

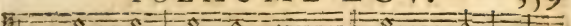


l'auteur & l'appui; La terre est aussi son ou-

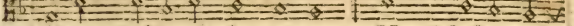


vrage. C'est le Dieu qui nous forma tous:

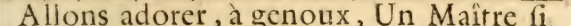
Allons



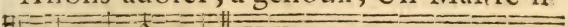
Allons adorer, à genoux, Un Maître si



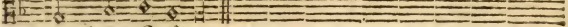
grand & si sage.



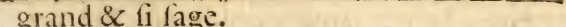
4. Il est notre Dieu tout-puissant : Nous,



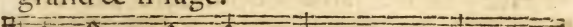
son troupeau, qu'on voit paissant Sous sa



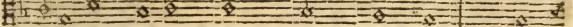
main, qui nous est propice. Aujourd'hui



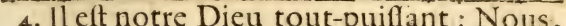
qu'on entend ta voix, Prenez-garde au



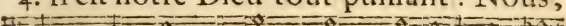
mois cette fois, Que votre cœur ne s'en-



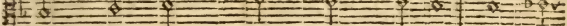
durcisse.



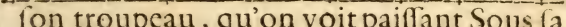
5. Autrefois vos pères pervers Se muti-



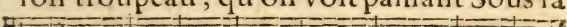
nant dans les déserts, Contre Dieu même



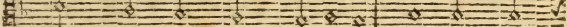
s'élevèrent: C'est là, dit-il, qu'ils m'ont



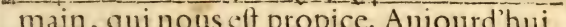
tenté, Quand, malgré leur légèreté, Cent



fois ma grâce ils éprouvèrent.



6. Durant quarante ans, en effet, Cette



race indigne n'a fait Que m'offenser par

mille

mille outrages : Leur cœur ingrat s'eſt

égaré, Et n'a jamais conſidére Ma vo-

lonté, ni mes ouvrages.

7. Enfin de ma gloire jaloux, Et pouſſé

d'un juſte courroux, J'ai cette parole ju-

rée: Que jamais ce peuple endurci, Puiſ-

qu'il me réſiſtoit ainſi, Dans mon repos

n'auroit entrée.

PSEAUME XCVI.

CHantez à Dieu, peuple fidèle; Chan-

tez-lui, terre univerſelle, Béniſſez-le de

jour en jour: Que chacun chante, tour à-

tour, L'œuvre de ſa main immortelle.

2. Célébrons ſans ceſſe ſa gloire, Et ſes

faits dignes de mémoire; C'eſt l'Eternel:

peut-on

peut-on douter Qu'il ne ſoit plus à re-

douter Que des Dieux de bois & d'ivoire?

3. Ces Dieux, à qui le monde encenſe,

ſont des idoles ſans puiſſance: Mais

l'Eternel a fait les cieux; Il voit marcher

devant ſes yeux La pompe & la magni-

ficence.

4. Sa grandeur dans ſa Maiſon ſainte,

Se montre vivement empreinte. Mortels,

qui voulez être heureux, Venez, & lui

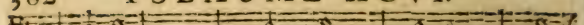
rendez vos vœux, Avec amour, reſpect

& crainte.

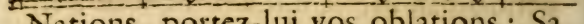
PAUSE.

5. Célébrez ſa gloire immortelle; Louez

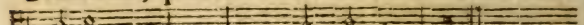
ſa puiſſance éternelle: Entrez au Temple,



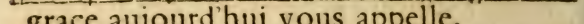
Nations, portez-lui vos oblations : Sa



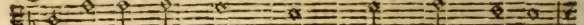
grace aujourd'hui vous appelle.



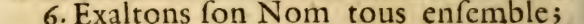
6. Exaltons ſon Nom tous enſemble;



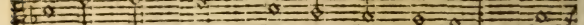
Et que le monde entier s'aſſemble : Qu'on



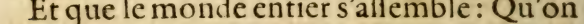
s'humilie en ce ſaint lieu, Pour rendre



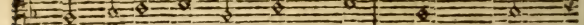
hommage à ce grand Dieu. Que devant



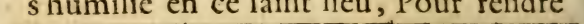
lui la terre tremble.



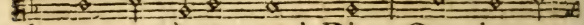
7. Peuples, faites que ſa puiſſance Trouve



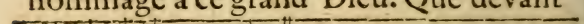
une prompte obéiſſance : C'eſt lui qui



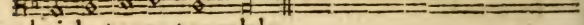
ſoutient l'univers; Et ſon bras, des crimes



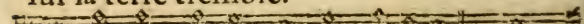
divers, Va faire une juſte vengeance.



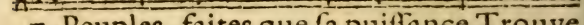
8. Qu'on voie enfin, ſous ſon empire,



Les cieux chanter, la terre rire; Tonner

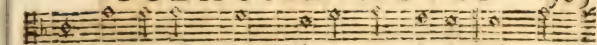


l'Océan écumeux; Les champs, les forêts,

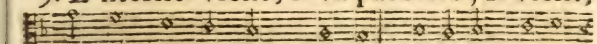


avec eux, Ses louanges dire, & redire.

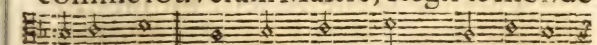
9. L'Eternel



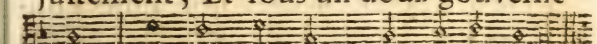
9. L'Eternel vient, il va paroître; Il vient,



comme ſouverain Maître, Régir le monde

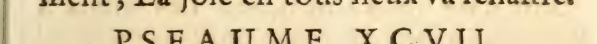


juſtement; Et ſous un doux gouverne-

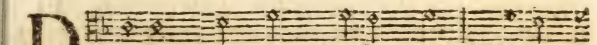


ment, La joie en tous lieux va renaître.

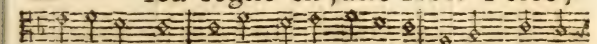
PSEAUME XCVII.



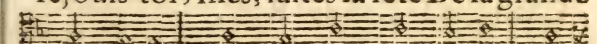
Dieu règne en juſte Roi: Terre,



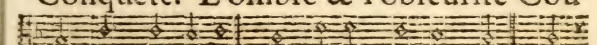
réjouis-toi; Iſles, faites la fête De ſa grande



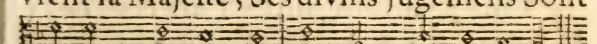
Conquête. L'ombre & l'obſcurité Cou-



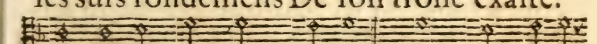
vrent ſa Majeſté; Ses divins jugemens Sont



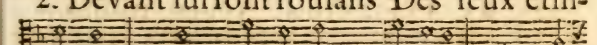
les sûrs fondemens De ſon trône exalté.



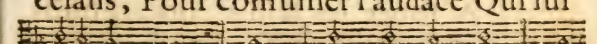
2. Devant lui ſont roulans Des feux étin-



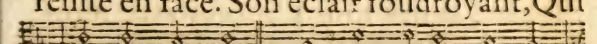
celans, Pour conſumer l'audace Qui lui



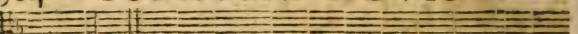
réſiſte en face. Son éclair foudroyant, Qui



vole flamboyant, Fend le vuide des airs,

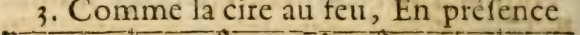


Et la terre & les mers Tremblent en le

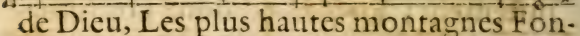


voyant.

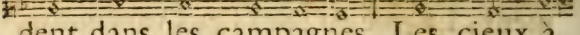
3. Comme la cire au feu, En presence



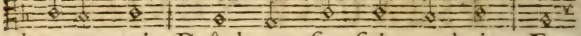
de Dieu, Les plus hautes montagnes Fon-



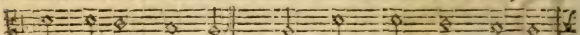
dent dans les campagnes. Les cieux à



haute voix Prêchent ses saintes loix, Et

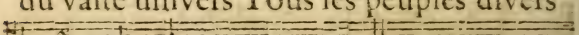


du vaste univers Tous les peuples divers

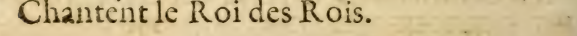


Chantent le Roi des Rois.

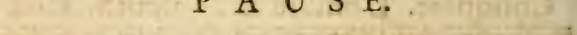
PAUSE.



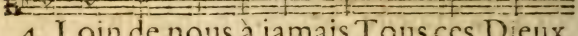
4. Loin de nous à jamais Tous ces Dieux



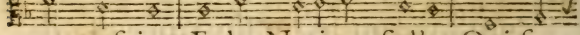
contrefaits, Et les Nations folles Qui ser-



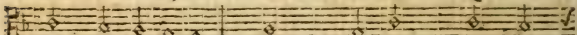
vent les idoles. Vous, Anges, toujours



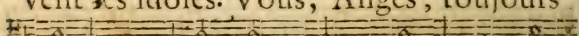
prêts A louer ses hauts faits, Esprits



saints, venez tous L'adorer avec nous,

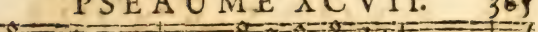


Le bénir à jamais.

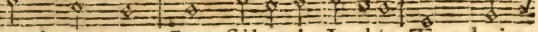


5. Sion chante, Seigneur, Un hymne à

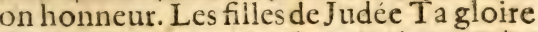
ton



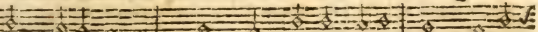
ton honneur. Les filles de Judée Ta gloire



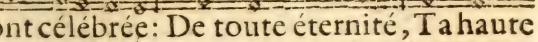
ont célébrée: De toute éternité, Ta haute



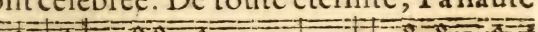
Majesté S'élève sur les cieux; Et là, sur tous



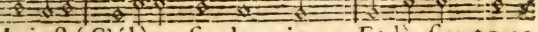
les Dieux, Tu te vois exalté.



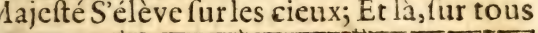
6. Vous donc qui servez Dieu, En tout



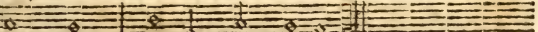
tems, en tout lieu, Travaillez à lui plaire;



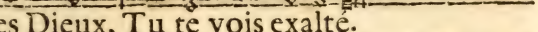
Gardez-vous de mal faire: Il protége ses



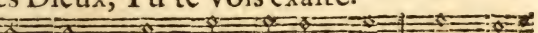
Saints; Leur vie est dans ses mains: Si



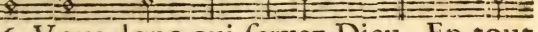
l'on veut les frapper, Il saura dissiper Ces



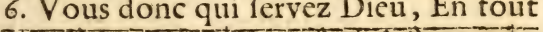
funestes desseins.



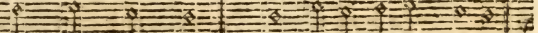
7. Dieu, sur les hommes droits Qui pra-



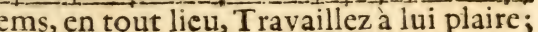
tiquent ses loix, Fait lever sa lumière: Il



rend leur joie entière. Vous donc, son



peuple heureux, Rallumez vos saints feux;



Célébrez du Seigneur La force & la gran-

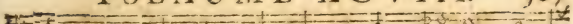
deur, Et lui rendez vos vœux.

PSEAUME XCVIII.

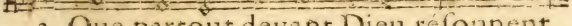
PEuples, chantez un saint cantique A l'honneur du grand Dieu des cieux, Qui, par sa force magnifique, Est demeuré victorieux: Son grand pouvoir s'est fait connoitre, Quand sa main nous a garantis; Sa justice a daigné paroître Pour nous, au milieu des Gentils.

2. Dieu, de sa bonté secourable, A bien voulu se souvenir: Selon sa promesse immuable, Il veut son peuple maintenir. Le salut que Dieu nous envoie, Jusqu'au bout du monde s'est vu: Que donc d'allégresse & de joie, l'univers entier soit ému.

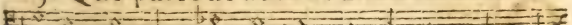
3. Que



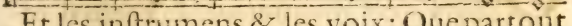
3. Que partout devant Dieu réſonnent



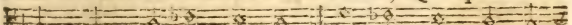
Et les inſtrumens & les voix; Que partout



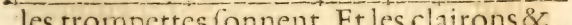
les trompettes ſonnent, Et les clairons &



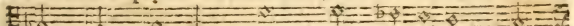
les hautbois. Qu'en ſa préſence glo-



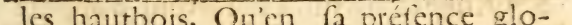
rieuſe, Tout pouſſe des tons éclatans;



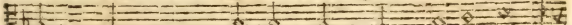
La mer bruyante & furieuſe, La terre &



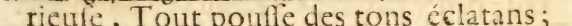
tous ſes habitans.



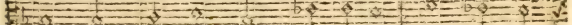
4. Que, devant Dieu, les fleuves mêmes



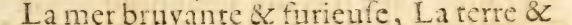
Battent des mains, de joie épris; Et que,



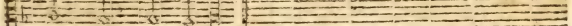
par des tranſports extrêmes, Les monts



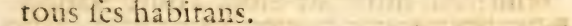
faſſent ouïr leurs cris; Car Dieu vient



gouverner le monde, Selon le droit &

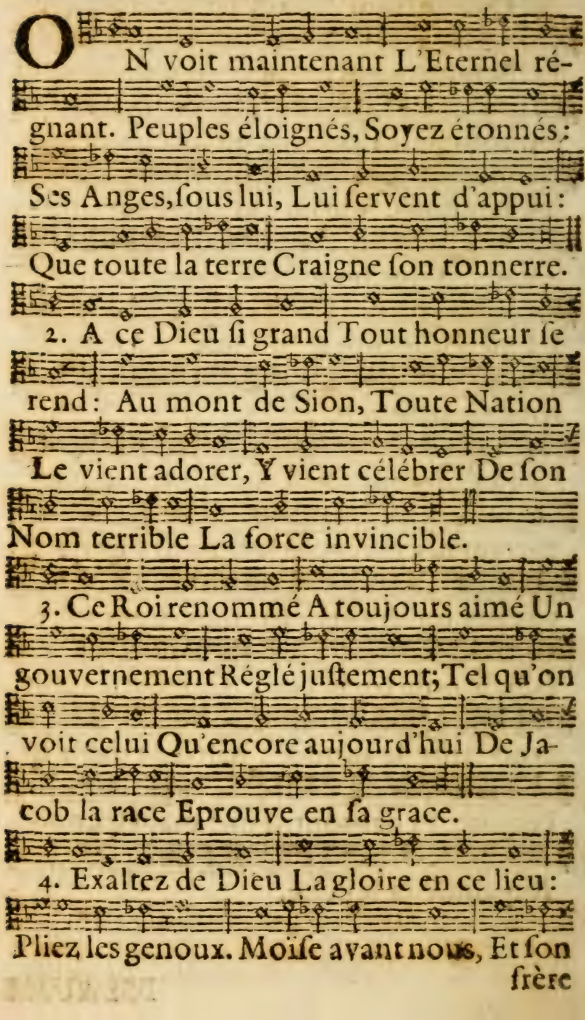


l'équité, Et par-tout, d'une main féconde,

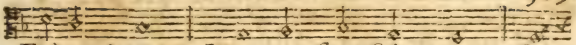


Répandre la félicité.

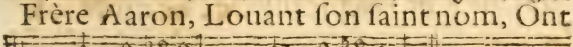
PSEAUME XCIX.



frère

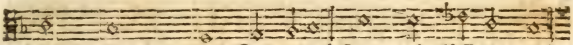


Frère Aaron, Louant ſon ſaint nom, Ont

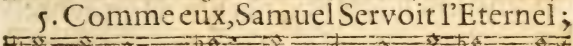


fait le ſervice De ſon ſacrifice.

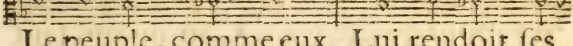
PAUSE.



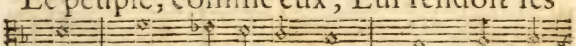
5. Comme eux, Samuel Servoit l'Eternel;



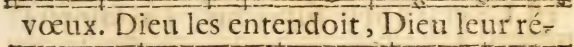
Le peuple, comme eux, Lui rendoit ſes



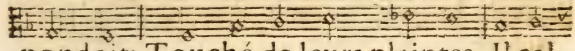
vœux. Dieu les entendoit, Dieu leur ré-



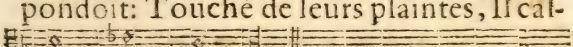
pondoit: Touché de leurs plaintes, Il cal-



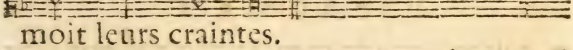
moit leurs craintes.



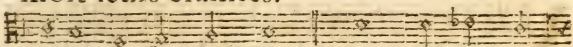
6. Il parla des cieux, Montrant à leurs



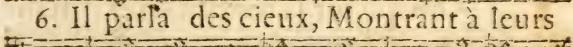
yeux, Au jour le plus clair, Sa colonne



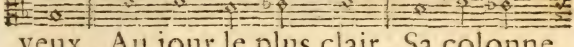
en l'air. Eux, de leur côté, Avec piété,



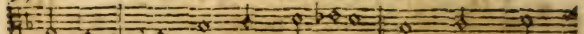
Suivoient l'ordonnance De ſon alliance.



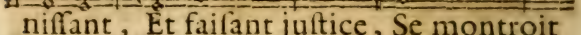
7. Grand Dieu, ton ſecours Etoit leur re-



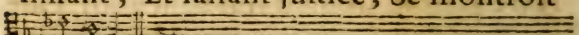
cours: Tu les exauçois, Tu les conduiſois; Et ton bras puiſſant, Même en puniſſant,



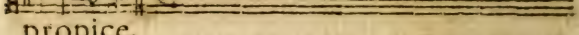
niſſant, Et faiſant juſtice, Se montroit



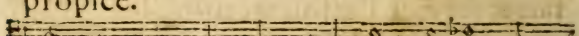
propice.



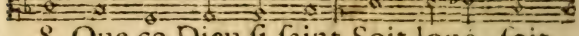
8. Que ce Dieu ſi ſaint Soit loué, ſoit



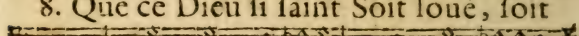
craint; Qu'il ſoit révéré, Qu'il ſoit adoré



Au mont qui lui plaît. C'eſt lui qui ſeul

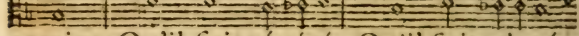


eſt Le vrai Dieu ſuprême, La ſainteté

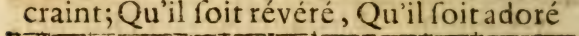


même.

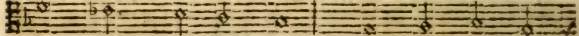
PSEAUME C.



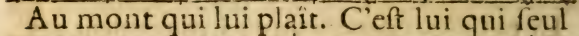
VOus qui ſur la terre habitez, Chan-



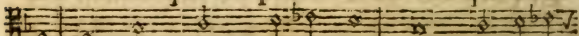
tez à haute voix, chantez; Réjouiſſez



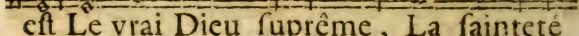
vous au Seigneur, Par un ſaint hymne



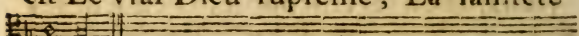
à ſon honneur.



2. Sachez qu'il eſt le Souverain, Qui, ſans



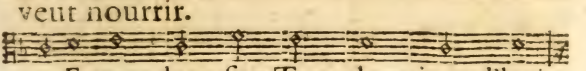
nous, nous fit de ſa main; Nous, le peu-



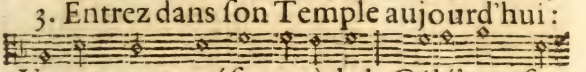
ple qu'il veut chérir, Et le troupeau qu'il

veut

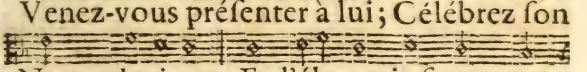
veut nourrir.



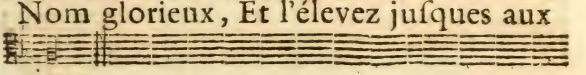
3. Entrez dans ſon Temple aujourd'hui :



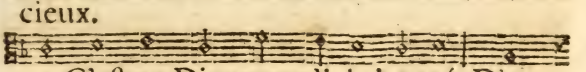
Venez-vous préſenter à lui ; Célébrez ſon



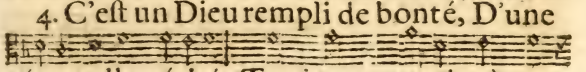
Nom glorieux, Et l'élevez juſques aux



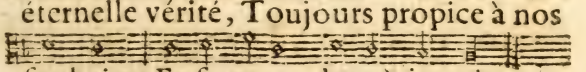
cieux.



4. C'eſt un Dieu rempli de bonté, D'une

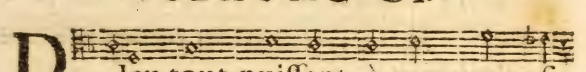


éternelle vérité, Toujours propice à nos

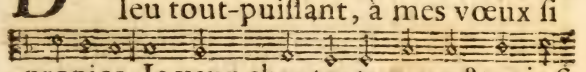


ſouhaits ; Et ſa grace dure à jamais.

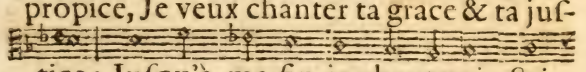
PSEAUME CI.



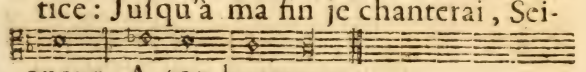
Dieu tout-puiſſant, à mes vœux ſi



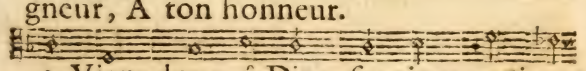
propice, Je veux chanter ta grace & ta juſ-



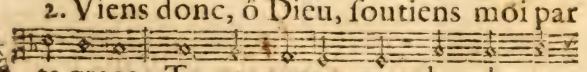
tice : Juſqu'à ma fin je chanterai, Sei-



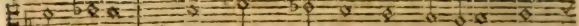
gneur, A ton honneur.



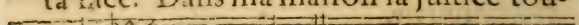
2. Viens donc, ô Dieu, ſoutiens moi par



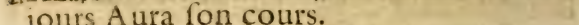
ta grace : Tu me verras marcher devant



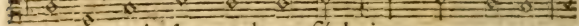
ta face. Dans ma maiſon la juſtice tou-



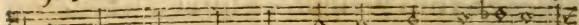
jours Aura ſon cours.



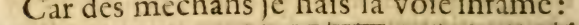
3. Jamais le mal ne ſéduira mon ame;



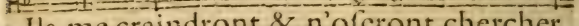
Car des méchans je hais la voie infâme:



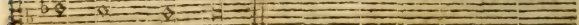
Ils me craindront & n'oſeront chercher



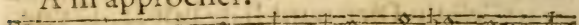
A m'approcher.



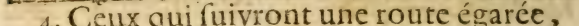
4. Ceux qui ſuivront une route égarée,



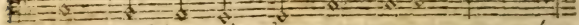
Chez moi jamais n'auront aucune entrée:



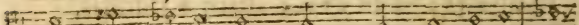
L'on n'y verra nul d'entr'eux écouté, Ni



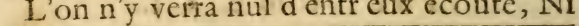
ſupporté.



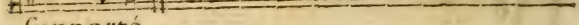
5. Je détruirai ceux dont la médiſance



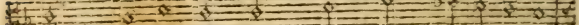
Fait en ſecret la guerre à l'innocence; Et



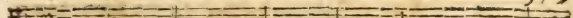
je ſaurai bannir loin de mes yeux Les or-



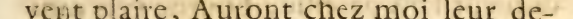
gueilleux.



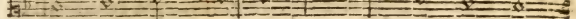
6. Les gens de bien, qui ſeuls me peu-



vent plaire, Auront chez moi leur de-



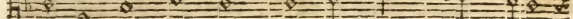
meure ordinaire; Et qui toujours le droit



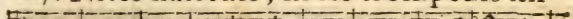
chemin tiendra, Me servira.

7. Ni les flatteurs, ni les trompeurs ini-

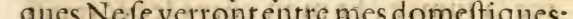
ques Ne se verront entre mes domestiques;



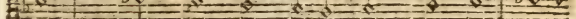
Et les menteurs ne recevront jamais De



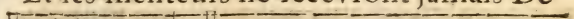
mes bienfaits.



8. Du pays saint j'ôterai de bonne heure



Tous les méchans, sans qu'un seul y de-



meure: Mes soins, Seigneur, purgeront

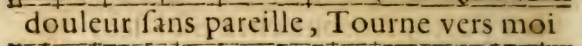
ta Cité D'iniquité.

PSEAUME CII.

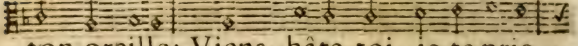
SEigneur, entends ma prière, Par ta

bonté singulière; Et quand ma voix monte

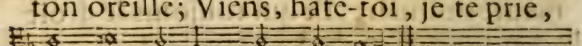
à toi, Ne t'éloigne pas de moi: Dans ma



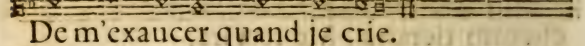
douleur ſans pareille, Tourne vers moi



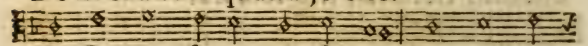
ton oreille; Viens, hâte-toi, je te prie,



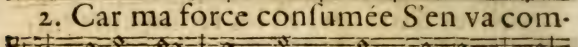
De m'exaucer quand je crie.



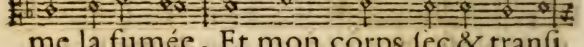
2. Car ma force conſumée S'en va com-



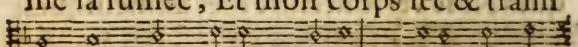
me la fumée, Et mon corps ſec & tranſi



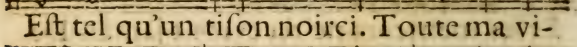
Eſt tel qu'un tiſon noirci. Toute ma vi-



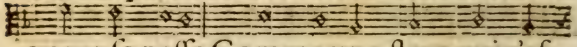
gueur ſe paſſe Comme une fleur qui s'ef-



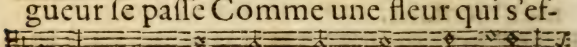
face: Dans les tourmens que j'endure,



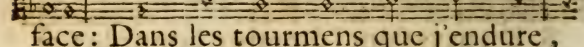
J'abhorre la nourriture.



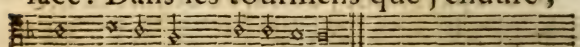
3. Ma peau flétrie & ſéchée, A mes os



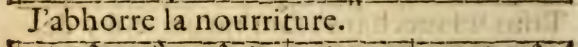
eſt attachée; Et toujours prêt d'expirer,



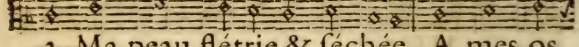
Je ne fais que ſoupirer. Tel qu'un hibou



ſolitaire, Je fuis le jour qui m'éclaire: Je

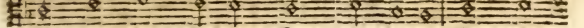


reſſemble à la chouette, Qui fait au bois

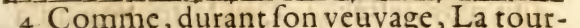


ſa retraite.

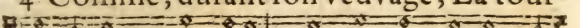
4. Comme



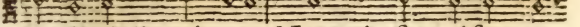
4 Comme, durant ſon veuvage, La tour-



terelle à l'ombrage Nourrit ſes triſtes en-

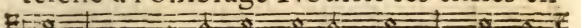


nuis, Seul je paſſe ainſi les nuits. Chacun



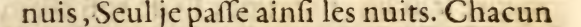
s'empreſſe à me nuire; Tous cherchent à

me détruire; Leurs cœurs contre moi s'u-

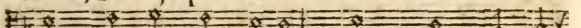


niſſent, Et leurs langues me maudiſſent.

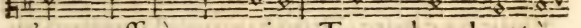
PAUSE.



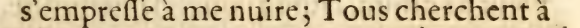
5. Hélas! on ne me voit prendre D'autre



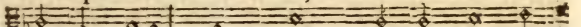
aliment que la cendre; Et je fais, dans



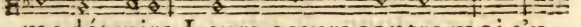
mes douleurs, Mon breuvage de mes



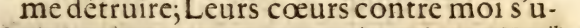
pleurs. O Dieu, c'eſt dans ta colère, Que



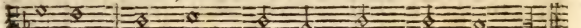
ta juſtice ſévère, Du faîte de la puiſſance,



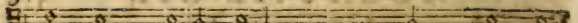
M'a plongé dans la ſouffrance.



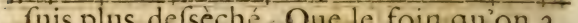
6. Mes jours paſſent comme une ombre,



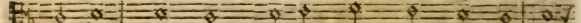
Qui ſe perd dans la nuit ſombre; Et je



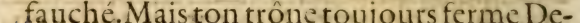
suis plus desséché, Que le foin qu'on a



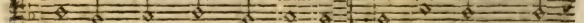
fauché. Mais ton trône toujours ferme De-



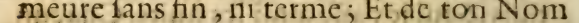
meure sans fin, ni terme; Et de ton Nom



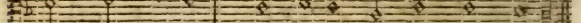
plein de gloire, Dure à jamais la mémoire.



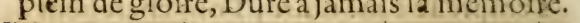
7. Viens donc, & sans plus attendre,



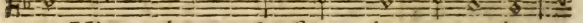
Hâte-toi de nous défendre; Aye, ô Dieu,



compassion De ta fidelle Sion. Elle attend

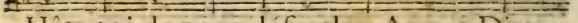


de ta clémence Une prompte délivrance:

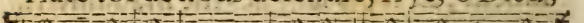


Le tems assigné te presse De dégager ta

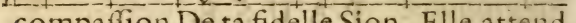
promesse.



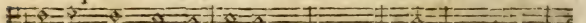
8. Ton peuple, en ses maux extrêmes,



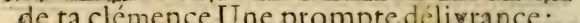
En aime les pierres mêmes; Sa ruine &



ses malheurs Lui font répandre des pleurs.

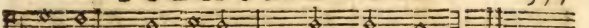


Les Nations alarmées Craindront le Dieu

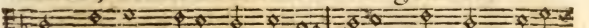


des armées; Les Rois, malgré leur puis-

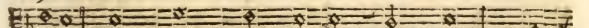
sance,



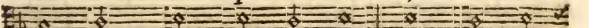
sance, Redouteront sa vengeance.



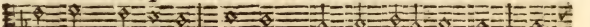
9. Car sa Cité démolie Sera bientôt réta-



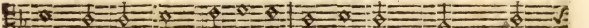
blie: Son Dieu, qui l'aime toujours, Vient



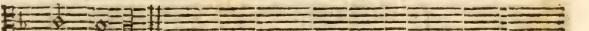
des cieux pour son secours: Ses yeux ont



vu les misères De ces tristes solitaires; Et

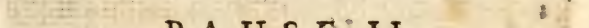


son oreille attentive Ecoute leur voix

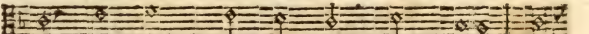


plaintive.

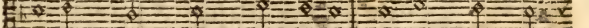
PAUSE II.



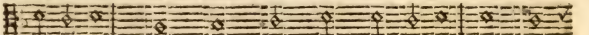
10. Ses hauts faits, si pleins de gloire, Se



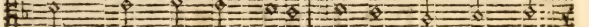
liront dans notre histoire: Jamais les tems



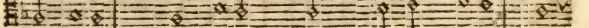
à venir N'en perdront le souvenir. Le nou-



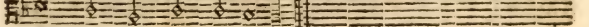
veau peuple avec joie, Suivant du Seigneur



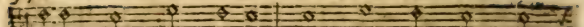
la voie, Chantera, plein d'allégresse, Et



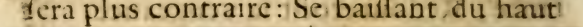
sa force & sa sagesse.



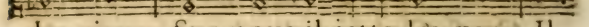
11. Car Dieu, de son Sanctuaire, Ne nous



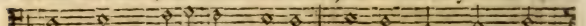
ſera plus contraire: Se baiſſant du haut



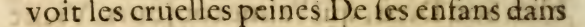
des cieux, Sur nous il jette les yeux. Il



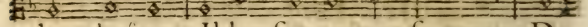
voit les cruelles peines De ſes enfans dans



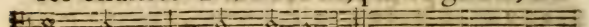
les chaînes: Il les ſauve, par ſa grace, De



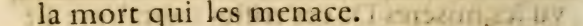
la mort qui les menace.



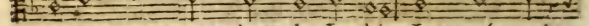
12. Il veut que, dans la Judée, La mémoire



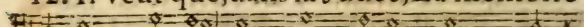
en ſoit gardée, Et qu'en Sion ſoient chan-



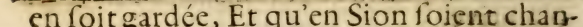
tés Les doux fruits de ſes bontés. Là, les



Nations mêlées Par lui ſeront aſſemblées:

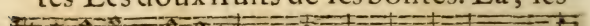


Les plus grands, ſans réſiſtance, Lui ren-

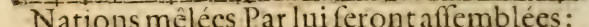


dront obéiſſance.

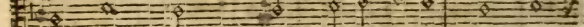
PAUSE III.



13. Ma force étoit abattue; Et la douleur

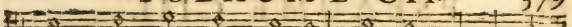


qui me tue, Abrégeant mes triſtes jours,

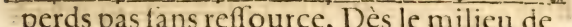


J'ai dit, ô Dieu, mon ſecours, Ne me

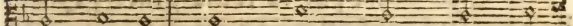
perds



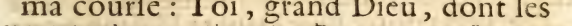
perds pas ſans reſſource, Dès le milieu de



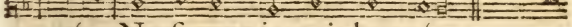
ma courſe : Toi, grand Dieu, dont les



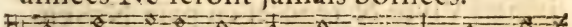
années Ne ſeront jamais bornées.



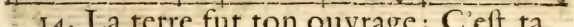
14. La terre fut ton ouvrage ; C'eſt ta



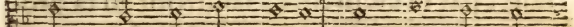
main puiſſante & ſage, Qui ſçut les cieux



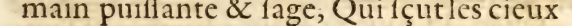
compaſſer ; Et tout cela doit paſſer. Du



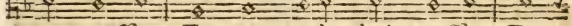
ſiége où tu te repoſes, Tu vois vieillir



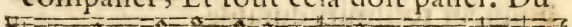
toutes choſes, Et ſe conſumer par l'âge,



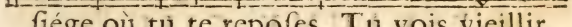
Comme un habit par l'uſage.



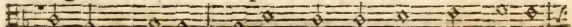
15. Comme une robe qui change Avec le



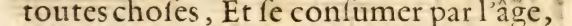
tems qui la mange, Terre & cieux, tout



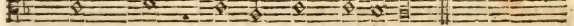
changera ; Leur éclat diſparoîtra : Mais ta



Majeſté ſuprême Demeure toujours la

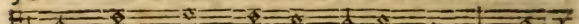


même ; Et ta conſtante durée Eſt pour

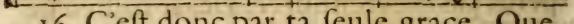


jamais aſſurée.

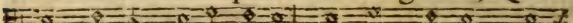
16. C'eſt



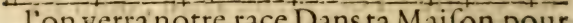
16. C'eſt donc par ta ſeule grace, Que



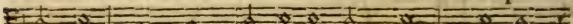
l'on verra notre race Dans ta Maiſon pour



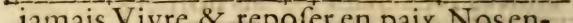
jamais Vivre & repoſer en paix. Nos en-



fans, par ta clémence, Jouiront en ta pré-

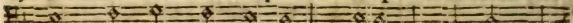


ſence, Et ſous ta main adorable, D'un

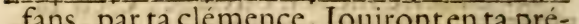


bonheur toujours durable.

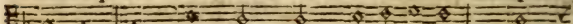
PSEAUME CIII.



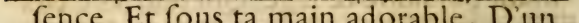
Beniſſons Dieu, mon ame, en toute



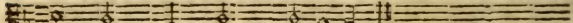
choſe, Lui ſur qui ſeul ton eſpoir ſe re-



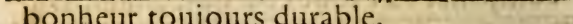
poſe: Chantons ſon Nom, ſans nous laſſer



jamais, Que tout en moi célèbre ſa puiſ-

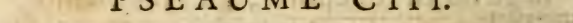


ſance; Surtout, mon ame, exalte ſa clé-



mence, Et compte ici tous les biens qu'il

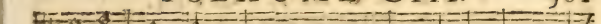
t'a faits.



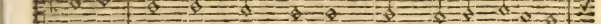
2. C'eſt ce grand Dieu, qui, par ſa pure

grace,

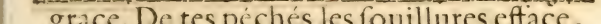
grace, De tes péchés les souillures efface,



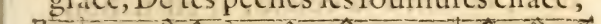
Qui te guérit de toute infirmité. Du tom-



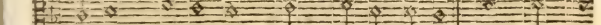
beau même il retire ta vie, Et rend tes



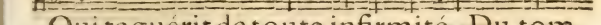
jours heureux, malgré l'envie, T'environ-



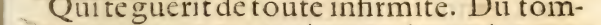
nant par-tout de sa bonté.



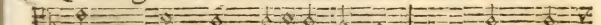
3. C'est ce grand Dieu, dont la riche lar-



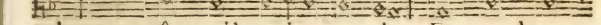
gesse Te rassasie, & fait qu'en ta vieillesse,



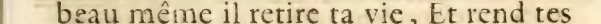
Ainsi qu'une aigle, on te voit rajeunir.



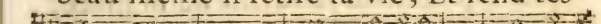
Aux opprimés il est doux & propice; Et



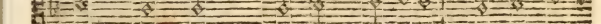
tous les jours sa suprême justice Montre



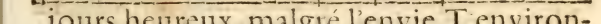
qu'il sait & sauver & punir.



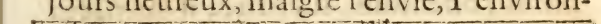
4. Jadis Moïse, avec crainte, avec joie,



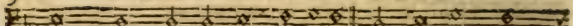
Vit du Seigneur la merveilleuse voie: Tout



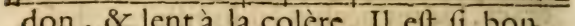
Israël vit aussi ses hauts faits. Toujours clé-



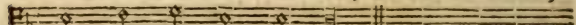
ment, & rarement sévère, Prompt au par-



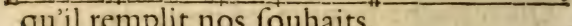
don, & lent à la colère, Il eſt ſi bon,



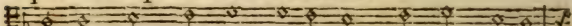
qu'il remplit nos ſouhaits.



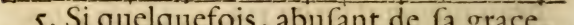
5. Si quelquefois, abuſant de ſa grace,



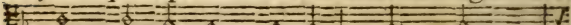
Nous l'offenſons, il s'irrite, il menace:



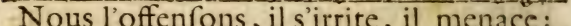
Mais ſa rigueur ne dure pas toujours; Il



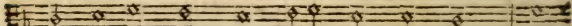
nous épargne, & ſa juſte vengeance N'é-



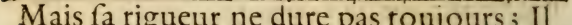
gale pas les peines à l'offenſe, Car ſa bon-



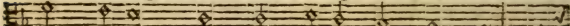
té vient à notre ſecours.



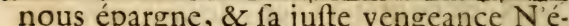
6. A qui le craint, à qui pleure ſa faute,



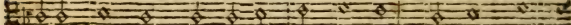
Cette bonté ſe fait voir auſſi haute Que



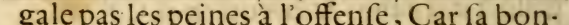
ſur la terre il éleva les cieux; Et comme



eſt loin le couchant de l'aurore, Ce Dieu



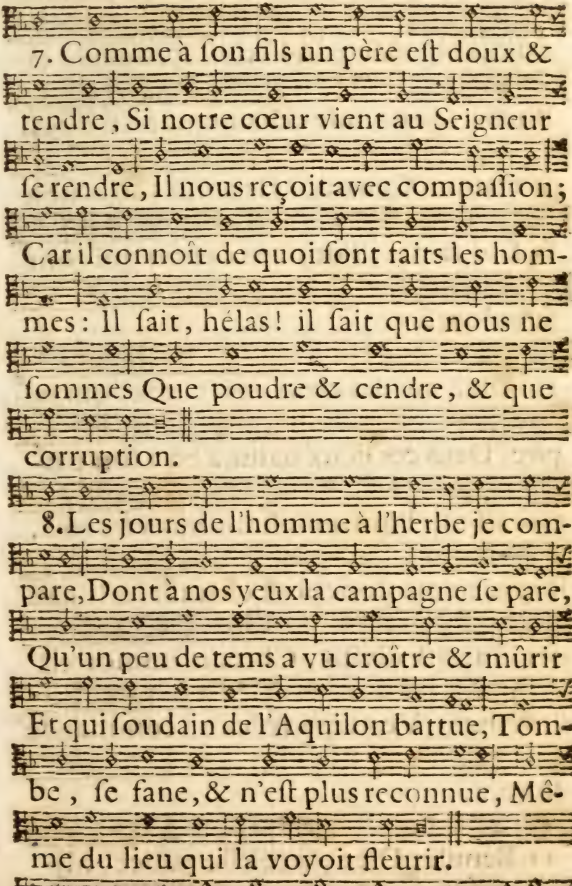
clément, quand ſa grace on implore, Met



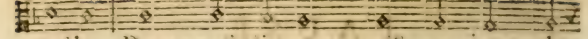
loin de nous nos péchés odieux.

PAUSE.

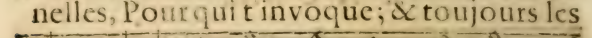
PAUSE.



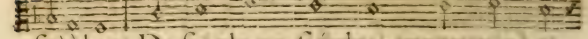
9. Mais tes faveurs, ô Dieu! sont éter-
nelles,



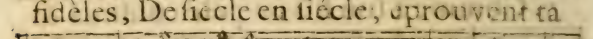
nelles, Pourquoi t'invoque; & toujours les



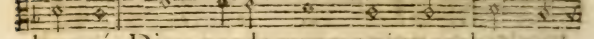
fidèles, De siecle en siecle, éprouvent ta



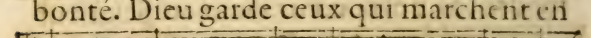
bonté. Dieu garde ceux qui marchent en



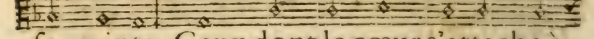
sa crainte, Ceux dont le cœur s'attache à



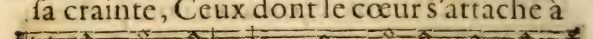
sa Loi sainte; Tous ceux enfin qui font



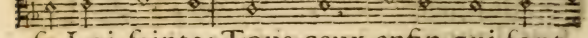
sa volonté.



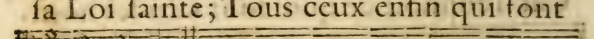
10. Dieu qui des cieux voit tout ce qui res-



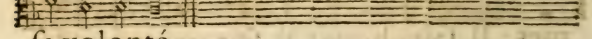
pire, Dans ces lieux hauts a bâti son em-



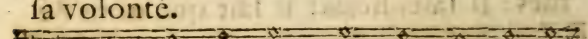
pire: Tout l'univers est soumis à ses loix.



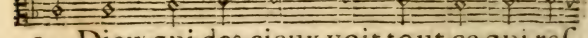
Joignez-vous donc pour chanter ses louan-



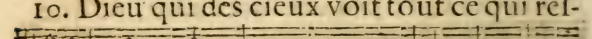
ges, Esprits divins, Chœurs immortels



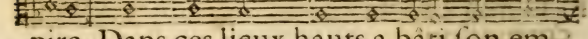
des Anges, Vous qui volez où commande



sa voix.



11. Bénissez Dieu, sa céleste milice, Mi-



nistres saints, Hérauts de sa Justice, Qui

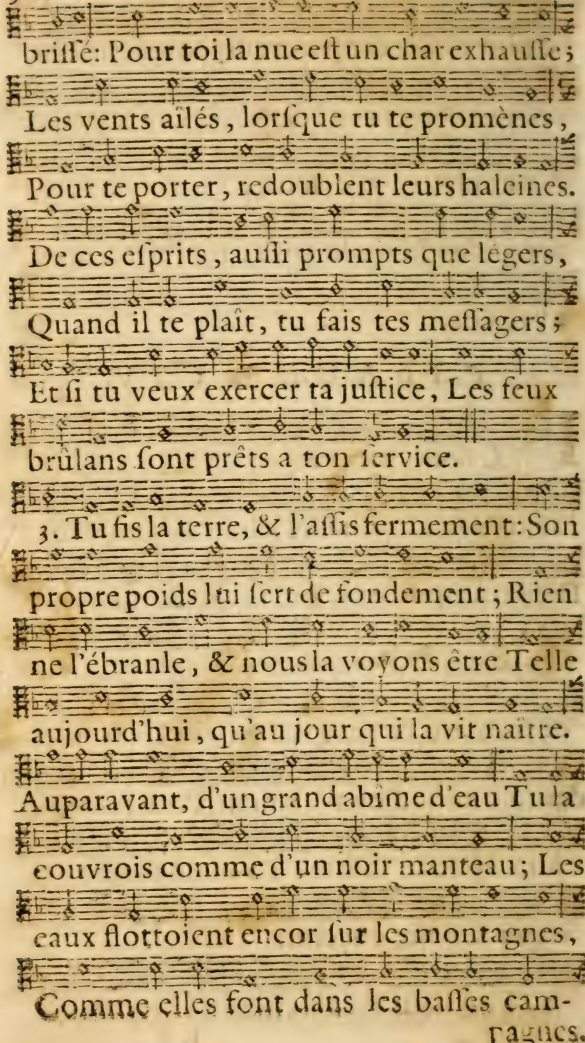
de

de lui plaire êtes toujours soigneux : Bé-
nissez Dieu, tous les peuples du monde ;
Vous cieux, toi terre, en mille biens
féconde ; Bénis-le aussi, toi, mon ame,
avec eux.

PSEAUME CIV.

IL faut, mon ame, il faut, avec ar-
deur, De l'Eternel célébrer la grandeur.
Dieu tout-puissant, seul digne de mémoire,
Je te contemple environné de gloire, Ceint
de lumière, & paré richement De ta splen-
deur, comme d'un vêtement. Pour pavillon
à ta Majesté sainte, Ta main forma des
cieux la vaste enceinte.

2. Ton haut Palais est d'eaux tout lam-



briſſé: Pour toi la nue eſt un char exhauſſé;
Les vents ailés, lorſque tu te promènes,
Pour te porter, redoublent leurs haleines.
De ces eſprits, auſſi prompts que légers,
Quand il te plaît, tu fais tes meſſagers;
Et ſi tu veux exercer ta juſtice, Les feux
brûlans ſont prêts a ton ſervice.
3. Tu fis la terre, & l'aſſis fermement: Son
propre poids lui ſert de fondement; Rien
ne l'ébranle, & nous la voyons être Telle
aujourd'hui, qu'au jour qui la vit naître.
Auparavant, d'un grand abime d'eau Tu la
couvrois comme d'un noir manteau; Les
eaux flottoient encor ſur les montagnes,
Comme elles font dans les baſſes cam-

pagnes.

4. Mais d'un ſeul mot qu'il te plut profé-
rer, Toutes, ſoudain, tu les fis retirer: Ta
forte voix, qui forme le tonnerre, Avec
frayeur leur fit quitter la terre. Alors on vit
mille monts ſe hauſſer, Mille vallons à
leurs pieds s'abaiſſer, Tous ſe hâtant pour
occuper la place Qu'il t'avois plu leur
marquer par ta grace.

PAUSE I.

5. La mer alors ſous tes yeux ſe forma,
Et dans ſes bords toute ſe renferma, N'o-
ſant franchir les bornes éternelles, Qui de
ſes flots ſont les gardes fidelles. Entre les
monts tu fis ſortir les eaux; Tu fis par-

tout couler mille ruiſſeaux, Qui, deſcen-

dant des hautes collines, Vont réjouir

les campagnes voiſines.

6. Les animaux y vont chercher le frais,

Et dans leur ſoif y boivent à longs traits.

Tous, le cheval, le bœuf, l'âne ſauvage,

Courent en foule à ce commun breu-

vage. Le long des bords de ces ruiſſeaux

courans, On voit voler mille oiſeaux diffé-

rens, Qui ſe poſent ſous le ſombre feuil-

lage, Font à l'envi retentir leur ramage.

7. Du haut des cieux, les monts, ſans art

humain, Sont largement arroſés de ta

main; Et des doux fruits de ton travail ſans

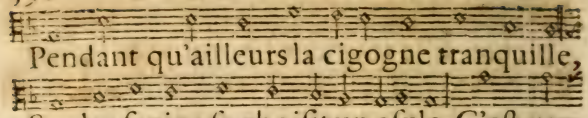
peine, Toute la terre heureuſement eſt

pleine.

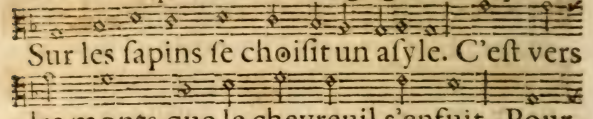
pleine. Elle soutient l'homme & les ani-
maux; Elle produit l'herbe pour les che-
vaux; les blés, la vigne & toute autre
verdure, Pour le plaisir ou pour la nour-
riture.

8. Le pain, qui fait la force & la vigueur;
Le vin, qui sert à réjouir le cœur; Et l'huile
enfin, dont l'agréable usage Rend la traî-
cheur & la joie au visage. C'est par tes
soins que, malgré les hivers, Sur le Li-
ban croissent tes arbres verds, Les cèdres
hauts que ta bonté suprême, Sans artifice,
a plantés elle-même.

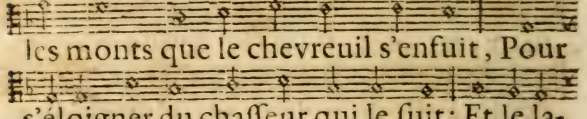
9. Là, sous l'abri des plus épais rameaux,
Cachent leurs nids mille petits oiseaux;



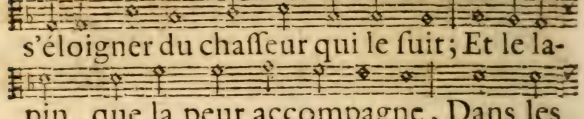
Pendant qu'ailleurs la cigogne tranquille,



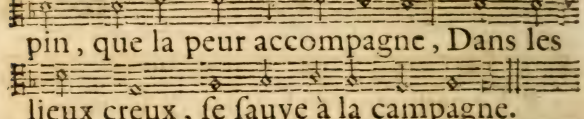
Sur les ſapins ſe choiſit un aſyle. C'eſt vers



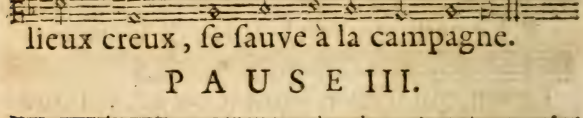
les monts que le chevreuil s'enfuit, Pour



s'éloigner du chaſſeur qui le ſuit; Et le la-

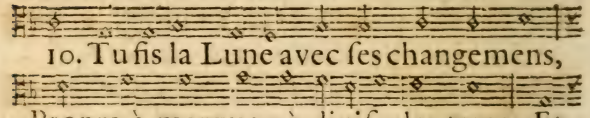


pin, que la peur accompagne, Dans les

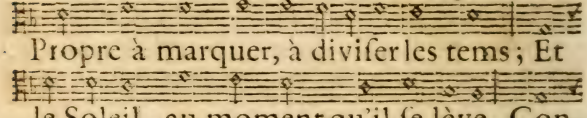


lieux creux, ſe ſauve à la campagne.

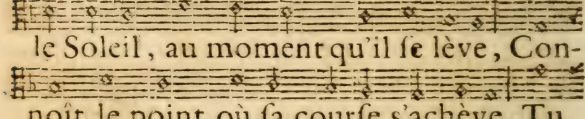
PAUSE III.



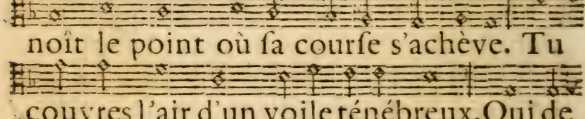
10. Tu fis la Lune avec ſes changemens,



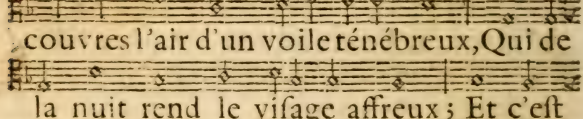
Propre à marquer, à diviſer les tems; Et



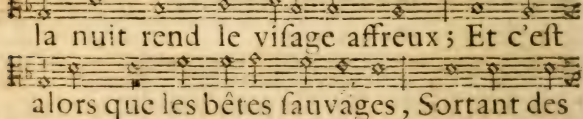
le Soleil, au moment qu'il ſe lève, Con-



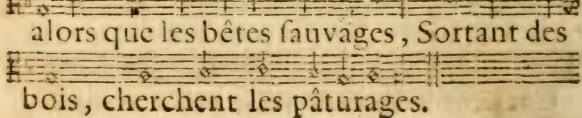
noît le point où ſa courſe s'achève. Tu



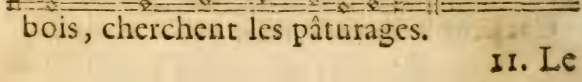
couvres l'air d'un voile ténébreux, Qui de



la nuit rend le viſage affreux; Et c'eſt



alors que les bêtes ſauvages, Sortant des



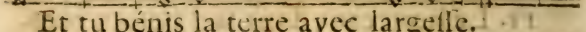
bois, cherchent les pâturages.

11. Le lionceau, dans ſon beſoin preſ-
ſant, Après la proie en fureur rugiſſant,
Crie au Seigneur, Auteur de la Nature,
Et par ſes cris demande ſa pâture. Puis le
Soleil nous ramenant le jour, Tigres,
lions, rentrent dans leur ſéjour: Cachés
alors dans leur demeure ſombre, Ils trou-
vent tous, & le repos, & l'ombre.

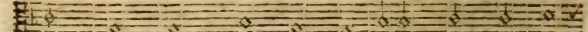
12. L'homme à ſon tour ſe montre, &,
ſans danger, A ſon travail on le voit ſe ran-
ger: Chacun s'empreſſe; & ſa tâche étant
faite, Chacun le ſoir va chercher ſa re-
traite. Grand Dieu! combien, dans ce vaſte
univers, Sont merveilleux tes ouvrages di-
vers? Tu les fis tous avec ordre & ſageſſe,

Et

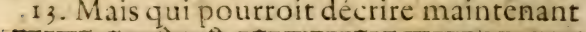
Et tu bénis la terre avec largeſſe.



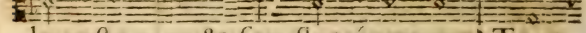
13. Mais qui pourroit décrire maintenant



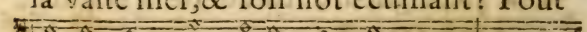
la vaſte mer, & ſon flot écumant? Tout



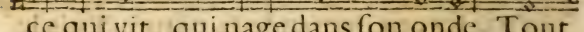
ce qui vit, qui nage dans ſon onde, Tout



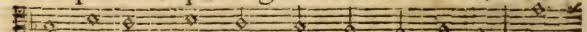
le poiſſon qui dans ſes eaux abonde? Là,



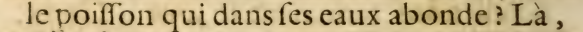
jour & nuit voguent mille vaiſſeaux: Là,



tu formas le grand monſtre des eaux,

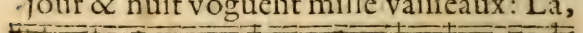


L'effroi des yeux, cette énorme baleine,

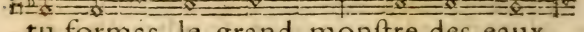


Qui ſur la vague à ſon gré ſe promène.

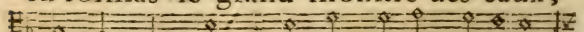
PAUSE III.



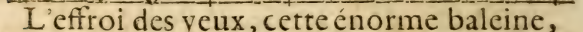
14. Par tout, Seigneur, à ton divin ſe-



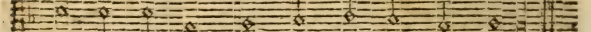
cours, Les animaux ſans ceſſe ont leur re-



cours. Chacun attend, dans ſon beſoin

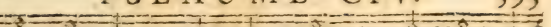


extrême, D'être nourri par ta bonté ſu-

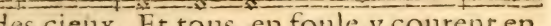


prême; Tu leur répands tes biens du haut

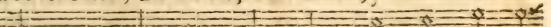
des



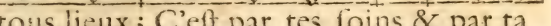
des cieux, Et tous, en foule, y courent en



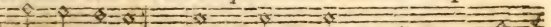
tous lieux; C'eſt par tes ſoins & par ta



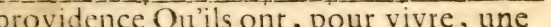
providence Qu'ils ont, pour vivre, une



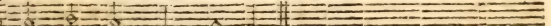
heureuſe abondance.



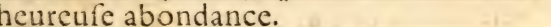
15. Que ſi ta main ſeulement ſe retient,



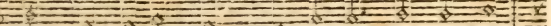
Si tu reprens l'eſprit qui les ſoutient,



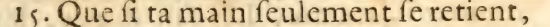
Soudain, Seigneur, on les voit ſe diſſou-



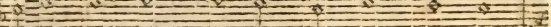
dre, Et défaillir, & retourner en poudre:



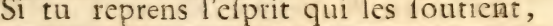
Mais ton courroux venant à ſe calmer,



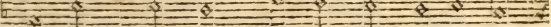
Si ton eſprit veut leur poudre animer, Il



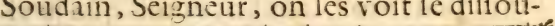
leur redonne une vigueur nouvelle, Et



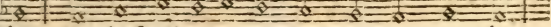
tout reprend une face plus belle.



16. Béni ſoit donc le ſaint Nom du Sei-



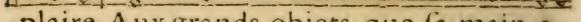
gneur! Que tout conſpire à vanter ſon hon-



neur; Et qu'à jamais ſes yeux daignent ſe

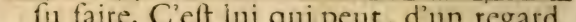
plaire

plaire Aux grands objets que ſa main a

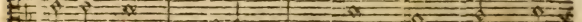


ſu faire. C'eſt lui qui peut, d'un regard

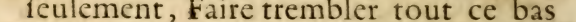
ſeulement, Faire trembler tout ce bas



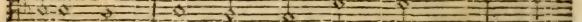
élément, Et qui donnant aux monts la



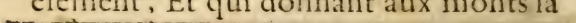
moindre atteinte, Les fait fumer, les



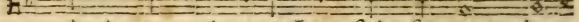
fait ſondre de crainte.



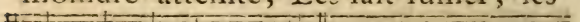
17. Pour moi, ſans fin, tandis que je vi-



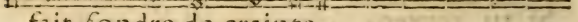
vrai, A haute voix je le célebrerai; Et



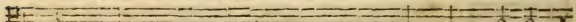
chaque jour, par de nouveaux cantiques,



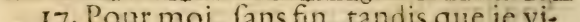
Je publirai ſes œuvres magnifiques. Dieu



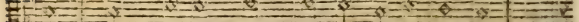
voit des cieux mes pieuſes leçons: Il prend



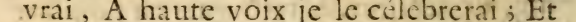
plaiſir à mes ſaintes chanſons. Retirez-



vous douleurs, ſoucis, triſteſſe, Je veux

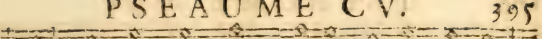


en lui me réjouir ſans ceſſe.

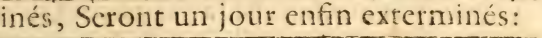


18. Tous les méchans, dans leur crime obſ-

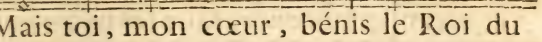
tinés,



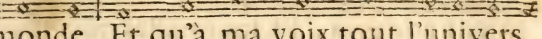
tinés, Seront un jour enfin exterminés:



Mais toi, mon cœur, bénis le Roi du

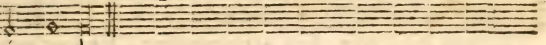


monde, Et qu'à ma voix tout l'univers

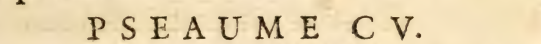


réponde.

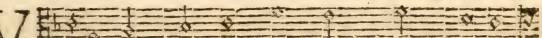
PSEAUME CV.



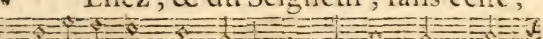
VEnez, & du Seigneur, sans cesse,



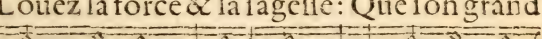
Louez la force & la sagesse: Que son grand



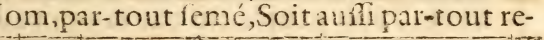
Nom, par-tout semé, Soit aussi par-tout re-



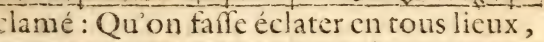
clamé: Qu'on fasse éclater en tous lieux,



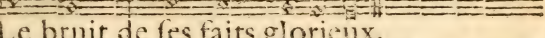
Le bruit de ses faits glorieux.



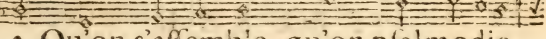
2. Qu'on s'assemble, qu'on psalmodie,



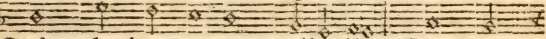
Qu'on le loue avec mélodie; Que tout



fidèle qui le craint, Chante & triomphe

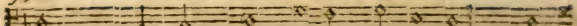


en son Nom saint: Qu'enfin ton cœur re-

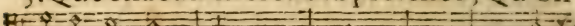


connoissant Soit joyeux en le bénissant.

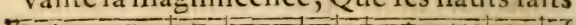
3. Que



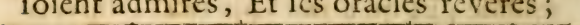
3. Que chacun cherche sa présence; Qu'on



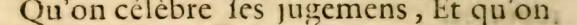
vante sa magnificence; Que ses hauts faits



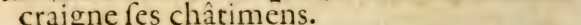
soient admirés, Et ses oracles révérés;



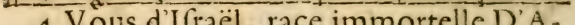
Qu'on célèbre ses jugemens, Et qu'on



craigne ses châtimens.

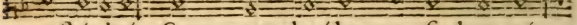


4. Vous d'Israël, race immortelle D'A-

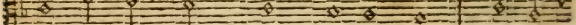


braham, son sujet fidèle, De Jacob la

postérité, Son peuple élu par sa bonté,

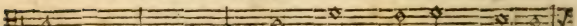


Souvenez-vous que notre Dieu Est le

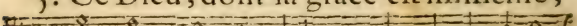


seul qui règne en tout lieu.

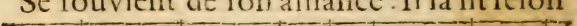
PAUSE I.



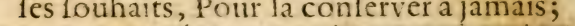
5. Ce Dieu, dont la grace est immense,



Se souvient de son alliance: Il la fit selon

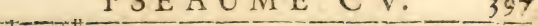


ses souhaits, Pour la conserver à jamais;

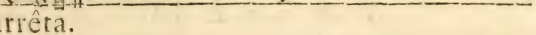


Avec Abraham il traita Les articles qu'il

arrêta.

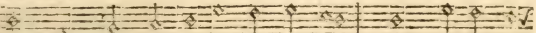


arrêta.

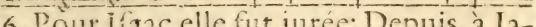


6. Pour Isaac elle fut jurée; Depuis, à Ja-

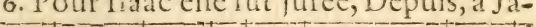
cob assurée: Ainsi l'on peut dire qu'elle est



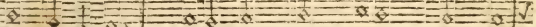
Un ferme, un éternelle arrêt, Un traité



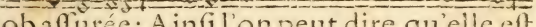
saint & solemnel Du Seigneur avec Israël.



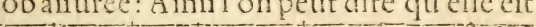
7. Je veux, dit-il, que d'âge en âge, Ca-



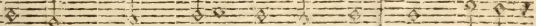
naan soit ton héritage: Quoique foibles,



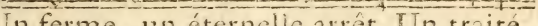
quoiqu'étrangers, Tes enfans, malgré les



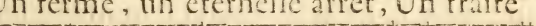
dangers, Auront ce partage assuré, Que



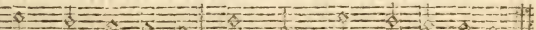
ma main leur a préparé.



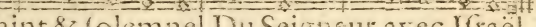
8. D'un pays à l'autre ils passèrent, Di-



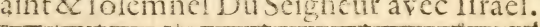
vers climats ils traversèrent; Et Dieu, qui



les guidoit toujours, Les conserva par son

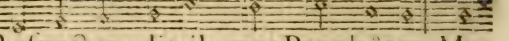


secours: Même à cause d'eux, quelquefois

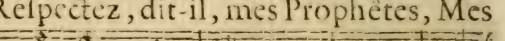


Il châtia de puissans Rois.

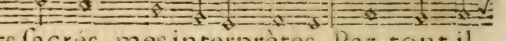
PAUSE II.



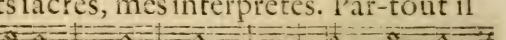
9. Reſpectez, dit-il, mes Prophêtes, Mes



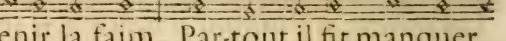
Oints ſacrés, mes interprêtes. Par-tout il



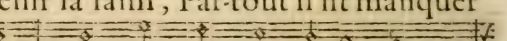
fit venir la faim, Par-tout il fit manquer



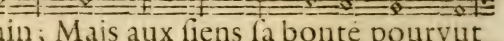
le pain; Mais aux ſiens ſa bonté pourvut



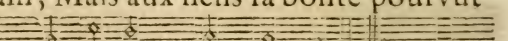
D'un précurſeur, qu'il leur élut.



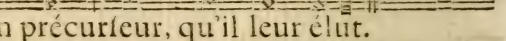
10. C'eſt Joſeph, qu'une injuſte rage Ven-



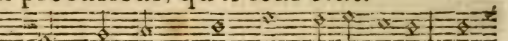
dit, & mit en eſclavage; Captif dans ſes



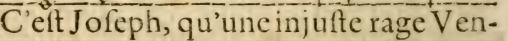
plus jeunes ans, Chargé de fers durs &



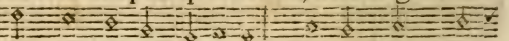
peſans, Juſqu'au temps qu'il fut reconnu



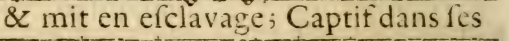
Pour Prophête, du ciel venu.



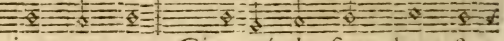
11. Quand la divine Providence L'eut



éprouvé dans ſa ſouffrance, Le Prince des

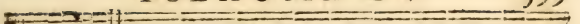


Egyptiens Envoya rompre ſes liens; Cet

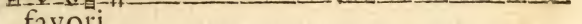


eſclave de Dieu chéri, Devint du Roi le

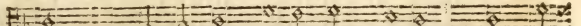
favori.



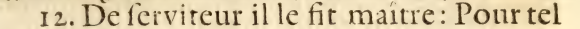
favori.



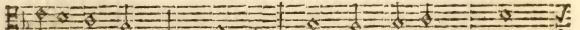
12. De ſerviteur il le fit maître: Pour tel



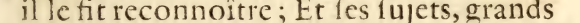
il le fit reconnoître; Et ſes ſujets, grands



& petits, Lui furent tous aſſujétis: Seul

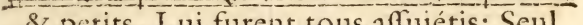


il donnoit inſtruction Aux ſages de la

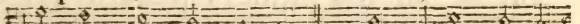


Nation.

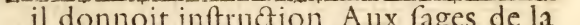
PAUSE III.



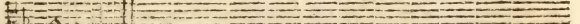
13. Alors Jacob fit ſon entrée En Egypte,



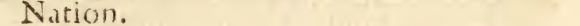
& dans la contrée Que Cham à ſes fils par-



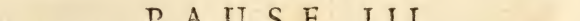
tagea. C'eſt-là qu'Iſraël ſe logea, Et s'ac-



crut ſi fort en bonheur, Que l'Egypte

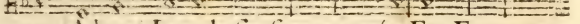


même en eut peur.

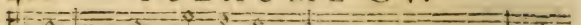


14. Le temps vint que Dieu, juſte & ſage,

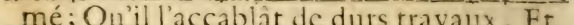
Permit que le peuple ſauvage, Fût enfin



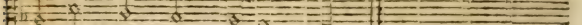
de haine animé, Contre Iſraël ſon bien ai-



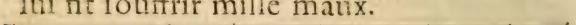
mé; Qu'il l'accablât de durs travaux, Et



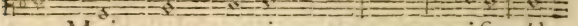
lui fit souffrir mille maux.



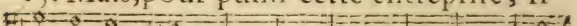
15. Mais, pour punir cette entreprise, Il



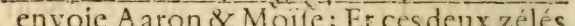
envoie Aaron & Moïse; Et ces deux zélés



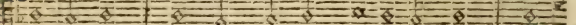
serviteurs, Sur les cruels persécuteurs, Par



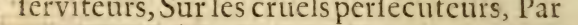
cent prodiges firent voir L'effet d'un cé-



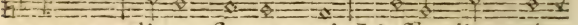
leste pouvoir.



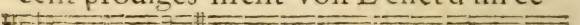
16. Soudain, par d'épaisses ténèbres, Ce



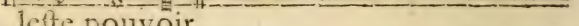
n'est par-tout qu'objets funèbres: Les deux



frères, obéissant Aux ordres saints du Tout-

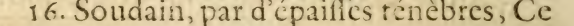


puissant, En sang changèrent les ruisseaux,

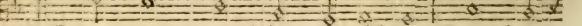


Tuant les poissons dans les eaux.

PAUSE IV.

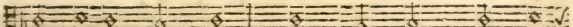


17. On vit, entre plusieurs insectes, Naî-

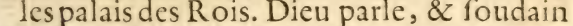


tre des grenouilles infectes, Jusques dans

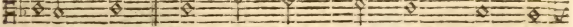
les



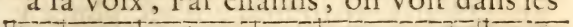
les palais des Rois. Dieu parle, & soudain



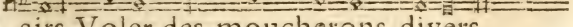
à sa voix, Par essaims, on voit dans les



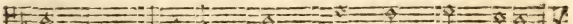
airs Voler des moucherons divers.



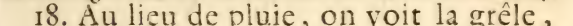
18. Au lieu de pluie, on voit la grêle,



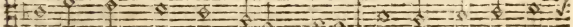
Avec la foudre, pêle-mêle, Abattre vignes



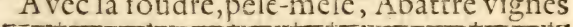
& figuiers, Et leurs autres arbres fruitiers.



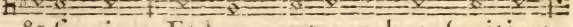
Les sauterelles, par monceaux, Leur font



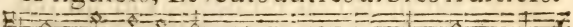
mille dégâts nouveaux.



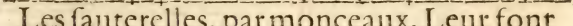
19 Leur herbe par-tout est rongée, Et leur



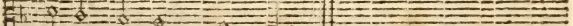
campagne ravagée. Dans leurs maisons,



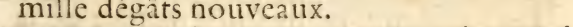
les premiers-nés Sont par un Ange exter-



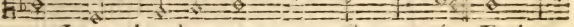
minés: Ces chers objets de leur amour,



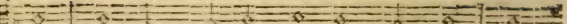
Tous à la fois perdent le jour.



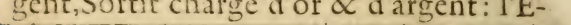
20. Enfin de l'Egypte effrayée, Et de lar-



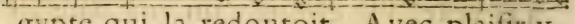
mes toute noyée, Le peuple sain & dili



gent, Sortit chargé d'or & d'argent: l'E-

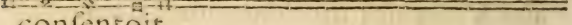


gypte qui la redoutoit, Avec plaisir y



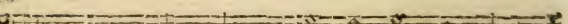
consentoit.

PAUSE V.

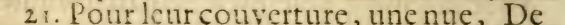


21. Pour leur couverture, une nue, De

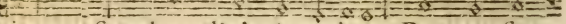
jour, fut dans l'air étendue; Par un feu



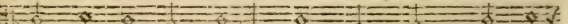
qui luisoit la nuit, Tout ce grand peuple



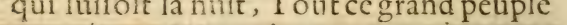
fut conduit: Et lorsqu'il voulut de la



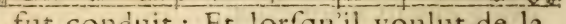
chair, Il leur plut des oiseaux de l'air.



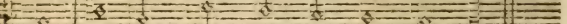
22. Dieu les nourrit de pain céleste; Et



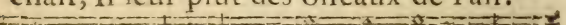
quand, par une soif funeste, Ils eurent



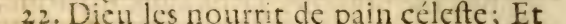
des tourmens nouveaux, Du roc il fit



sortir les eaux; Car il lui souvint du

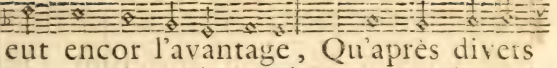


traité Avec Abraham arrêté.

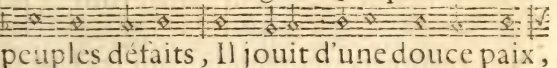


23. Ainsi, tiré de l'esclavage, Son peuple

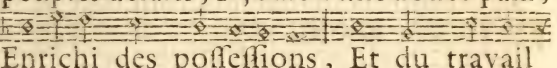
eut



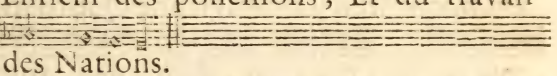
eut encor l'avantage, Qu'après divers



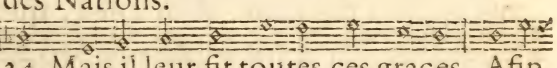
peuples défaits, Il jouit d'une douce paix,



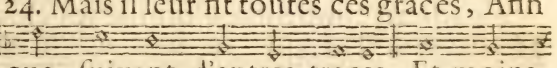
Enrichi des poſſeſſions, Et du travail



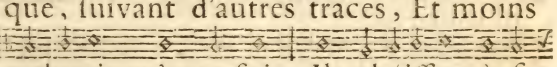
des Nations.



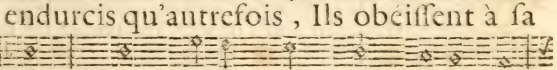
24. Mais il leur fit toutes ces graces, Afin



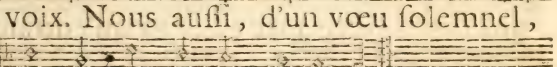
que, ſuivant d'autres traces, Et moins



endurcis qu'autrefois, Ils obéiſſent à ſa

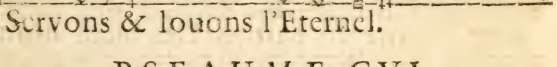


voix. Nous auſſi, d'un vœu ſolemnel,

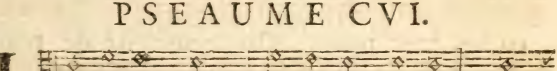


Servons & louons l'Eternel.

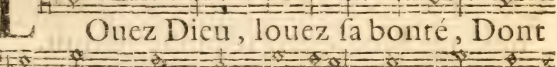
PSEAUME CVI.



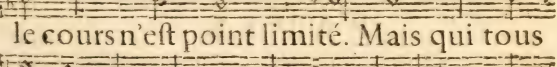
LOuez Dieu, louez ſa bonté, Dont



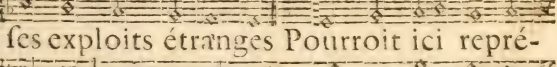
le cours n'eſt point limité. Mais qui tous



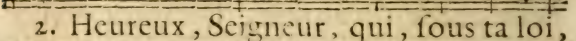
ſes exploits étranges Pourroit ici repré-



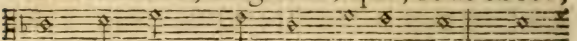
ſenter? Qui pourroit toutes ſes louan-



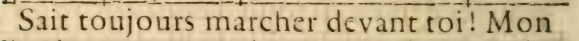
ges Aſſez dignement réciter?



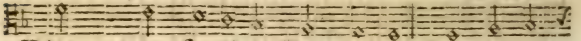
2. Heureux, Seigneur, qui, ſous ta loi,



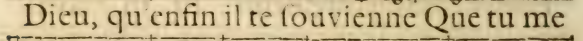
Sait toujours marcher devant toi! Mon



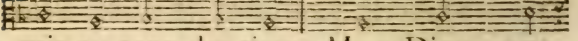
Dieu, qu'enfin il te ſouvienne Que tu me



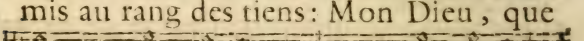
mis au rang des tiens: Mon Dieu, que



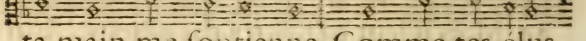
ta main me ſoutienne, Comme tes élus



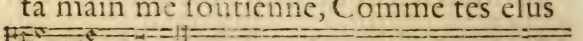
tu ſoutiens.



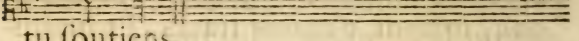
3. Fais que, par un ſuccès heureux, J'é-



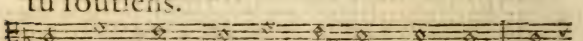
prouve ta grace avec eux; Et qu'entrant



moi-même en partage Des biens dont

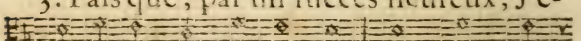


tu les fais jouir, Du bonheur de ton

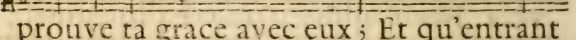


héritage Mon cœur ſe puiſſe réjouir.

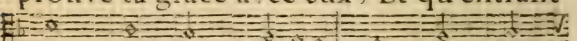
PAUSE I.



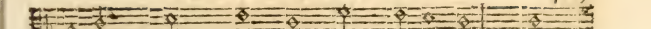
4. Nous avons, nos pères & nous, Attiré



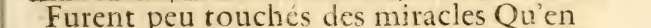
ton juſte courroux. En mépriſant tes ſaints



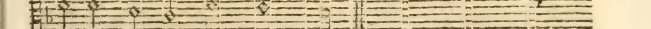
oracles; Même nos pères malheureux



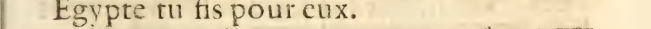
Furent peu touchés des miracles Qu'en



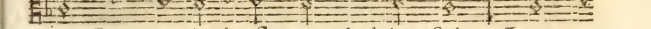
Egypte tu fis pour eux.



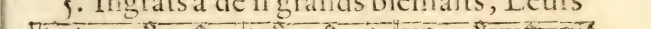
5. Ingrats à de si grands bienfaits, Leurs



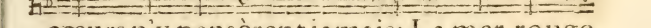
cœurs n'y pensèrent jamais: La mer rouge



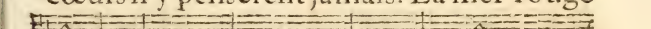
les vit rebelles. Mais Dieu, toujours puis-



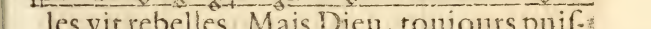
sant & bon, Sauva leurs troupes crimi



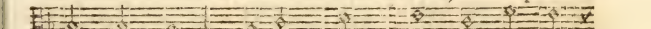
nelles, Pour la gloire de son grand Nom.



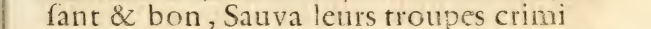
6. Il parle, & la mer qui l'entend, S'ou-



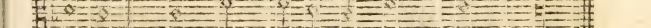
vre & leur montre au même instant, A



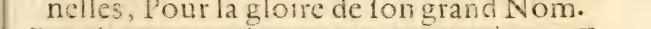
travers ses gouffres horribles, Un chemin



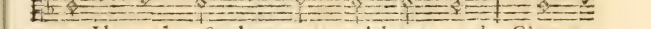
sûr, qui les conduit A pied sec, loin des



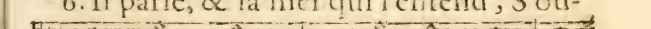
coups terribles Du fier Tyran qui les



poursuit.

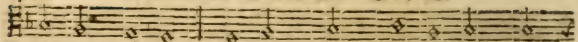


7. Dieu les garantit de l'effort D'un en-

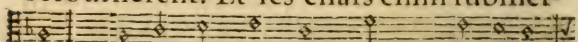


nemi cruel & fort, Sur qui tous les flots

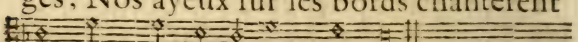
retournèrent



retournèrent. Et ſes chars enfin ſubmer-

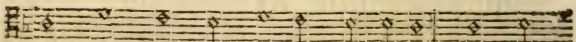


gés, Nos ayeux ſur les bords chantèrent

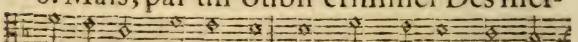


Le bras qui les avoit vengés.

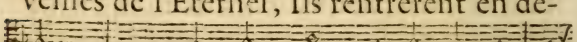
PAUSE II.



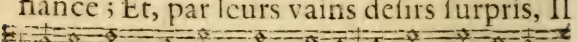
8. Mais, par un oubli criminel Des mer-



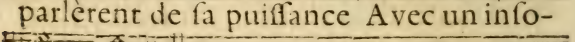
veilles de l'Eternel, Ils rentrèrent en dé-



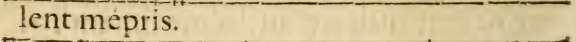
fiance; Et, par leurs vains deſirs ſurpris, Il



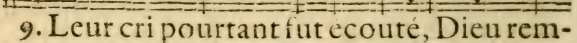
parlèrent de ſa puiſſance Avec un inſo-



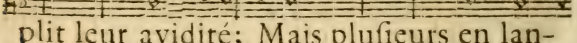
lent mépris.



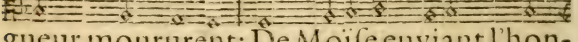
9. Leur cri pourtant fut ecouté, Dieu rem-



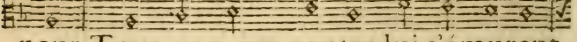
plit leur avidité; Mais pluſieurs en lan-



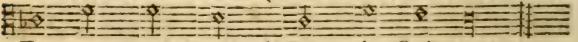
gueur moururent: De Moïſe enviant l'hon-



neur, Tous au camp contre lui s'émurent,

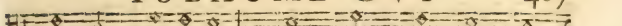


Et contre Aaron, l'Oint du Seigneur.

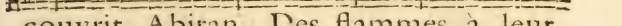


10. La terre s'ouvrit ſous Dathan, La terre

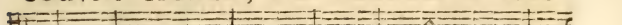
couvrit



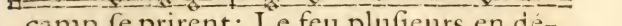
couvrit Abiran, Des flammes à leur



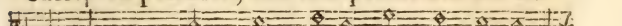
camp ſe prirent; Le feu pluſieurs en dé-



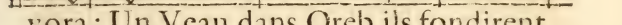
vora; Un Veau dans Oreb ils fondirent,



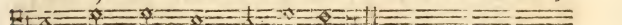
Et tout le peuple l'adora.



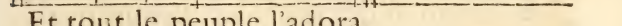
11. Ainſi fut changé le Seigneur, Jadis



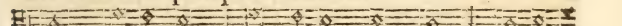
leur gloire & leur bonheur, En l'image



d'un bœuf qui broute: Lui-même,& ſes

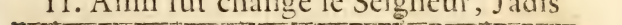


faits publiés, Et dans l'Egypte, & ſur leur

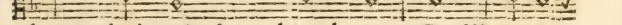


route, Furent auſſi-tôt oubliés.

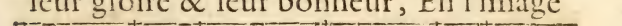
PAUSE III.



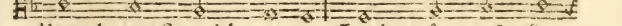
12. Ils n'écoutèrent plus ſes loix: Ils mé-



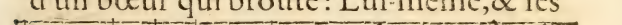
prisèrent les exploits, Que Cham & la mer-



rouge même, Avoient vu faire en leur fa-

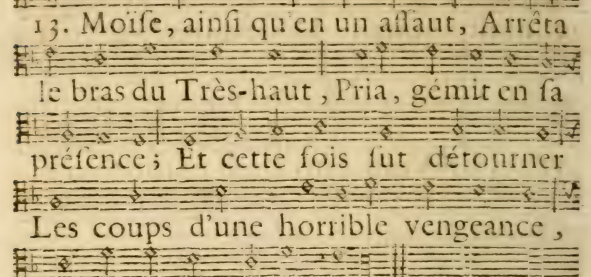


veur: Auſſi ſa patience extrême Se tourna



contre eux en fureur.

13. Moïſe,



13. Moïse, ainsi qu'en un assaut, Arrêta le bras du Très-haut, Pria, gémit en sa présence; Et cette fois fut détourner Les coups d'une horrible vengeance, Qui les alloit exterminer.

14. Dégoûtés de ce beau Pays, Que leur Dieu leur avoit promis, Ils doutèrent de sa promesse; Et, murmurant cent & cent fois, Loin de suivre sa sainte adresse, Ils firent les sourds à sa voix.

15. Dieu, que leur conduite irrita, La main haute, leur protesta Qu'il les perdroit, eux & leur race; Qu'ils languiroient dans les déserts, Et gémiroient, loin de sa face, Sous le joug des peuples divers.

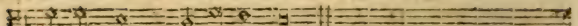
PAUSE

PAUSE IV.

16. Cependant, ces méchans encor Firent
des vœux à Belpéor, Mangèrent des morts
les offrandes; Et Dieu, plein d'indignation,
Punit, par des peines plus grandes, Leur
aveugle dévotion.

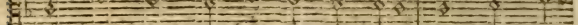
17. Animé d'une sainte ardeur, Phinée,
en vengeant le Seigneur, Fit cesser sa juste
colère: Ce coup fut du ciel avoué; Et
juste, autant qu'il fut sévère, Il en sera
toujours loué.

18. A Mériba, Dieu mépriſé, D'un nou-
veau courroux embraſé, N'épargna pas
même Moïse, Lorſqu'aigri d'un si long
tourment, Il douta de son entrepriſe, Et

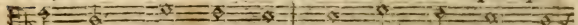


parla trop légèrement.

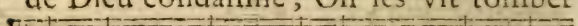
PAUSE V.



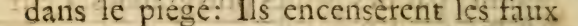
19. Au lieu d'avoir exterminé Un peuple



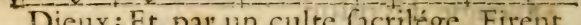
de Dieu condamné, On les vit tomber



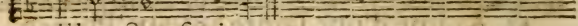
dans le piége: Ils encensèrent les faux



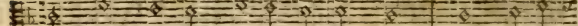
Dieux; Et, par un culte sacrilége, Firent



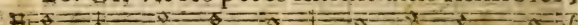
mille actes furieux.



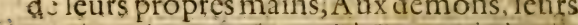
20. On vit les pères inhumains Immoler,



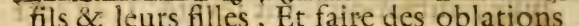
de leurs propres mains, Aux démons, leurs



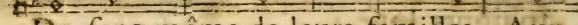
fils & leurs filles, Et faire des oblations



Du sang même de leurs familles, Aux

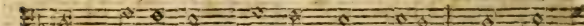


Idoles des Nations.

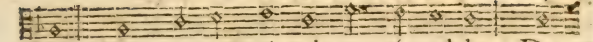


21. Ainsi fut souillé leur pays, Par tant

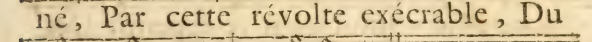
de meurtres inouis. Ainsi, dans ce culte



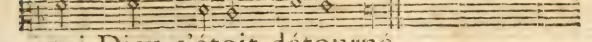
damnable, Le peuple au crime abandon-



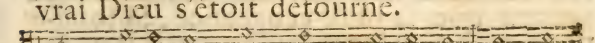
né, Par cette révolte exécrable, Du



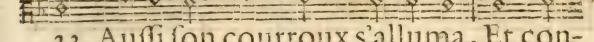
vrai Dieu s'étoit détourné.



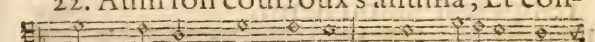
22. Auſſi ſon courroux s'alluma, Et con-



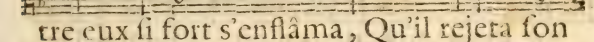
tre eux ſi fort s'enflâma, Qu'il rejeta ſon



heritage; Et depuis, parmi les Gentils,

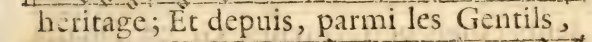


Sous un long & rude eſclavage, Sa main

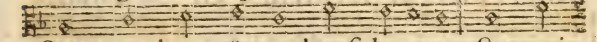


les tint aſſujétis.

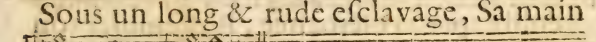
PAUSE VI.



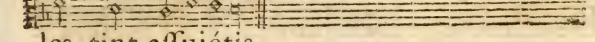
23. Ils ſe virent long-tems ſoumis Au pou-



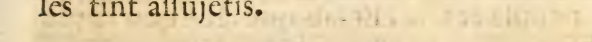
voir de leurs ennemis; Et ſouvent Dieu



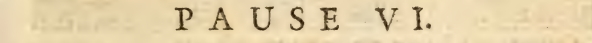
briſa leurs chaînes; Mais toujours au mal



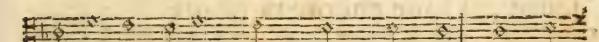
obſtinés, Toujours à de nouvelles peines



Ils ſe trouvèrent condamnés.



24. Enfin, dans leur affliction, Dieu, tou-



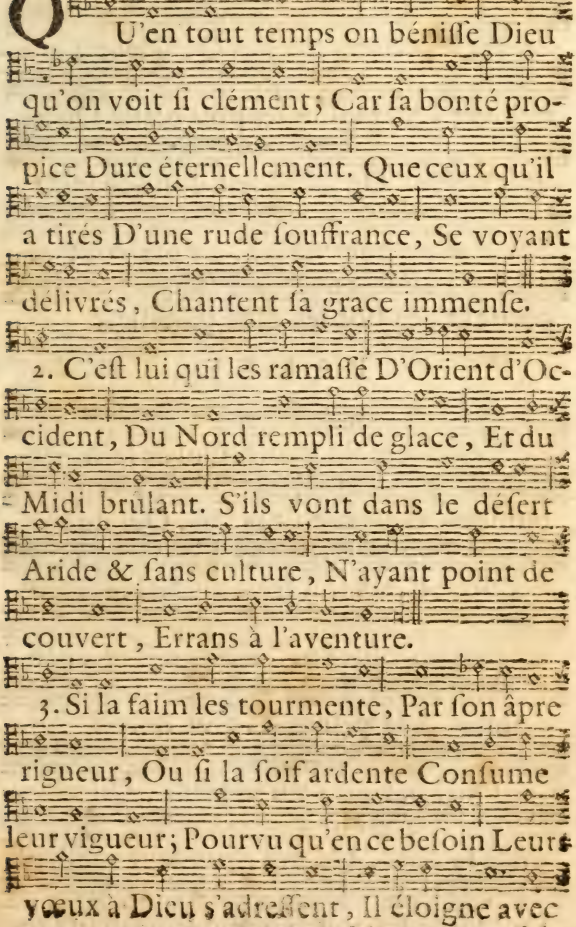
ché de compaſſion, Se ſouvint de ſon al-

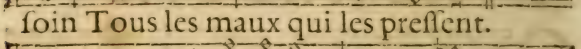
liance, Et voulut bien se repentir Des
maux que sa juste vengeance, Si long-
temps leur faisoit sentir.

25. Pour eux il adoucit les cœurs De
leurs cruels persécuteurs. Grand Dieu!
veuille, par ta clémence, Rassembler ton
peuple écarté, Et fais que, libre en ta pré-
sence, Il loue encore ta bonté.

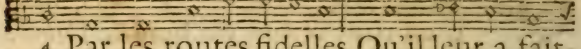
26. Dès ce jour, au Dieu d'Israël Vouons
un culte solemnel: Célébrons sa gloire
sans cesse: Que chacun chante à son hon-
neur, Avec une sainte allégresse, Loué
soit le Nom du Seigneur.

PSEAUME CVII.

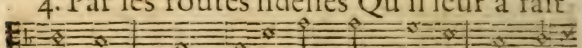




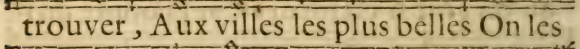
soin Tous les maux qui les pressent.



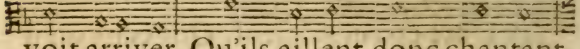
4. Par les routes fidelles Qu'il leur a fait



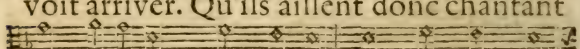
trouver, Aux villes les plus belles On les



voit arriver. Qu'ils aillent donc chantant

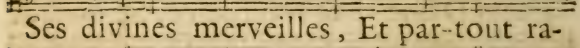


Ses divines merveilles, Et par-tout ra-

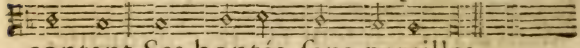


contant Ses bontés sans pareilles.

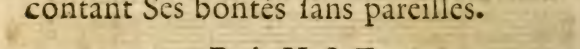
PAUSE.



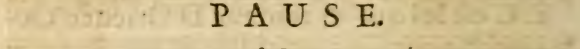
5. Le pauvre il rassasie, Qui de faim lan-



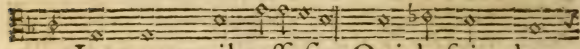
guissoit: Il rafraîchit la vie, Qui de soif,



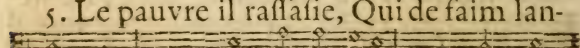
périssoit. Ceux qui sont enchaînés Dans



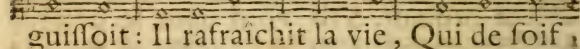
les prisons obscures, Prêts d'être aban-



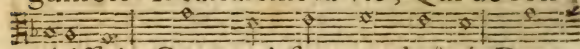
donnés Aux peines les plus dures;



6. Qui, par un vain caprice, Ont mé-



prisé sa voix, Ou qui, par leur malice,



Ont violé ses lois; Quand leurs maux re-

doublés

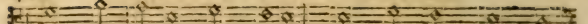
doublés Abatrent leur courage, Et qu'ils
ſont accablés, Sans qu'aucun les ſoulage.

7. Lorſque dans leur misère Ils tâchent
du Seigneur De fléchir la colère, Il leur
rend ſa faveur: Il les vient retirer de leurs
mortelles peines; Il les vient délivrer De
leurs peſantes chaînes.

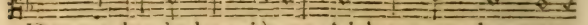
8. Que par reconnoiſſance, En pleine li-
berté, Ils chantent ſa puiſſance, Et ſa
grande bonté; Il ouvre de ſa main Les
priſons les plus fortes, Rompt le fer &
l'airain Des grilles & des portes.

9. Ceux qui ſont à leurs vices Follement
attachés, Qui ſouffrent les ſupplices Qu'at-
tirent leurs péchés; Malades, en danger

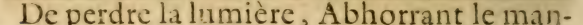
De



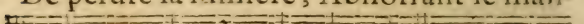
De perdre la lumière, Abhorrant le man-



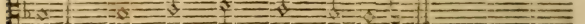
ger, Près de l'heure dernière;



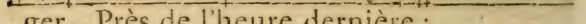
10. Qu'au Seigneur ils préſentent Une



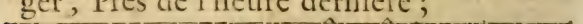
ardente oraiſon, Les maux qui les tour-



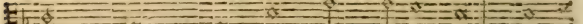
mentent, Auront leur guériſon; Et les



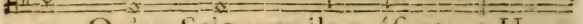
jours & les nuits, Lui-même il les con-



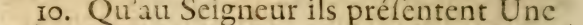
ſole; Il calme leurs ennuis, D'une ſeule



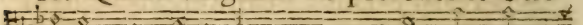
parole.



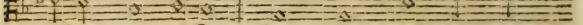
11. Qu'ainſi donc on les voie, Rétablis en



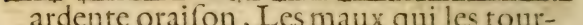
ſanté, Célébrer avec joie Sa divine bon-



té; Qu'ils offrent au Seigneur Leur vie

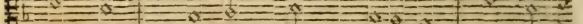


en ſacrifice, Vouant à ſon honneur Leur



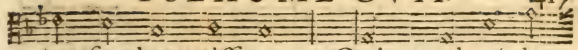
fidèle ſervice.

PAUSE II.

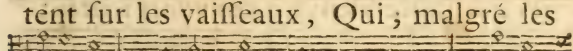


12. Ceux qui, pour des voyages, Mon-

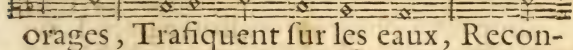
tent



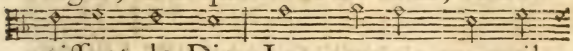
tent ſur les vaiſſeaux, Qui, malgré les



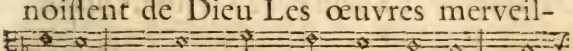
orages, Trafiquent ſur les eaux, Recon-



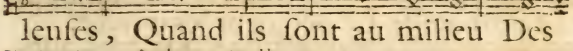
noiſſent de Dieu Les œuvres merveil-



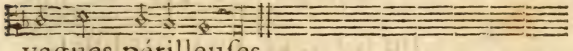
leuſes, Quand ils ſont au milieu Des



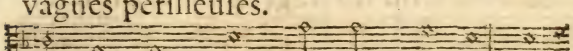
vagues périlleuſes.



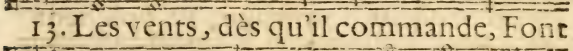
13. Les vents, dès qu'il commande, Font



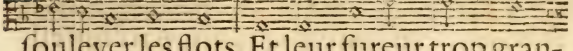
ſoulever les flots, Et leur fureur trop gran-



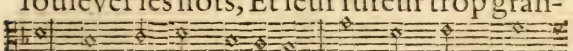
de Trouble les matelots. Le vaiſſeau monte



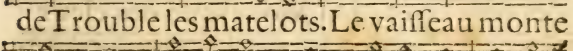
aux Cieux; Il retombe aux abîmes: Alors



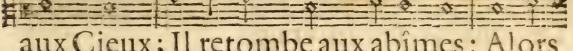
les vicieux Se reprochent leurs crimes.



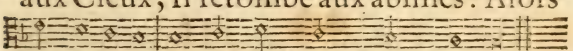
14. A la crainte ils ſe livrent: On les voit



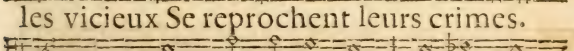
chancelans, Tels que ceux qui s'enivrent,



Et qui perdent le ſens. Mais ſi, dans ce dan-

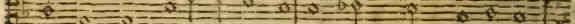


ger, Ils font à Dieu leur plainte, Dieu les

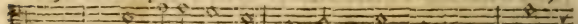


vient dégager, Et fait ceſſer leur crainte.

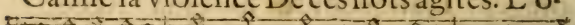
15. Il



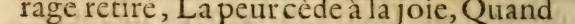
15. Il impose silence A ces vents irrités ;



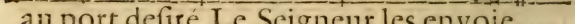
Calme la violence De ces flots agités. L'o-



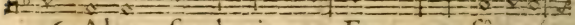
rage retiré, La peur cède à la joie, Quand



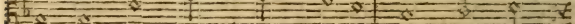
au port desiré Le Seigneur les envoie.



16. Alors, sur le rivage, En toute sûreté,

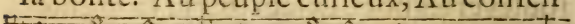


Ils lui rendent hommage, Et prêchent



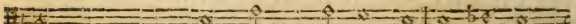
sa bonté. Au peuple curieux, Au conseil

des plus sages, Du Monarque des cieux

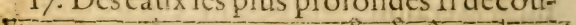


Ils vantent les ouvrages.

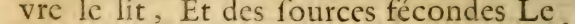
PAUSE III.



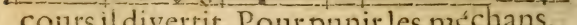
17. Des eaux les plus profondes Il décou-



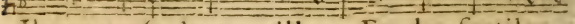
vre le lit, Et des sources fécondes Le



cours il divertit. Pour punir les méchans,



Il renverse leurs villes ; Et des fertiles



champs Fait des sables stériles.

18. Dans

18. Dans les arides plaines, Il fait ſortir les eaux, Y forme des fontaines Et des fleuves nouveaux. Là même on voit venir Des troupes affamées, Qui, pour s'y maintenir, Font des villes fermées.

19. Les champs, par leur culture, Paroiſſent ſe hâter De rendre avec uſure De quoi les contenter. Dieu bénit leur travail; Et ſa grâce abondante Fait croître leur bétail, Et leur richeſſe augmente.

20. Mais lorſque ſa colère Vient frapper le pécheur, On voit que la misère Suit de près ſon bonheur. Il abat les plus grands, Les chaſſe, & les envoie Errer à travers champs, Et ſans guide & ſans voie.

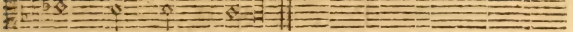
21. Les

21. Les pauvres il délivre De leur pref-
sant ennui, Les garde & les fait vivre,
Comme un troupeau sous lui. Que le sage
entendu Ces merveilles admire; Que, triste
& confondu, Le moqueur se retire.

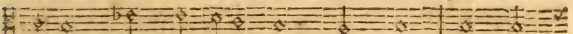
22. Que le juste sans cesse Médite dans
son cœur La bonté, la sagesse De leur
divin Auteur.

PSEAUME CVIII.

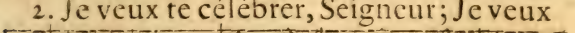
MOn cœur est tout prêt, ô mon
Dieu, Mon cœur est tout prêt, en ce lieu,
A te louer, tout à la fois, Et de la main
& de la voix. Ma harpe donc, réveille-toi;
Ma lyre aussi, seconde moi; C'est devant
Dieu qu'il faut paroître, Dès que le jour
commence



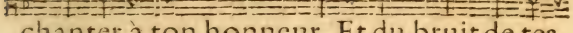
commence à naître.



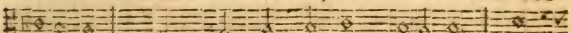
2. Je veux te célébrer, Seigneur; Je veux



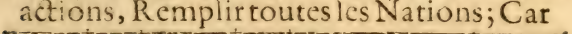
chanter à ton honneur, Et du bruit de tes



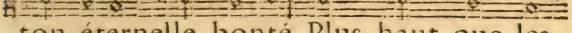
actions, Remplir toutes les Nations; Car



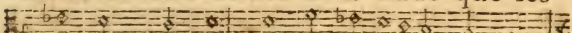
ton éternelle bonté Plus haut que les



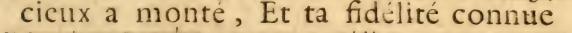
cieux a monté, Et ta fidélité connue



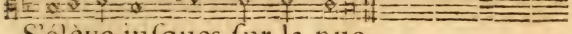
S'élève jusques sur la nue.



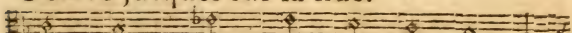
3. Grand Dieu, fais que du haut des



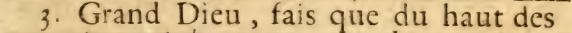
cieux Ta gloire se montre à nos yeux; Et



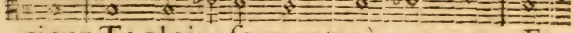
pour nous mettre hors d'effroi, Tends-



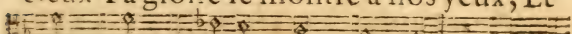
nous la main, exauce-moi. Mais quoi!



déja tu m'as ouï, Et de ton saint lieu ré-

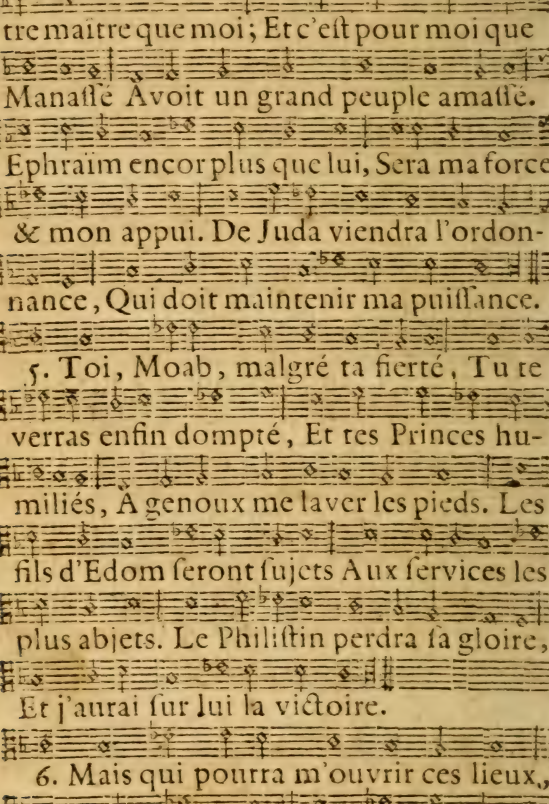


joui: Sichem sera de mon domaine, Suc-



coth va m'obéir sans peine.

PAUSE.

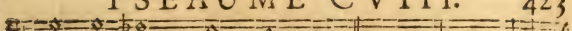


4. Galaad auſſi ſous ma loi, N'a plus d'autre maître que moi; Et c'eſt pour moi que Manaſſé Avoit un grand peuple amaſſé. Ephraïm encor plus que lui, Sera ma force & mon appui. De Juda viendra l'ordonnance, Qui doit maintenir ma puiſſance.

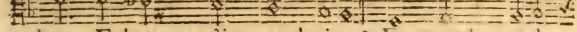
5. Toi, Moab, malgré ta fierté, Tu te verras enfin dompté, Et tes Princes humiliés, A genoux me laver les pieds. Les fils d'Edom ſeront ſujets Aux ſervices les plus abjets. Le Philiſtin perdra ſa gloire, Et j'aurai ſur lui la victoire.

6. Mais qui pourra m'ouvrir ces lieux, Dont les tours menacent les cieux, Qui

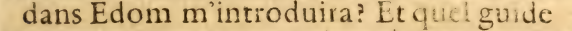
dans



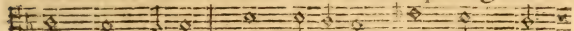
dans Edom m'introduira? Et quel guide



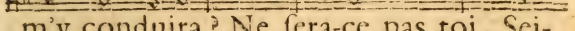
m'y conduira? Ne sera-ce pas toi, Sei-



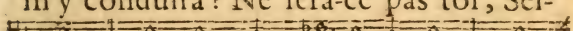
gneur, Toi qui, retirant ta faveur, Dans



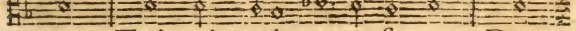
le plus fort de nos alarmes, Cessois d'ac-



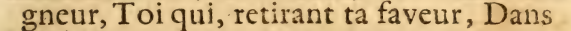
compagner nos armes?



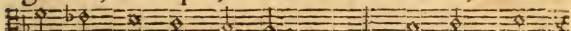
7. Dieu tout-puissant, qui vois nos maux,



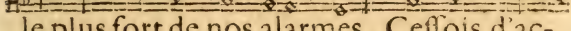
Assiste-nous dans nos travaux; Car qui se



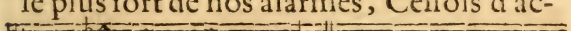
fie au bras humain, Voit enfin qu'il s'y



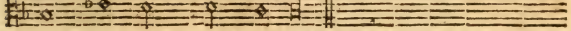
fie en vain. Elevons tous à Dieu nos



cœurs: Lui seul peut nous rendre vain-

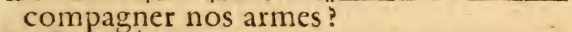


queurs: Il nous donnera l'avantage Sur

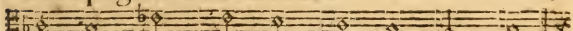


l'ennemi qui nous outrage.

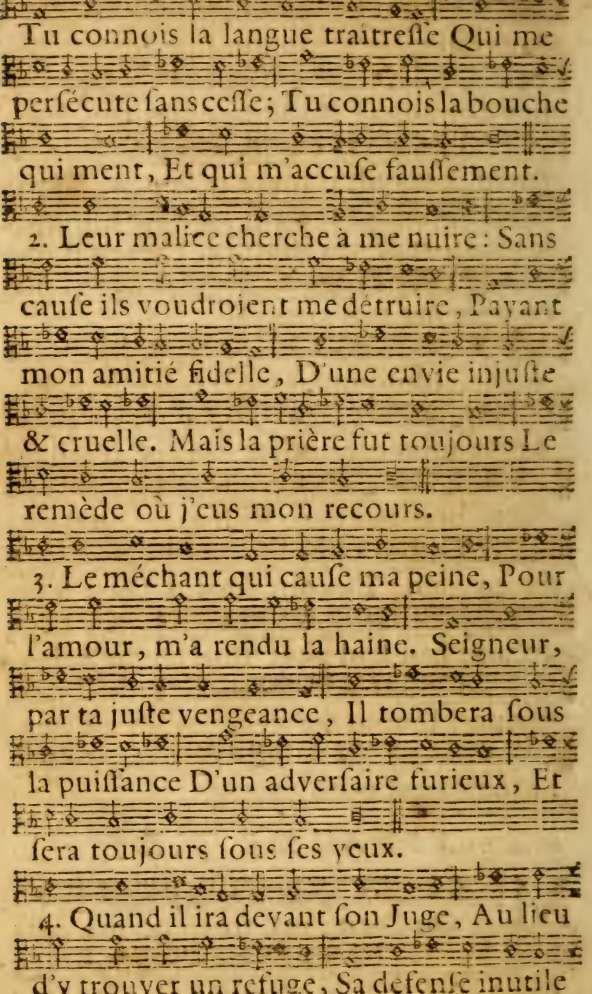
PSEAUME CIX.



MOn Dieu, ma force & ma dé-



fense, Ne te tiens plus dans le silence:



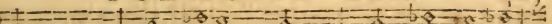
Tu connois la langue traitresse Qui me persécute sans cesse; Tu connois la bouche qui ment, Et qui m'accuse faussement.

2. Leur malice cherche à me nuire: Sans cause ils voudroient me détruire, Payant mon amitié fidelle, D'une envie injuste & cruelle. Mais la prière fut toujours Le remède où j'eus mon recours.

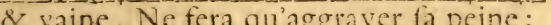
3. Le méchant qui cause ma peine, Pour l'amour, m'a rendu la haine. Seigneur, par ta juste vengeance, Il tombera sous la puissance D'un adversaire furieux, Et sera toujours sous ses yeux.

4. Quand il ira devant son Juge, Au lieu d'y trouver un refuge, Sa defense inutile

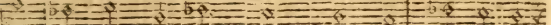
&



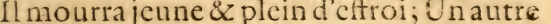
& vaine, Ne fera qu'aggraver ſa peine:



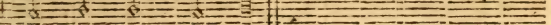
Il mourra jeune & plein d'effroi; Un autre



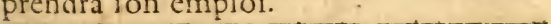
prendra ſon emploi.



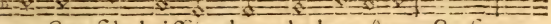
5. Ses fils laiſſés dans le bas-âge, Sa fem-



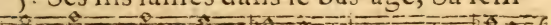
me pauvre en ſon veuvage, Preſſés d'une



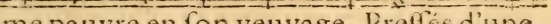
triſte indigence, Languiront tous dans



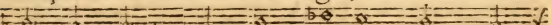
la ſouffrance; Et leur miſérable maiſon



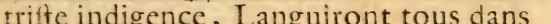
Sera vuide en toute ſaiſon.



6. Un étranger, par ſon uſure, Enlevera

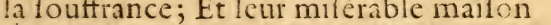


leur nourriture; Et perſonne, dans leur



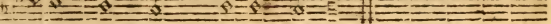
misère, Ne plaindra leur douleur amère:

Pour ces orphelins l'amitié N'agira plus,

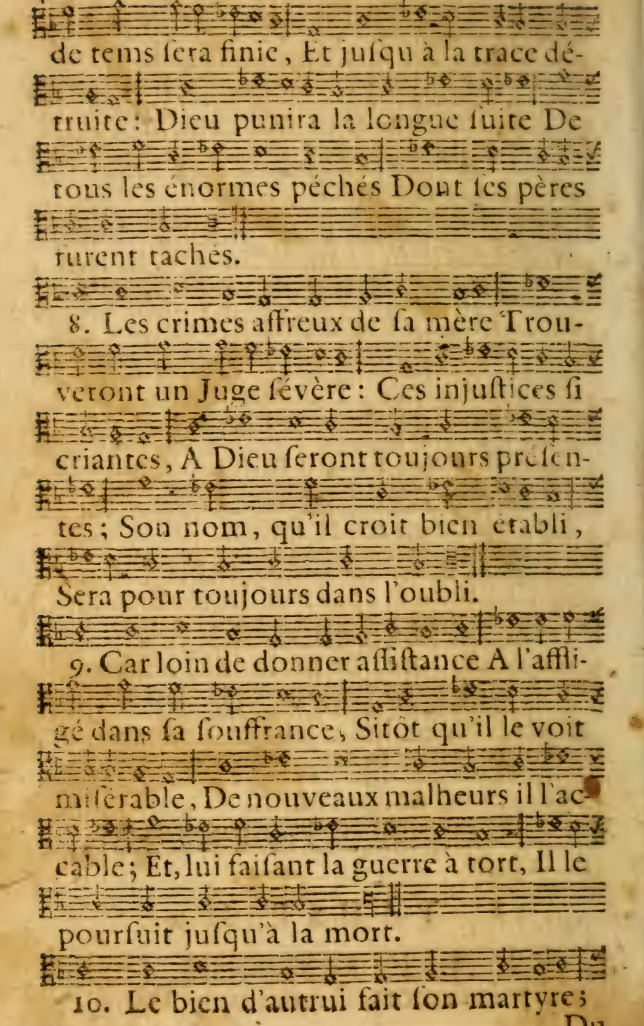


ni la pitié.

PAUSE I.



7. Après ſa mort, ſa race impie, Dans peu



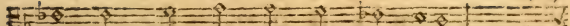
de tems ſera finie, Et juſqu'à la trace dé-
truite: Dieu punira la longue ſuite De
tous les énormes péchés Dont ſes pères
furent tachés.

8. Les crimes affreux de ſa mère Trou-
veront un Juge ſévère: Ces injuſtices ſi
criantes, A Dieu ſeront toujours preſen-
tes; Son nom, qu'il croit bien établi,
Sera pour toujours dans l'oubli.

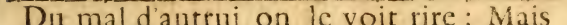
9. Car loin de donner aſſiſtance A l'affli-
gé dans ſa ſouffrance, Sitôt qu'il le voit
miſérable, De nouveaux malheurs il l'ac-
cable; Et, lui faiſant la guerre à tort, Il le
pourſuit juſqu'à la mort.

10. Le bien d'autrui fait ſon martyre;

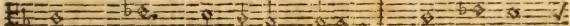
Du



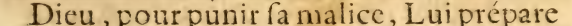
Du mal d'autrui on le voit rire : Mais



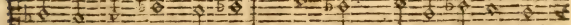
Dieu, pour punir ſa malice, Lui prépare



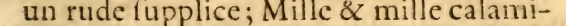
un rude ſupplice; Mille & mille calami-



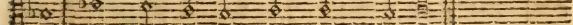
tés Le preſſeront de tous côtés.



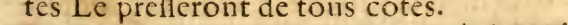
11. Dieu, dont la colère s'allume, Veut



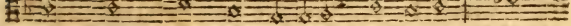
qu'il ne boive qu'amertume; Que, juſques



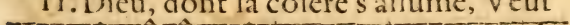
dans les os, il ſente La douleur la plus pé-



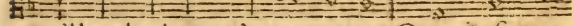
nétrante, Et que le mal ſoit conſtamment



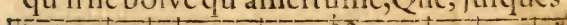
Sa ceinture & ſon vêtement.



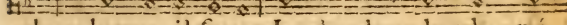
12. Tel ſera le juſte ſalaire Que Dieu garde



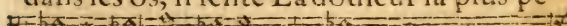
à mon adverſaire, Au méchant, dont la



haine ouverte Sans cauſe a conſpiré ma



perte. Viens donc, Seigneur, approche-



toi; Et, pour ta gloire, ſauve moi.

PAUSE II.

13. Eternel, ſois-moi favorable: Reçois

les vœux d'un miſérable, Qui, ſuccom-

bant dans ſa détreſſe, Languit & ſoupire

ſans ceſſe; Qui paſſe, & qui ſe ſent dé-

cheoir, Ainſi qu'un ombre ſur le ſoir.

14. Toujours comme une ſauterelle, Je

cherche une place nouvelle: Le jeûne &

les maux qui m'agitent, Font qu'enfin

mes forces me quittent; Mon corps, ja-

dis robuſte & fort, N'a plus que les traits

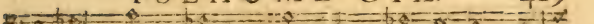
de la mort.

15. Même, dans mes peines ſi dures, Ces

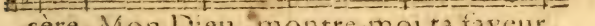
cruels me chargent d'injures; Et, par mé-

pris, ou par colère, Ils inſultent à ma mi-

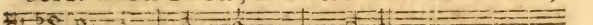
sère.



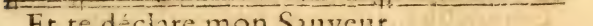
sère. Mon Dieu, montre-moi ta faveur,



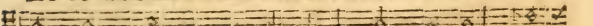
Et te déclare mon Sauveur.



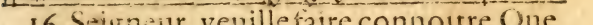
16. Seigneur, veuille faire connoître Que



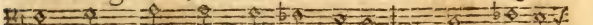
ta main qui m'a donné l'être, Eſt la même



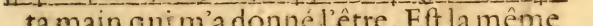
dont l'aſſiſtance Me donne auſſi ma déli-



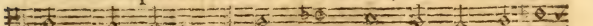
vrance: Mon ennemi me maudira; Mais



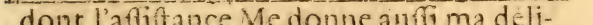
le Seigneur me bénira.



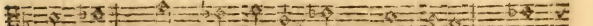
17. Ils s'élèvent avec audace: Mais ta co-



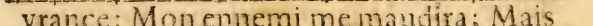
lère les menace, Et, pour le repos de ma



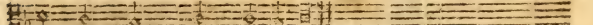
vie, Les va couvrir d'ignominie, Comme



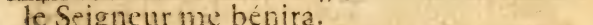
d'un long manteau de deuil, Juſqu'à ce



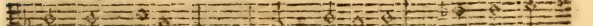
qu'ils ſoient au cercueil.



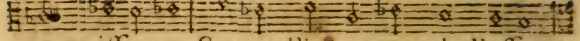
18. Ma bouche auſſi, par ſes cantiques,



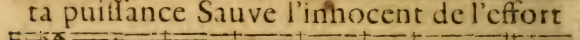
Toujours, dans nos fêtes publiques, Fera



réſonner ta clémence: Chacun ſaura que

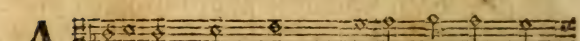


ta puiſſance Sauve l'innocent de l'effort

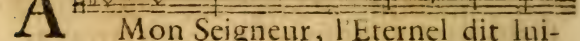


Des mechans qui cherchent ſa mort.

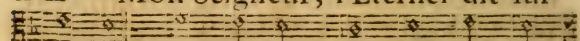
PSEAUME CX.



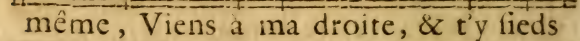
A Mon Seigneur, l'Eternel dit lui-



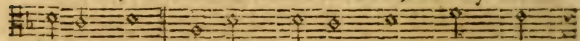
même, Viens à ma droite, & t'y ſieds



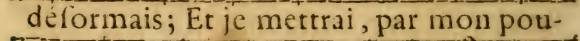
déſormais; Et je mettrai, par mon pou-



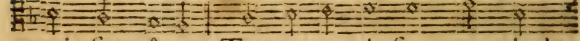
voir ſuprême, Tes ennemis ſous tes pieds



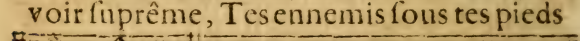
pour jamais.



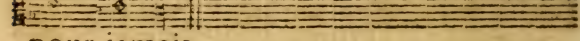
2. Le ſceptre heureux de ton puiſſant Em-



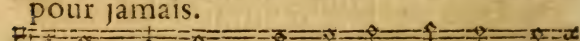
pire, Va, de Sion, s'étendre en mille lieux:



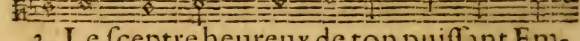
Le Tout puiſſant lui-même te vient dire,



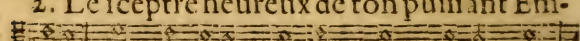
Règne au milieu de tous tes envieux.



3. Au jour ſi ſaint de ta pompe éclatante,

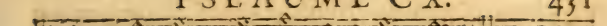


Ton peuple prompt ſous toi ſe rangera;

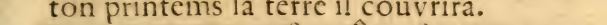


Tel qu'au matin la roſée abondante, Dès

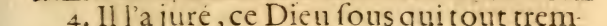
ton



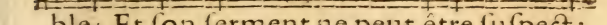
ton printems la terre il couvrira.



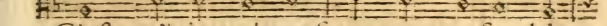
4. Il l'a juré, ce Dieu sous qui tout trem-



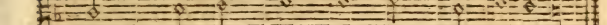
ble; Et son serment ne peut être suspect:



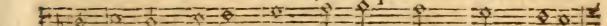
C'est qu'à jamais tu seras tout ensemble,



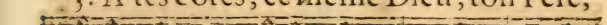
Grand-Prêtre & Roi, tel que Melchisedec.



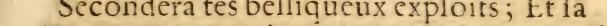
5. A tes côtés, ce même Dieu, ton Père,



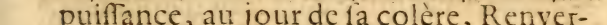
Secondera tes belliqueux exploits; Et sa



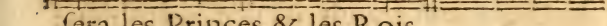
puissance, au jour de sa colère, Renver-



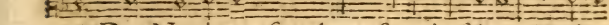
sera les Princes & les Rois.



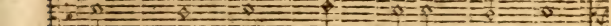
6. Des Nations son bras fera justice, Et de



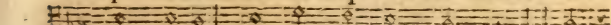
corps morts les champs seront couverts:



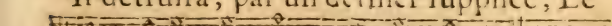
Il détruira, par un dernier supplice, Le



fier Tyran de cent peuples divers.



7. Il poursuivra l'ennemi dans la plaine:



Sans s'arrêter, du torrent il boira; Et, rem-

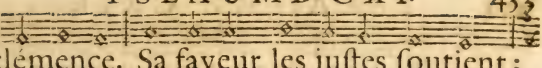
portant une victoire pleine, La tête haute enfin il marchera.

PSEAUME CXI.

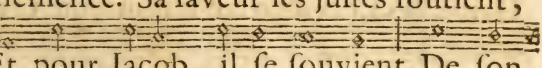
DE tout mon cœur, dans tous les lieux Où les hommes droits & pieux Forment leurs saintes assemblées, Je rendrai mes vœux au Seigneur; Je célébrerai son honneur, Par mille chansons redoublées.

2. Qu'ils sont grands, ô Dieu, tes projets! Qu'ils sont merveilleux, tes hauts faits! Que l'etude en est agréable! Par-tout brille ta Majesté; Et, pour nous, Seigneur, ta bonté Est un trésor inépuisable.

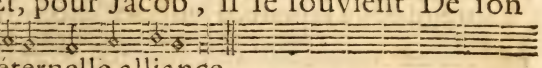
3. Par des miracles glorieux, Son bras puissant devant nos yeux, A fait éclater sa clémence



clémence. Sa faveur les juſtes ſoutient;

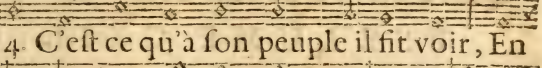


Et, pour Jacob, il ſe ſouvient De ſon

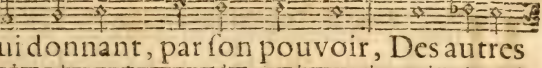


éternelle alliance.

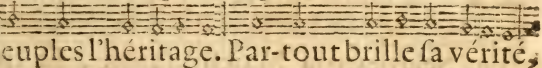
PAUSE.



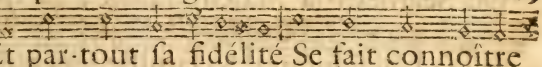
4. C'eſt ce qu'à ſon peuple il fit voir, En



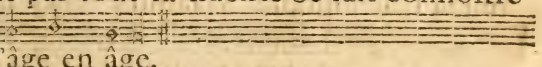
lui donnant, par ſon pouvoir, Des autres



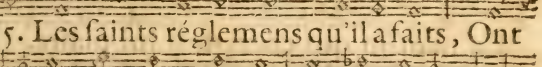
peuples l'héritage. Par-tout brille ſa vérité,



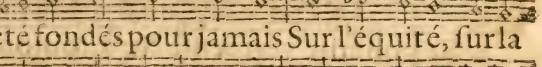
Et par-tout ſa fidélité Se fait connoître



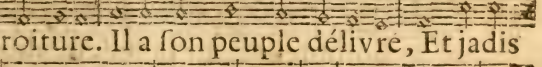
d'âge en âge.



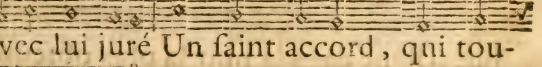
5. Les ſaints réglemens qu'il a faits, Ont



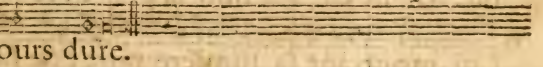
été fondés pour jamais Sur l'équité, ſur la



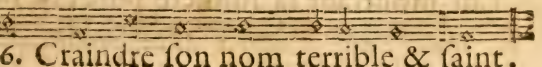
droiture. Il a ſon peuple délivré, Et jadis



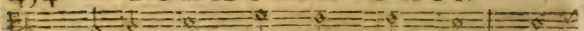
avec lui juré Un ſaint accord, qui tou-



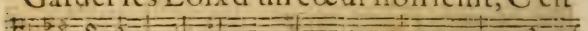
jours dure.



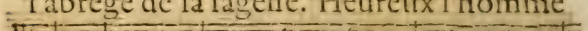
6. Craindre ſon nom terrible & ſaint,



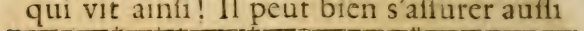
Garder ſes Loix d'un cœur non feint, C'eſt



l'abrégé de la ſageſſe. Heureux l'homme

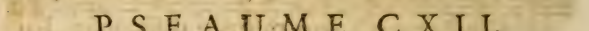


qui vit ainſi! Il peut bien s'aſſurer auſſi

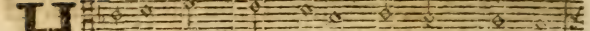


Qu'il en ſera loué ſans ceſſe.

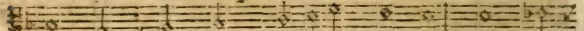
PSEAUME CXII.



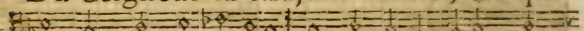
HEureux qui révère avec crainte,



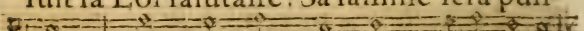
Du Seigneur la Majeſté ſainte, Et qui



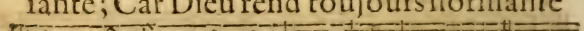
ſuit ſa Loi ſalutaire! Sa famille ſera puiſ-



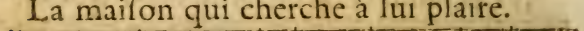
ſante; Car Dieu rend toujours floriſſante



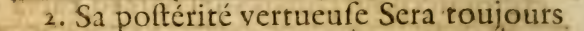
La maiſon qui cherche à lui plaire.



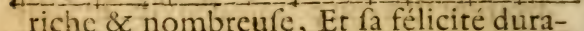
2. Sa poſtérité vertueuſe Sera toujours



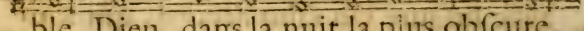
riche & nombreuſe, Et ſa félicité dura-



ble. Dieu, dans la nuit la plus obſcure,

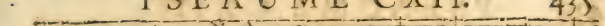


Lui montrant ſa lumière pure, Se fait

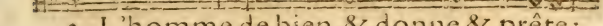


voir juſte & charitable.

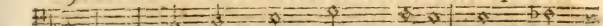
3. L'homme



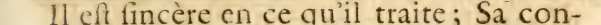
3. L'homme de bien, & donne & prête:



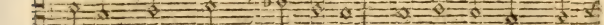
Il est sincère en ce qu'il traite; Sa con-



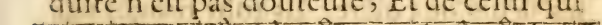
duite n'est pas douteuse; Et de celui qui



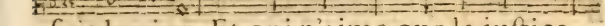
fuit le vice, Et qui n'aime que la justice,



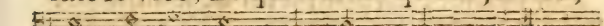
La mémoire est toujours heureuse.



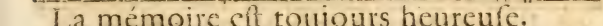
4. Jamais une attente incertaine Ne tient



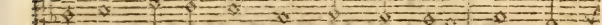
son esprit à la gêne; Car en Dieu seul il



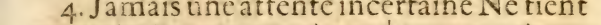
se confie; Et, tranquille en sa conscience,



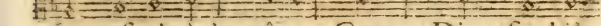
Il attend, sans impatience, Que Dieu ses



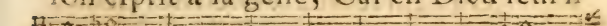
ennemis châtie.



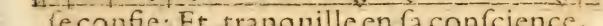
5. Ses biens largement il dispense A ceux



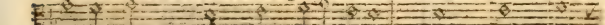
qui sont dans l'indigence: Jamais sa vertu



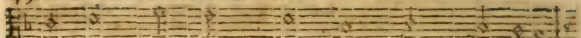
ne se trouble; Et si de l'abattre on s'effor-



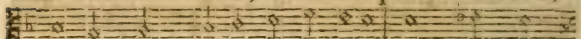
ce, On sent, à la fin, que sa force Dans les



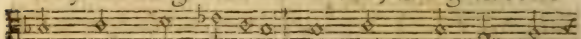
maux même se redouble.



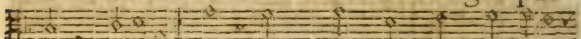
6. Les méchans, d'un œil plein d'envie,



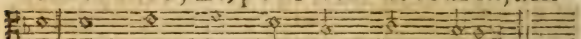
Voyant la gloire de ſa vie, En grincent



les dents de colère: Ils ſont rongés par

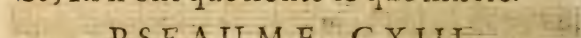


leur malice; Et, pour fruit de leur injuſti-

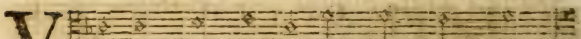


ce, Ils n'ont que honte & que misère.

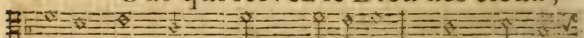
PSEAUME CXIII.



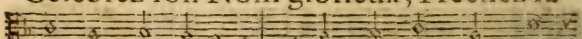
VOus qui ſervez le Dieu des cieux,



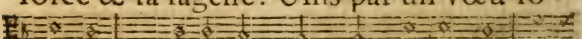
Célébrez ſon Nom glorieux; Prêchez ſa



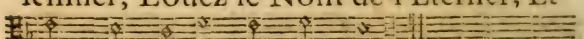
force & ſa ſageſſe: Unis par un vœu ſo-



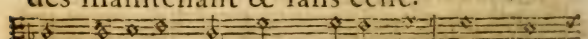
lemnel, Louez le Nom de l'Eternel, Et



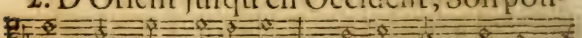
dès maintenant & ſans ceſſe.



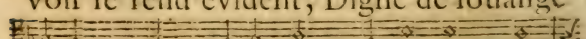
2. D'Orient juſqu'en Occident, Son pou-



voir ſe rend évident; Digne de louange

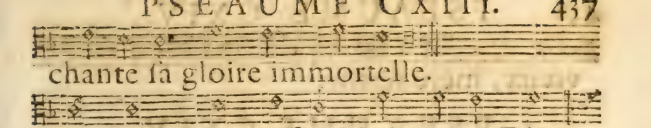


éternelle, Il s'élève au-deſſus des cieux;

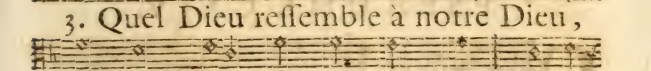


Sa vertu s'étend en tous lieux. Qu'on

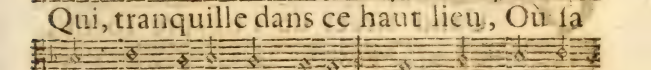
chante



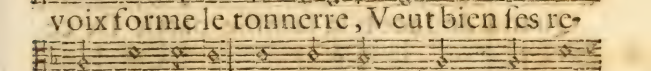
chante ſa gloire immortelle.



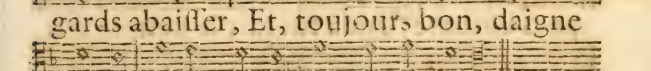
3. Quel Dieu reſſemble à notre Dieu,



Qui, tranquille dans ce haut lieu, Où ſa

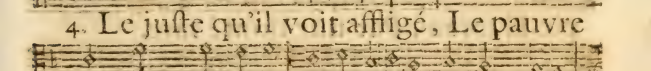


voix forme le tonnerre, Veut bien ſes re-

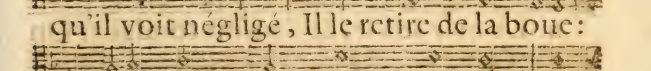


gards abaiſſer, Et, toujours bon, daigne

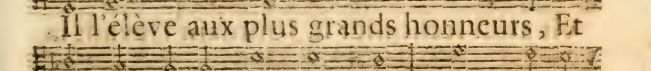
penſer A ce qui ſe fait ſur la terre?



4. Le juſte qu'il voit affligé, Le pauvre

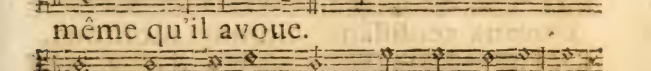


qu'il voit négligé, Il le retire de la boue:

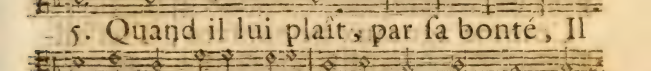


Il l'élève aux plus grands honneurs, Et

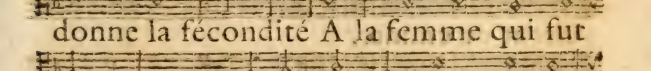
le met entre les Seigneurs Du peuple



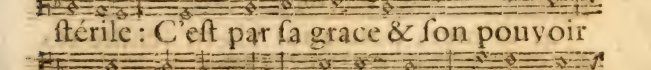
même qu'il avoue.



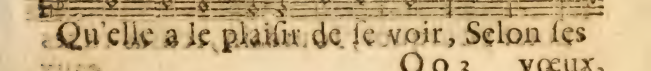
5. Quand il lui plaît, par ſa bonté, Il



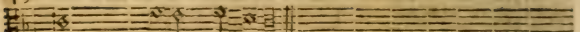
donne la fécondité A la femme qui fut



ſtérile: C'eſt par ſa grace & ſon pouvoir



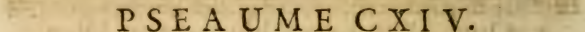
Qu'elle a le plaiſir de le voir, Selon ſes



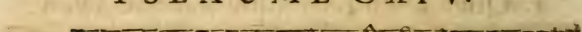
vœux, mère fertile.

PSEAUME CXIV.

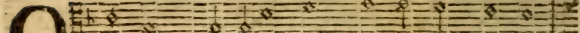
QUand Israël de l'Egypte sortit,



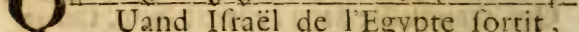
Quand de Jacob la famille partit De ce



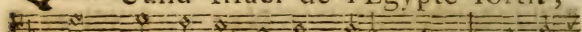
pays barbare, Juda fut fait le peuple élu



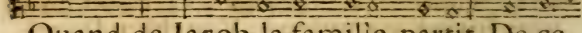
de Dieu. Dieu se montra Prince du peu-



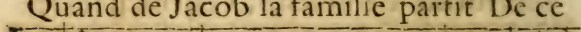
ple Hébreu, Par une bonté rare.



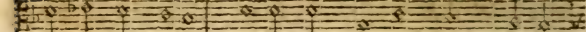
2. La mer le vit, & s'enfuit soudain: On



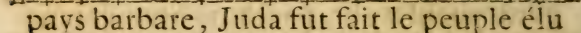
vit aussi remonter le Jourdain Devant la



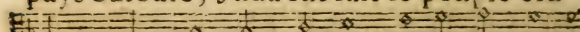
troupe sainte; Les plus hauts monts, les



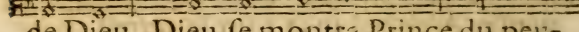
côteaux verdissans, Comme moutons,



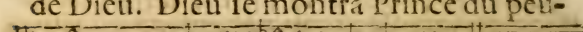
Comme agneaux bondissans, Tressail-



lirent de crainte.



4. O mer, pourquoi vis-tu fendre tes



flots? Pourquoi, Jourdain, retiras-tu tes

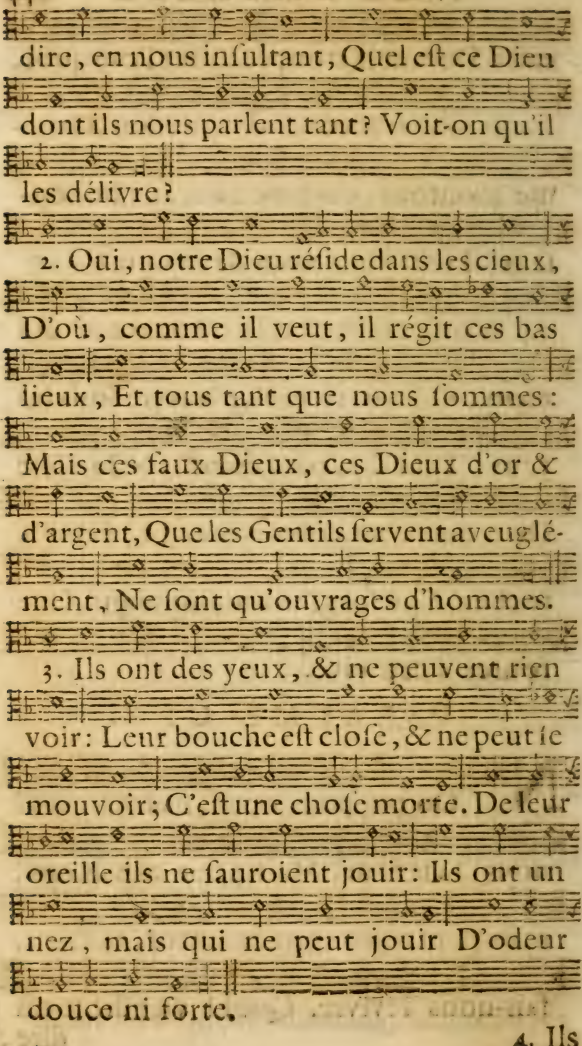
eaux,

eaux Devant la troupe ſainte? Pourquoi,
hauts monts & côteaux verdiſſans, Com-
me moutons, comme agneaux bondiſ-
ſans, Treſſailliez-vous de crainte?

4. Vous redoutiez le Monarque des
cieux, Qui fait trembler la terre ſous ſes
yeux, Tant il la rend craintive: Je dis le
Dieu qui, d'un coup étonnant, Fend le
rocher, d'où ſort, en bouillonnant, Une
ſource d'eau vive.

PSEAUME CXV.

NOn pas pour nous, non pas pour
nous, Seigneur, Mais pour ton Nom,
mais pour ton propre honneur, O Dieu,
fais-nous revivre. Quoi! viendroit-on
dire,

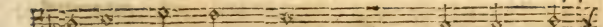


dire, en nous insultant, Quel est ce Dieu dont ils nous parlent tant? Voit-on qu'il les délivre?

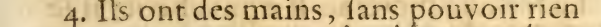
2. Oui, notre Dieu réside dans les cieux, D'où, comme il veut, il régit ces bas lieux, Et tous tant que nous sommes: Mais ces faux Dieux, ces Dieux d'or & d'argent, Que les Gentils servent aveuglément, Ne sont qu'ouvrages d'hommes.

3. Ils ont des yeux, & ne peuvent rien voir: Leur bouche est close, & ne peut se mouvoir; C'est une chose morte. De leur oreille ils ne sauroient jouir: Ils ont un nez, mais qui ne peut jouir D'odeur douce ni forte.

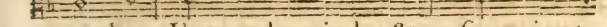
4. Ils



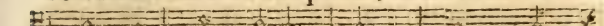
4. Ils ont des mains, ſans pouvoir rien



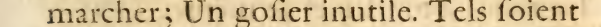
toucher: Ils ont des pieds, & ne ſauroient



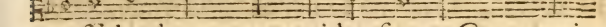
marcher; Un goſier inutile. Tels ſoient



auſſi les hommes qui les font, Ceux qui

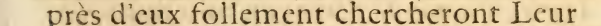


près d'eux follement chercheront Leur

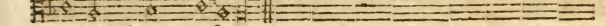


aide, leur aſyle.

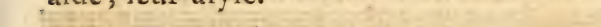
PAUSE.



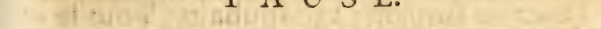
5. Fils de Jacob, ne mettez votre eſpoir



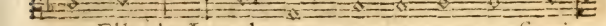
Qu'au Dieu des cieux, dont l'infini pou-



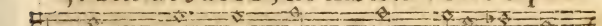
voir Eſt ſeul votre défenſe; Maiſon d'Aa-



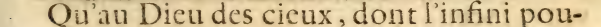
ron, aſſure-toi ſur lui: Il eſt ta force; il



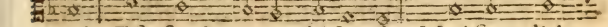
eſt ton ferme appui: Ne crains pas qu'on



t'offenſe.

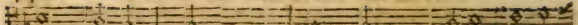


6. Repoſez-vous ſur ſon ſoin paternel,

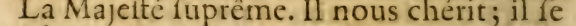


Vous qui toujours craignez de l'Eternel

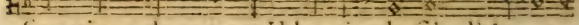
La



La Majesté suprême. Il nous chérit; il se

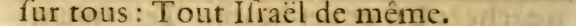


souvient de nous: Il benira le fils d'Aaron

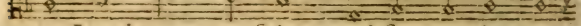


sur tous: Tout Israël de même.

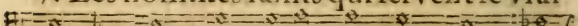
7. Les hommes saints qui servent le vrai



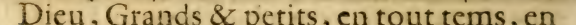
Dieu, Grands & petits, en tout tems, en



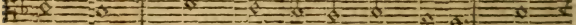
tout lieu, Sont l'objet de sa grace. Vous



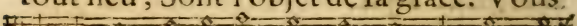
l'avez vu surpasser vos souhaits; Vous le



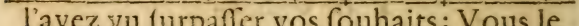
verrez répandre ses bienfaits Sur toute



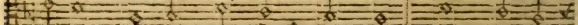
votre race.



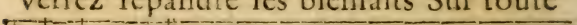
8. O trop heureux, vous qu'il a tant



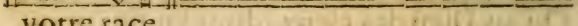
aimés! Car ce grand Dieu les hauts cieux



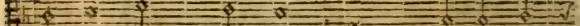
a formés, Et la terre où nous sommes.



Il a bâti son trône dans les cieux: Mais

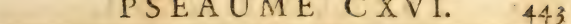


il a fait, de ces terrestres lieux, Le par-

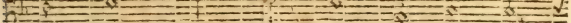


tage des hommes.

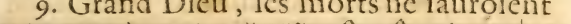
9. Grand



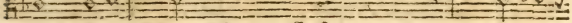
9. Grand Dieu, les morts ne sauroient



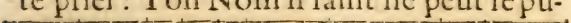
te prier: Ton Nom si saint ne peut se pu-



blier Où règne le silence. Nous qui vivons,



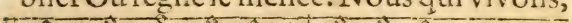
nous saurons te bénir, Et faire entendre



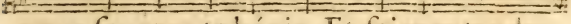
aux siécles à venir Ta force & ta clémence.

PSEAUME CXVI.

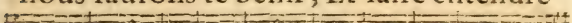
J



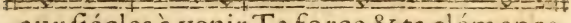
'Aime mon Dieu; car son divin se-



cours Montre qu'il a ma clameur enten-

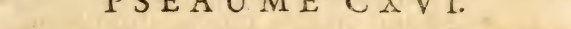


due: A mes soupirs son oreille est ten-

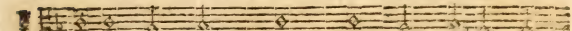


due; Je veux aussi l'invoquer tous les jours.

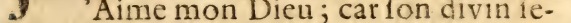
2. Je n'avois plus ni trève, ni repos: Déjà



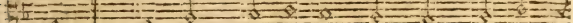
la mort me tenoit dans ses chaînes; Mon



cœur souffroit les plus cruelles peines,



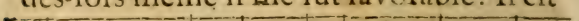
Quand je lui fis ma prière en ces mots:



3. Ah, sauve-moi du péril où je suis! Et

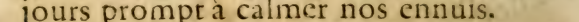
dès-lors

dès-lors même il me fut favorable: Il eſt

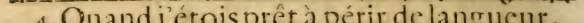


toujours & juſte & ſecourable, Et tou-

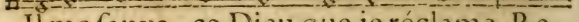
jours prompt à calmer nos ennuis.



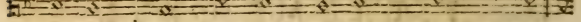
4. Quand j'étois prêt à périr de langueur,



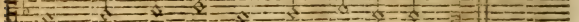
Il me ſauva, ce Dieu que je réclame. Re-



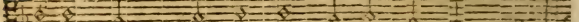
tourne-donc en ton repos, mon ame,



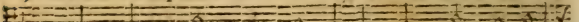
Puiſqu'il te fait éprouver ſa faveur.



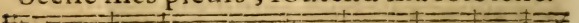
5. Ta main puiſſante a détourné ma mort,



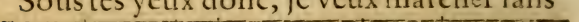
Seché mes pleurs, ſoutenu ma foibleſſe.



Sous tes yeux donc, je veux marcher ſans

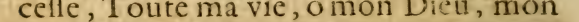


ceſſe, Toute ma vie, ô mon Dieu, mon



ſupport.

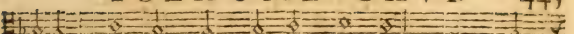
PAUSE.



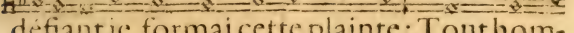
6. Je crus, Seigneur, & parlai hautement;

Puis, abattu de douleur & de crainte, Trop

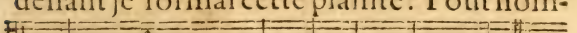
défiant



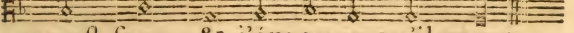
défiant je formai cette plainte: Tout hom-



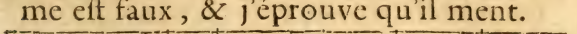
me eſt faux, & j'éprouve qu'il ment.



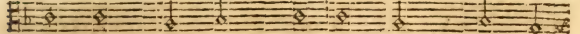
7. Mais que rendrai-je à Dieu pour ſes



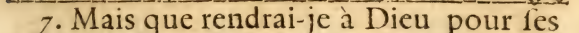
bienfaits? Ma main prendra la coupe de



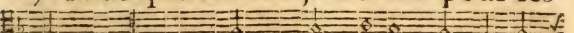
louanges; Ma voix fera, juſqu'aux climats



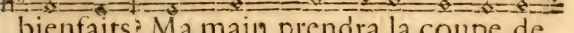
étranges, De ſa bonté retentir les effets.



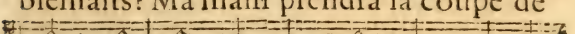
8. Dès ce moment, je lui rendrai mes



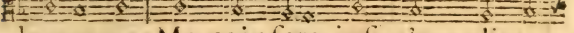
vœux, Devant ſon peuple & dans ſon



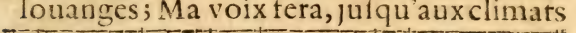
Sanctuaire; Car de tous ceux qui cher-



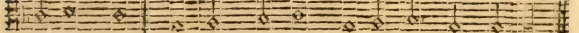
chent à lui plaire, Les jours lui ſont &



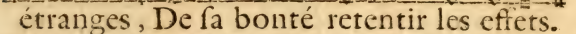
chers & précieux.



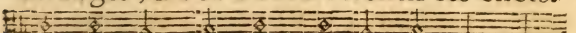
9. Enfin, grand Dieu, tu ſais ce que je



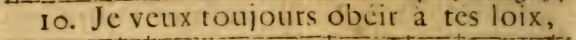
ſuis, Ton ſerviteur, le fils de ta ſervante.



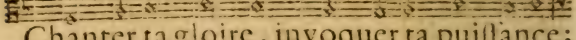
Briſant mes fers, tu paſſes mon attente:



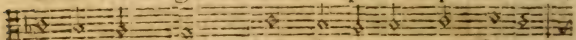
Je veux au moins t'offrir ce que je puis.



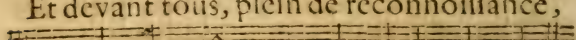
10. Je veux toujours obéir à tes loix,



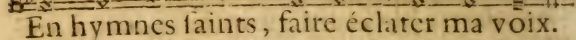
Chanter ta gloire, invoquer ta puiſſance;



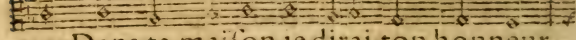
Et devant tous, plein de reconnoiſſance,



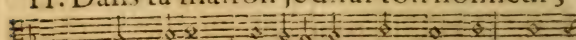
En hymnes ſaints, faire éclater ma voix.



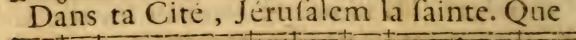
11. Dans ta maiſon je dirai ton honneur,



Dans ta Cité, Jéruſalem la ſainte. Que

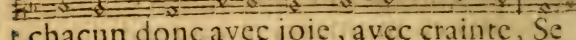


chacun donc avec joie, avec crainte, Se

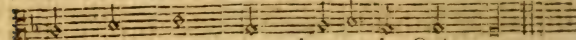


joigne à moi, pour louer le Seigneur.

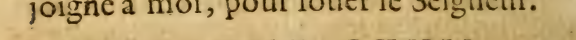
PSEAUME CXVII.



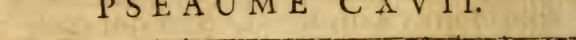
NAtions, louez le Seigneur; Peuples,



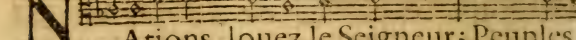
chantez à ſon honneur. Pour nous, ſes



ſoins & ſon amour Se renouvellent cha-

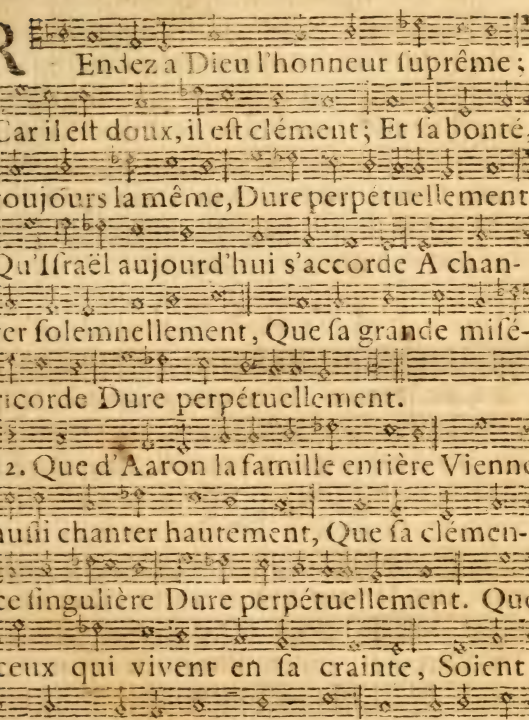


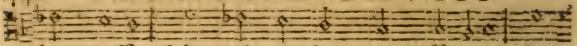
que jour, Et ſa conſtante vérité De-



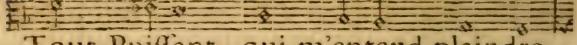
meure à perpétuité.

PSEAUME CXVIII.

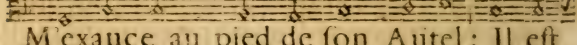




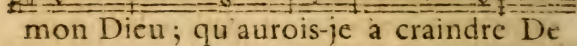
la preſſe, Me mit au large en ſûreté. Le



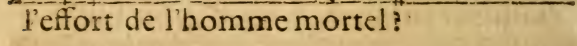
Tout-Puiſſant, qui m'entend plaindre,



M'exauce au pied de ſon Autel: Il eſt

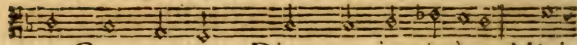


mon Dieu; qu'aurois-je à craindre De

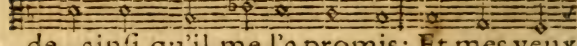


l'effort de l'homme mortel?

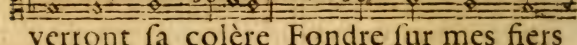
PAUSE I.



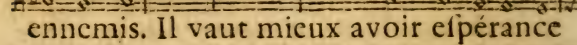
4. Contre tous, Dieu que je révère, M'ai-



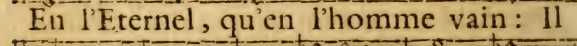
de, ainſi qu'il me l'a promis; Et mes yeux



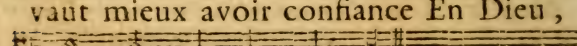
verront ſa colère Fondre ſur mes fiers



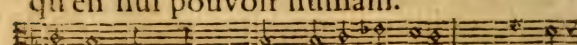
ennemis. Il vaut mieux avoir eſpérance



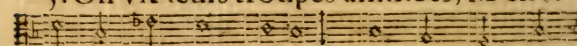
En l'Eternel, qu'en l'homme vain: Il



vaut mieux avoir confiance En Dieu,



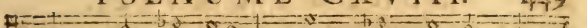
qu'en nul pouvoir humain.



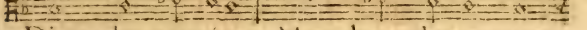
5. On vit leurs troupes animées, M'envi-

ronner de tous côtés; Mais au Nom du

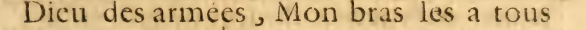
Dieu



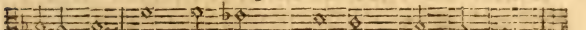
Dieu des armées, Mon bras les a tous



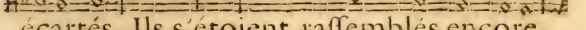
écartés. Ils s'étoient rassemblés encore,



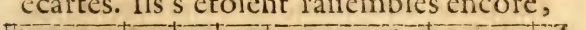
Cherchant à me faire mourir; Mais au



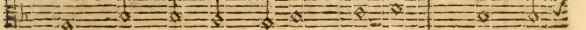
nom du Dieu que j'adore, C'est moi



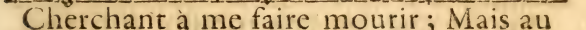
qui les ai fait périr.



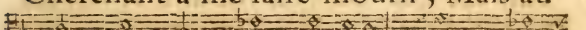
6. Comme un épais essain d'abeilles, Ils



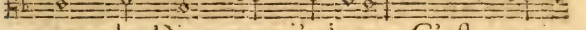
fondoient sur moi, ces hautains: Ils sont,



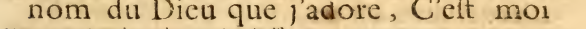
par le Dieu des merveilles, Comme un



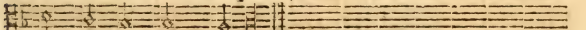
feu d'épines éteints. Cruel, qui me fai-



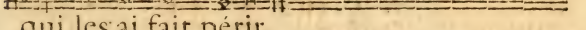
sois la guerre, Tu m'avois vivement



pressé: Tu croyois me jeter par terre;

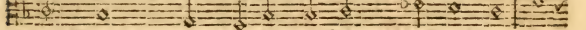


Mais le Seigneur t'a renversé.

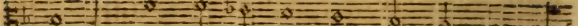


7. Le Dieu fort est ma délivrance; C'est

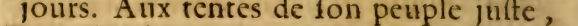
le sujet de mes discours: Par mes chants



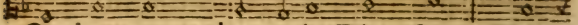
de réjouissance, Je le célèbre tous les



jours. Aux tentes de ſon peuple juſte,



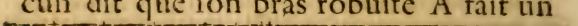
On loue, on chante le Dieu fort: Cha-



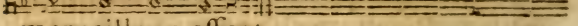
cun dit que ſon bras robuſte A fait un

merveilleux effort.

PAUSE II.

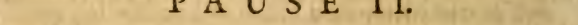


8. De l'Eternel la main puiſſante S'eſt ſigna-

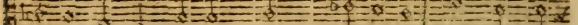


lée à cette fois: C'eſt là ce que ſon peuple

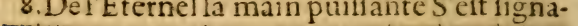
chante, Tout d'un cœur & tout d'une



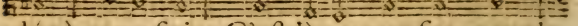
voix. Me voilà donc, malgré l'envie, Des



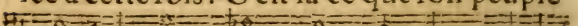
mains de la mort racheté: Le Dieu fort



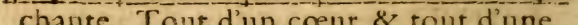
m'a rendu la vie; Je célébrerai ſa bonté.



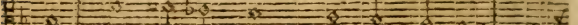
9. Il m'a plongé dans la ſouffrance; Il m'a



châtié rudement; Mais relevé par ſa clé-

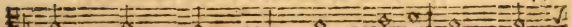


mence, Je n'ai point vu le monument,

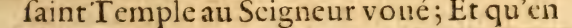


Qu'on m'ouvre ces portes ſi belles Du

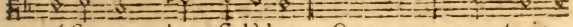
ſaint



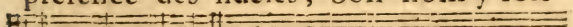
saint Temple au Seigneur voué; Et qu'en



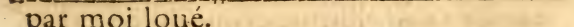
préſence des fidèles, Son nom y ſoit



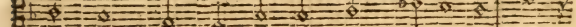
par moi loué.



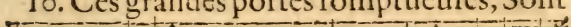
10. Ces grandes portes ſomptueuſes, Sont



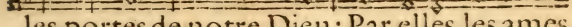
les portes de notre Dieu: Par elles les ames



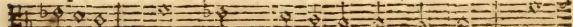
pieuſes Viendront l'adorer en ce lieu. C'eſt



là que, d'une ardeur nouvelle, Tout haut

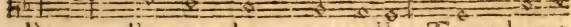


je veux le célébrer, Puiſque, dans ma dou-

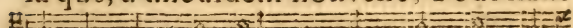


leur mortelle, Sa main a ſu me délivrer.

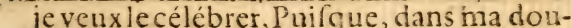
PAUSE III.



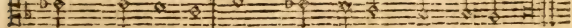
11. La pierre qu'avoient mépriſée Les



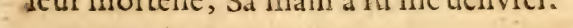
conducteurs du bâtiment, A l'angle pour



jamais poſée, En fait la force & l'orne-

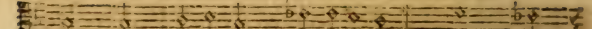


ment. C'eſt, ſans doute, une œuvre cé-

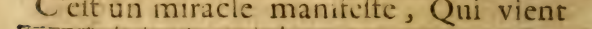


leſte, Faite par le grand Dieu des cieux:

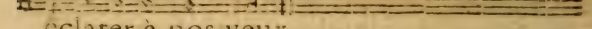
C'eſt



C'eſt un miracle manifeſte, Qui vient

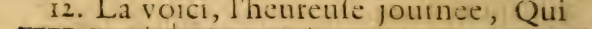


éclater à nos yeux.

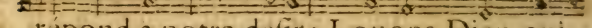


12. La voici, l'heureuſe journée, Qui

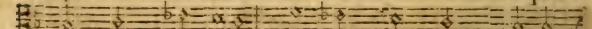
répond à notre deſir: Louons Dieu qui



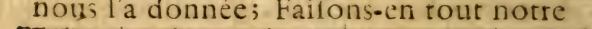
nous l'a donnée; Faiſons-en tout notre



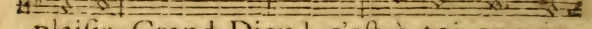
plaiſir. Grand Dieu! c'eſt à toi que je



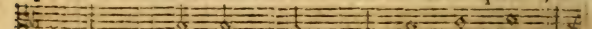
crie; Garde ton Oint, & le ſoutiens:



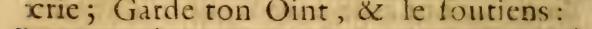
Grand Dieu! c'eſt toi ſeul que je prie;



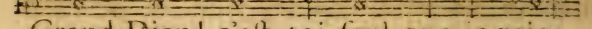
Bénis ton peuple & le maintiens.



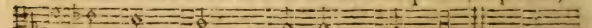
13. Béni ſoit qui, rempli de zèle, Au



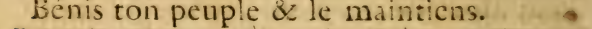
nom du Seigneur, vient ici. Vous, de ſa



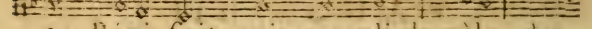
maiſon ſainte & belle, Nous vous beniſ-



ſons tous auſſi. L'Eternel qui nous eſt pro-

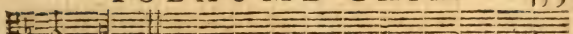


pice, Nous éclaire par ſa faveur: Menez



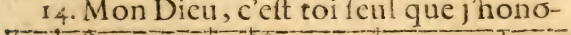
le bœuf du ſacrifice Juſques à l'Autel du

Seigneur.

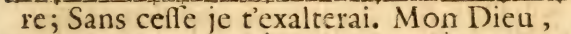


Seigneur.

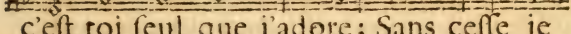
14. Mon Dieu, c'eſt toi ſeul que j'hono-



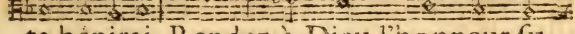
re; Sans ceſſe je t'exalterai. Mon Dieu,



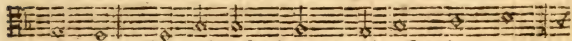
c'eſt toi ſeul que j'adore; Sans ceſſe je



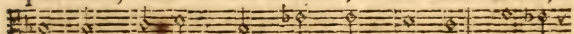
te bénirai. Rendez à Dieu l'honneur ſu-



prême; Car il eſt doux, il eſt clément;



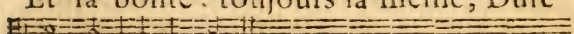
Et ſa bonté toujours la même, Dure



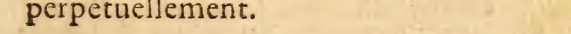
perpétuellement.

PSEAUME CXIX.

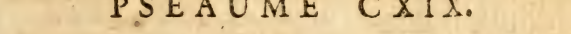
ALEPH I.



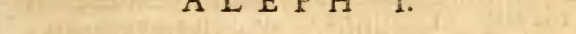
HEureux celui qui, par un juſte choix,



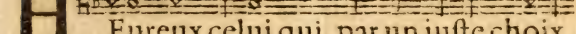
S'abſtient du mal, & vit dans l'inno-



cence; Qui, craignant Dieu, ſe ſoumet



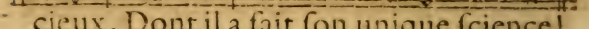
à ſes loix! Heureux celui qui, dans ſon



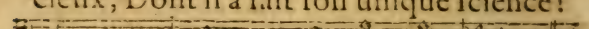
alliance, Garde avec ſoin ſes ſtatuts pré-

cieux,

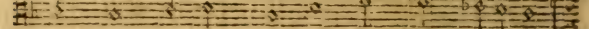
cieux, Dont il a fait son unique science!



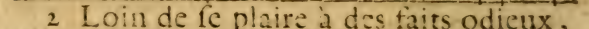
2 Loin de se plaire à des faits odieux,



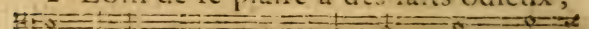
Le juste marche, ainsi que Dieu l'or-



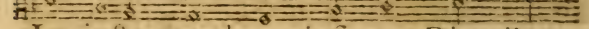
donne, Par le chemin qu'il nous montra



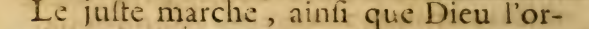
des cieux. Tu veux, Seigneur, qu'en ce



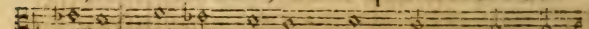
monde on s'adonne A se former sur ton



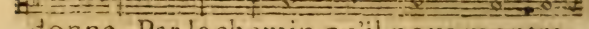
commandement, Et que ta Loi jamais



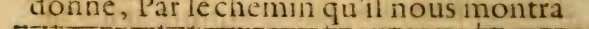
on n'abandonne.



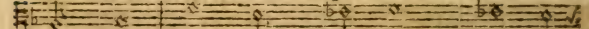
3. Mais par ta grâce, ô Dieu juste &



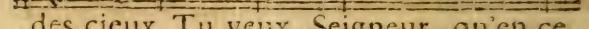
clément, Guide mes pas, où ta voix me



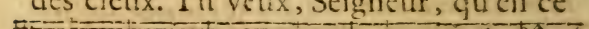
convie, Sans que jamais j'y bronche



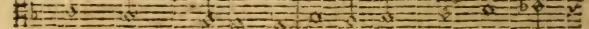
seulement: Nul deshonneur ne trou-



blera ma vie, Si mon esprit, en ta voix

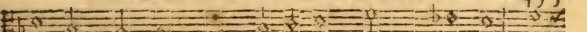


arrêté, De t'obéir ne perd jamais l'envie.

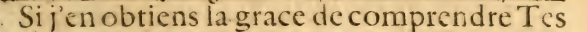


4. D'un cœur ouvert je dirai ta bonté,

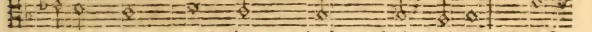
Si



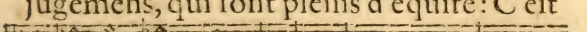
Si j'en obtiens la grace de comprendre Tes



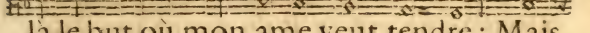
jugemens, qui ſont pleins d'équité: C'eſt



là le but où mon ame veut tendre; Mais

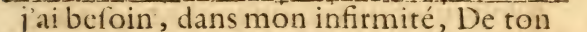


j'ai beſoin, dans mon infirmité, De ton

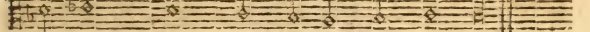


ſecours, ſans qu'il ſe faſſe attendre.

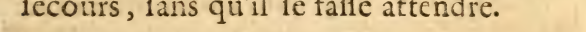
BETH II.



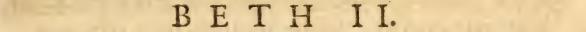
5. Les jeunes gens veulent-ils s'amender?



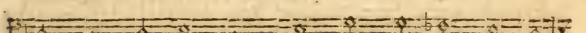
Dans ce deſſein, qu'ils prennent pour



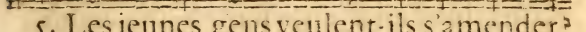
adreſſe Ce qu'il te plaît dans ta Loi com-



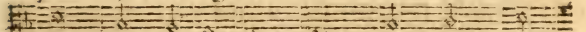
mander. Pour moi, Seigneur, je te cher-



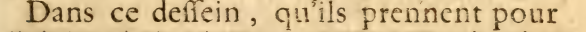
che ſans ceſſe; Mais je pourrois m'éga-



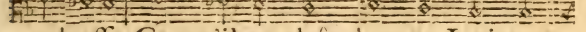
rer aiſément, Si je n'étois conduit par



ta ſageſſe.



6. J'ai dans mon cœur gravé profondé-



ment Tes ordres ſaints, pour ne te plus

déplaire,

déplaire, Et j'ai tâché de vivre saintement.

Ton Nom est grand, & chacun le révère:

Chacun te craint d'un cœur humilié;

Rends-moi savant dans ta Loi salutaire.

7. Ma voix, Seigneur, a toujours publié

Les jugemens de ta bouche équitable,

Sans que j'en aye un seule point oublié.

Ta discipline & ta Loi veritable Ont fait

ma joie, & je les veux chérir Plus qu'au-

cun bien de la terre habitable.

8. De tes Edits je saurai discourir; Et si

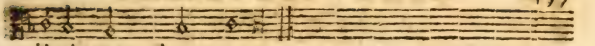
j'en ai la pleine connoissance, Dans tes

sentiers on me verra courir. On me verra

toujours, avec constance, Suivre ta voix,

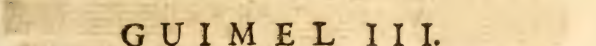
même plutôt mourir, Que d'oublier ta

divine

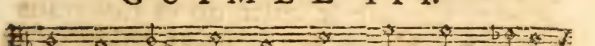


divine ordonnance.

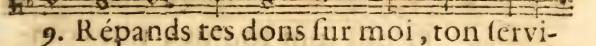
GUIMEL III.



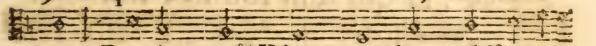
9. Répands tes dons sur moi, ton servi-



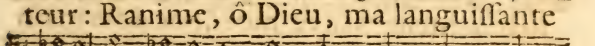
teur: Ranime, ô Dieu, ma languissante



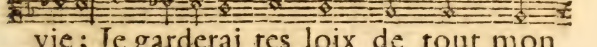
vie; Je garderai tes loix de tout mon



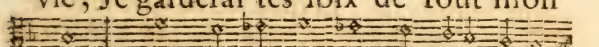
cœur. Rends la lumière à ma vue affoi-



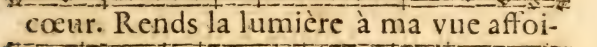
blie; Sur tes Edits j'attacherai mes yeux,



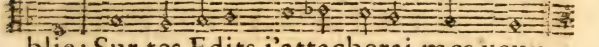
Pour contempler ta grandeur infinie.



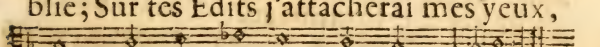
10. Comme étranger, je voyage en ces



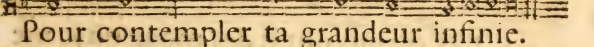
lieux; Sers-moi de guide; & quelque



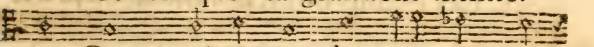
part que j'aille, Conduis mes pas dans



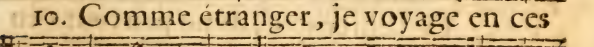
le chemin des cieux. Soir & matin mon



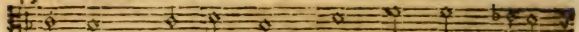
esprit se travaille; Et sur ta Loi veillant



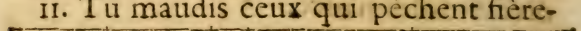
incessamment, Je crains qu'enfin le cœur



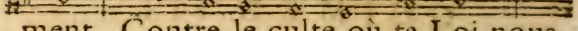
ne me défaille.



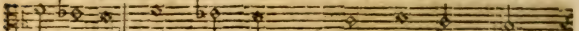
11. Tu maudis ceux qui péchent fière-



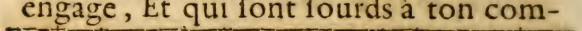
ment, Contre le culte où ta Loi nous



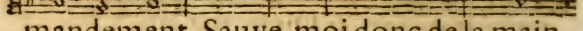
engage, Et qui ſont ſourds à ton com-



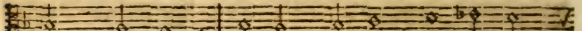
mandement. Sauve-moi donc de la main



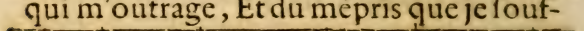
qui m'outrage, Et du mépris que je ſouf-



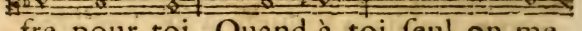
fre pour toi, Quand à toi ſeul on me



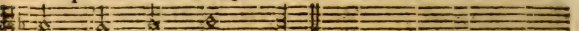
voit rendre hommage.



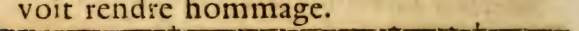
12. Les grands ont ri des maux où je me



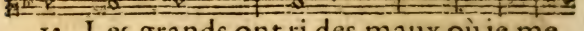
vois : Aſſis enſemble, ils ne peuvent s'en



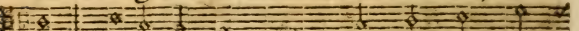
taire, Tandis, Seigneur, que je penſe à



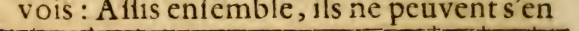
ta Loi. Mais cependant je veux toujours



m'y plaire. C'eſt le conſeil que je tiens

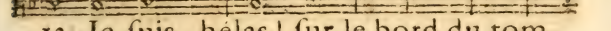


près de moi, Pour m'en ſervir au temps

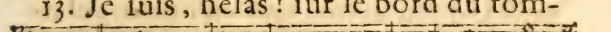


le plus contraire.

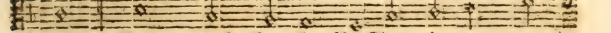
DALETH IV.



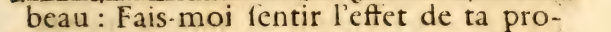
13. Je ſuis, hélas! ſur le bord du tom-



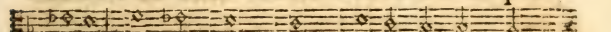
beau: Fais-moi ſentir l'effet de ta pro-



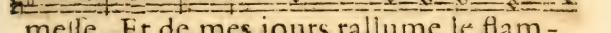
meſſe, Et de mes jours rallume le flam-



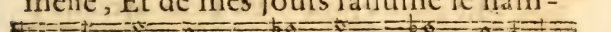
beau. Souvent, Seigneur, en pareille



détreſſe, A mes ſoupirs tes ſoins ont

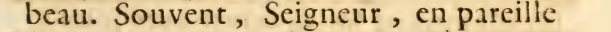


répondu: Fais que ta voix m'inſtruiſe

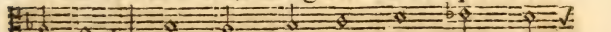


& me redreſſe.

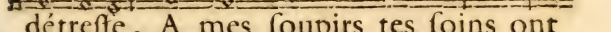
14. Dès que j'aurai clairement entendu



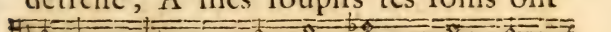
Ta volonté, que ta Loi nous préſente,



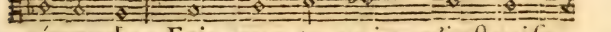
A t'obéir j'aurai l'eſprit tendu. Tu vois



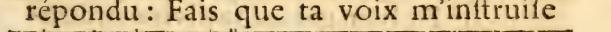
mon ame & triſte & languiſſante: Je



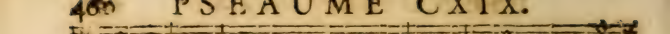
n'en puis plus; veuille me raſſurer, Par



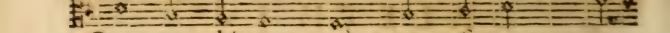
ta parole efficace & puiſſante.



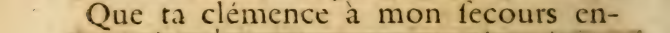
15. Dans cet état, où je puis m'égarer,



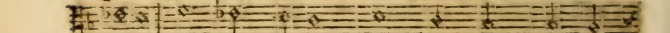
Que ta clémence à mon ſecours en-



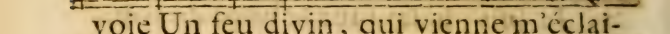
voie Un feu divin, qui vienne m'éclai-



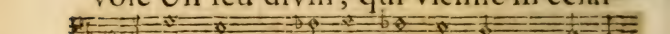
rer : Je veux choiſir la sûre & droite



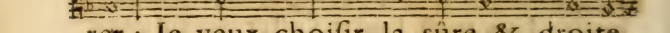
voie ; Et mon eſprit à tes Loix attaché,



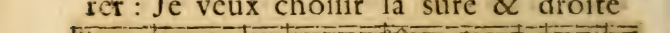
Inceſſamment les va ſuivre avec joie.



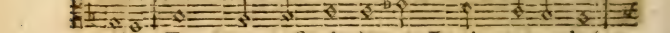
16. Puis donc, Seigneur, que toujours



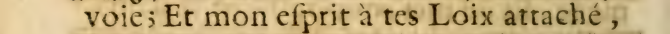
j'ai tâché De bien garder ta divine ordon-



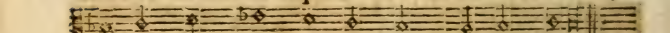
nance, Garantis-moi de honte & de pé-



ché : Tu me verras marcher en ta préſen-

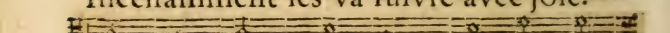


ce, Lorſque mon cœur, des faux biens

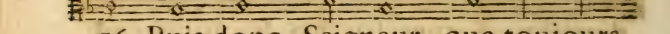


détaché, Aura reçu de toi ſa délivrance.

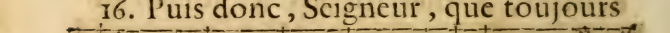
HE V.



17. De tes ſtatuts, qui ſont tous mes

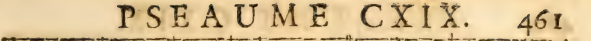


ſouhaits, Daigne, Seigneur, le droit

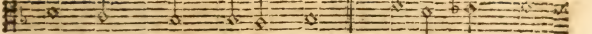


chemin m'apprendre ; J'y marcherai

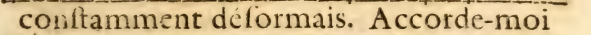
conſtamment



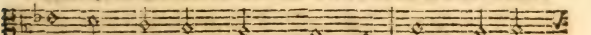
conſtamment déſormais. Accorde-moi



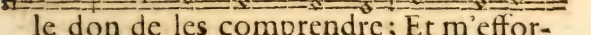
le don de les comprendre; Et m'effor-



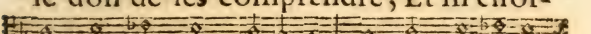
çant de les bien retenir, Je tâcherai de



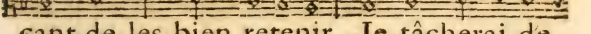
ne m'y plus méprendre.



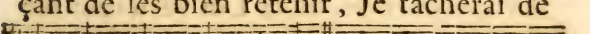
18. Conduis mes pas, & me fais parve-



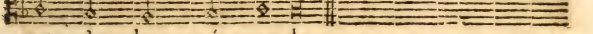
nir Au droit ſentier d'une vie innocente;



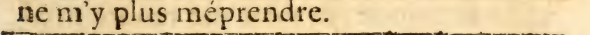
Rien ne me plaît, comme de m'y tenir.



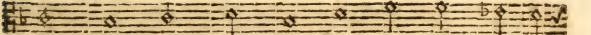
Fléchis mon cœur par ta vertu puiſſante:



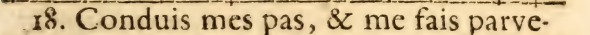
Qu'à te ſervir mes deſirs ſoient bornés;



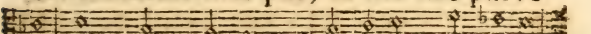
Et que jamais nul faux bien ne me tente.



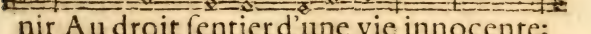
19. Que de tout mal mes yeux ſoient dé-



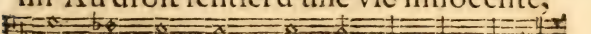
tournés; Que je conduiſe & redreſſe ma



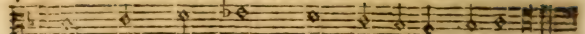
vie, Par les conſeils que tu m'auras don-



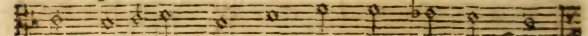
nés; Qu'enfin, Seigneur, ta grâce ratifie



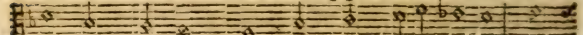
Ce que ta voix répondit à mes vœux,



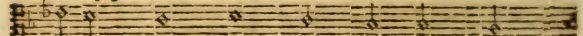
Puiſqu'en toi ſeul mon ame ſe confie.



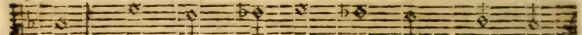
20. Délivre-moi d'un opprobre honteux:



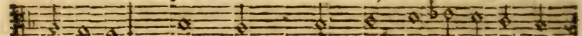
Je l'appréhende; & ta Loi véritable Eſt



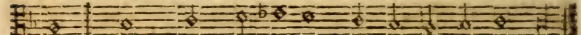
juſte & bonne, & doit me rendre heu-



reux. Oui, pour ta Loi toujours ſainte &

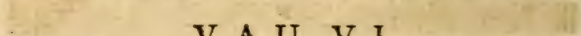


louable, Mon cœur ſoumis rallumera ſes

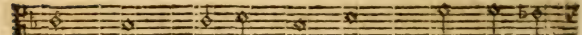


feux: Fais-moi ſentir ta bonté ſecourable.

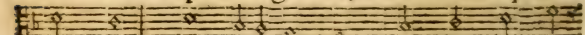
VAU VI.



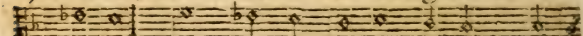
21. Viens par ta grâce, où mon eſpoir



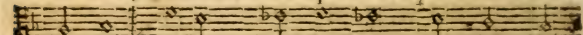
j'ai mis, Me retirer des dangers de ce



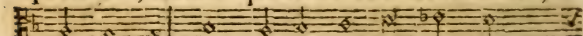
monde, Pour accomplir ce que tu m'as



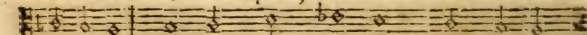
promis; Afin qu'auſſi les méchans je



confonde, Par qui je ſuis à toute heure

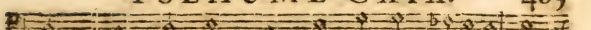


inſulté. Sur ce qu'en toi tout mon eſpoir

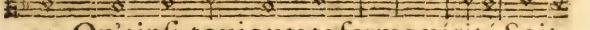


ſe fonde.

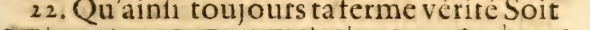
22. Qu'ainſi



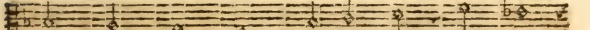
22. Qu'ainſi toujours ta ferme vérité Soit



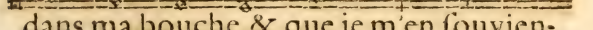
dans ma bouche, & que je m'en ſouvien-



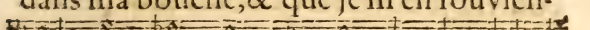
ne, Puiſqu'en mes maux je m'y ſuis arrêté.



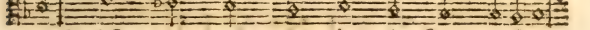
Que juſqu'au bout mon eſprit la main-



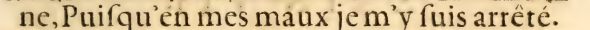
tienne; Et qu'en tout tems, fidèle à mon



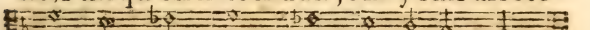
devoir, Ma volonté ſe conforme à la tienne.



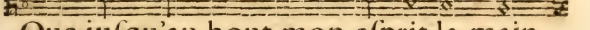
23. Alors auſſi chacun pourra me voir



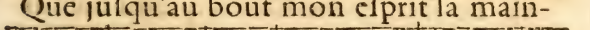
Vivre content, & connoître que j'aime



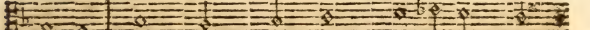
Tes ſaintes Loix, & tâche à les ſavoir.



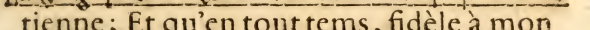
A haute voix, & devant les Rois même,



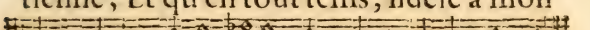
De tes Edits, ô Dieu, je parlerai, Sans



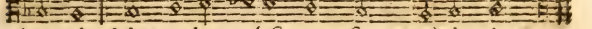
m'effrayer de leur pouvoir ſuprême.



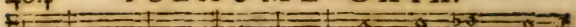
24. De tout mon cœur je me réjouirai En



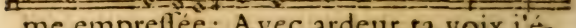
cette Loi que tu nous a laiſſée: Je l'ai chéri-



rie, & je la chérirai. A t'exalter j'aurai l'a-

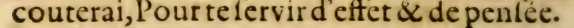


me empreſſée; Avec ardeur ta voix j'é-



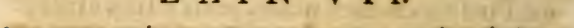
couterai, Pour te ſervir d'effet & de penſée.

ZAIN VII.

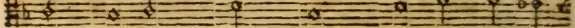


25. Tu ſais, grand Dieu, que tu me l'as

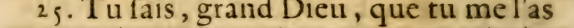
promis, A moi, Seigneur, qui, depuis



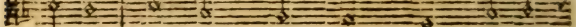
ta promeſſe, Eſpère en toi d'un cœur



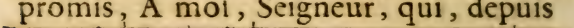
humble & ſoumis. C'eſt cet eſpoir qui



ſoutient ma foibleſſe, Qui me fait vivre,

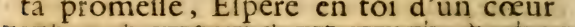


& me rend la vigueur, Quand mon

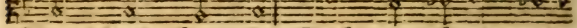


eſprit eſt ſaiſi de triſteſſe.

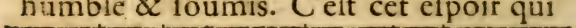
26. Les orgueilleux ont ri de ma langueur,



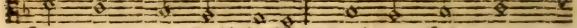
Et blaſphémé contre ton alliance: Mais



ſans pouvoir en détourner mon cœur,

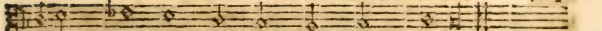


Je me ſouviens de ta juſte vengeance,

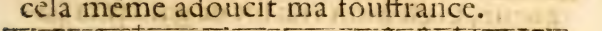


Dont autrefois ils ſentirent l'effet; Et

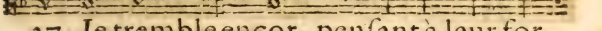
cela



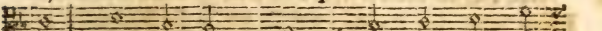
cela même adoucit ma fouffrance.



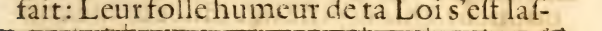
27. Je tremble encor, penſant à leur for-



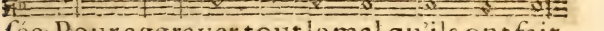
fait: Leur folle humeur de ta Loi s'eſt laſ-



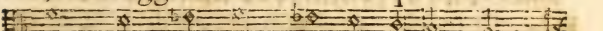
ſée, Pour aggraver tout le mal qu'ils ont fait.



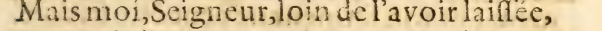
Mais moi, Seigneur, loin de l'avoir laiſſée,



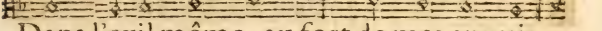
Dans l'exil même, au fort de mes ennuis,



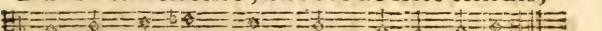
J'en fis toujours ma plus douce penſée.



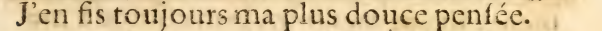
28. Je la médite, & les jours & les nuits,



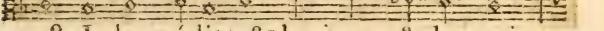
Penſant à toi, marchant devant ta face:



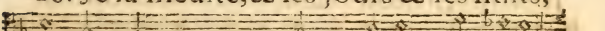
Tout accablé, tout foible que je ſuis,



Je veux, Seigneur, ſoutenu par ta grâce,

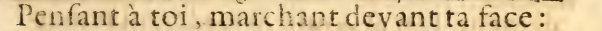


Et ſous tes yeux, autant que je le puis,

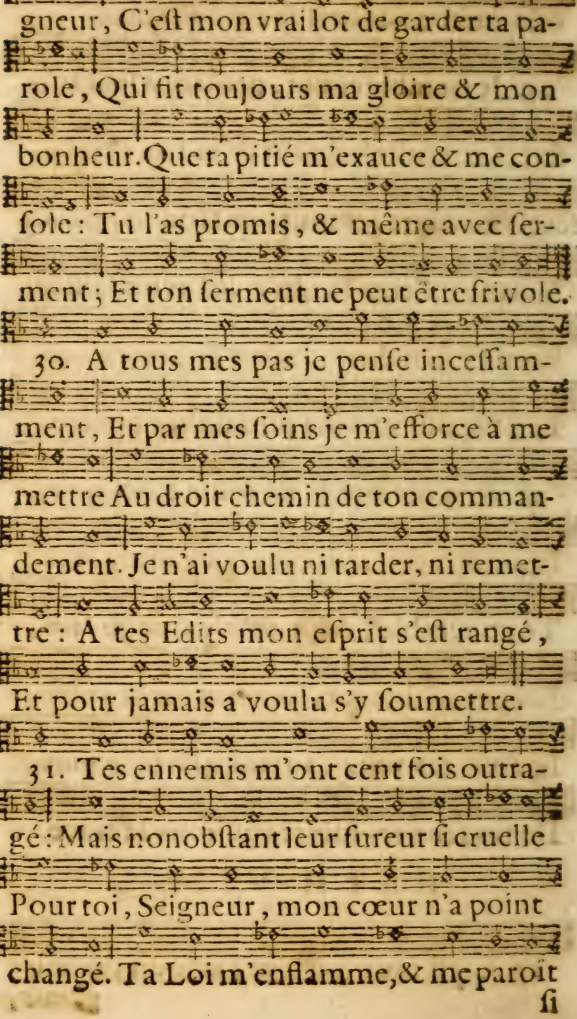


De tes ſentiers ſuivre toujours la trace.

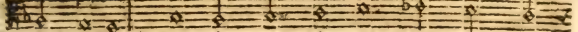
HETH VIII.



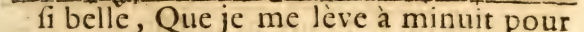
29. C'eſt mon partage, ai-je dit, ô Sei-



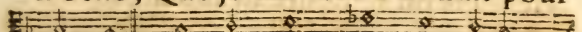
gneur, C'eſt mon vrai lot de garder ta pa-
role, Qui fit toujours ma gloire & mon
bonheur. Que ta pitié m'exauce & me con-
ſole: Tu l'as promis, & même avec ſer-
ment; Et ton ſerment ne peut être frivole.
30. A tous mes pas je penſe inceſſam-
ment, Et par mes ſoins je m'efforce à me
mettre Au droit chemin de ton comman-
dement. Je n'ai voulu ni tarder, ni remet-
tre: A tes Edits mon eſprit s'eſt rangé,
Et pour jamais a voulu s'y ſoumettre.
31. Tes ennemis m'ont cent fois outra-
gé: Mais nonobſtant leur fureur ſi cruelle
Pour toi, Seigneur, mon cœur n'a point
changé. Ta Loi m'enflamme, & me paroit



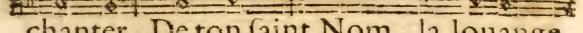
si belle, Que je me lève à minuit pour



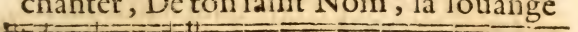
chanter, De ton saint Nom, la louange



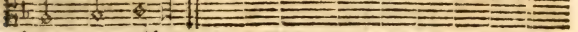
immortelle.



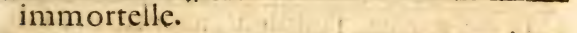
32. Chacun me voit en tout temps fré-



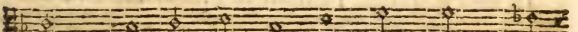
quenter Ceux dont les jours se passent dans



ta crainte, Et qui tes loix veulent exécu-

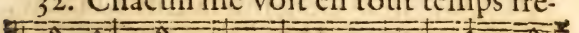


ter. Par ta bonté, la terre, en son enceinte, A mille biens qui se font souhaiter:

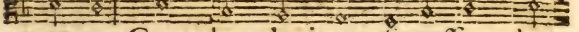


Mais je me borne à ta doctrine sainte.

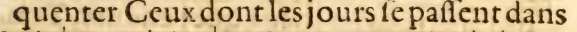
TETH IX.



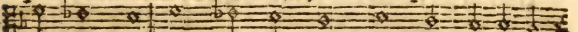
33. Sur moi, Seigneur, ta main a répan-



du Mille bienfaits, me tenant ta promesse, Comme toujours je m'y suis attendu.

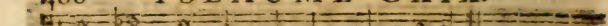


Eclaire-moi; soulage ma foiblesse, Puis-

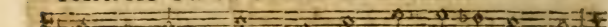


que déjà je m'avance avec toi, Dans les

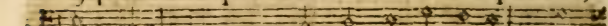
sentiers



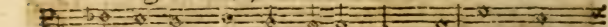
sentiers où ta bonté m'adresse.



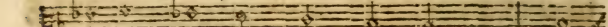
34. Avant que d'être ainsi battu par toi,



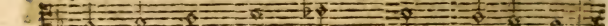
Je m'égarois, j'allois à l'aventure: Mais



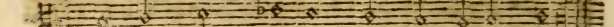
maintenant je vie selon ta Loi. O Dieu,



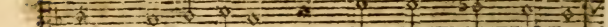
qui vois tous les maux que j'endure, Tou-



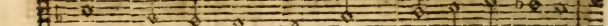
jours si bon, si prompt à m'exaucer,



Veuille m'instruire en ta doctrine pure!

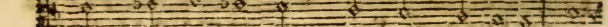


35. Mes envieux me blâment sans cesser:

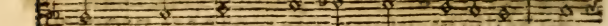


Mais c'est à tort; & pour moi je ne cesse

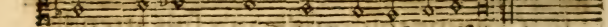
D'aimer tes loix, & de les embrasser. Leur



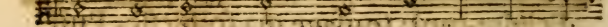
cœur séduit se fond dans la mollesse; Et



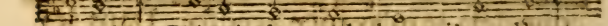
moi, Seigneur, je ne puis recevoir De



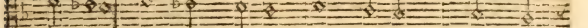
vrai plaisir qu'en ta seule sagesse.



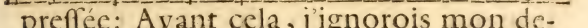
36. Le plus grand bien que je pouvois



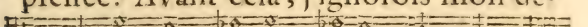
avoir, C'étoit le mal dont j'eus l'ame



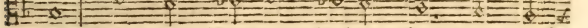
preſſée: Avant cela, j'ignorois mon de-



voir. D'or ou d'argent l'abondance amaſ-

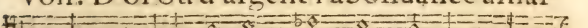


ſée, N'égale pas le bonheur de ſavoir La

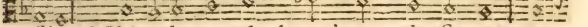


Loi qu'aux tiens ta bouche a prononcée.

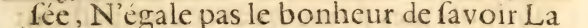
JOD X.



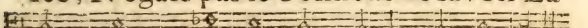
37. Tes propres mains, ô grand Dieu,



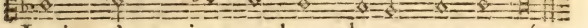
m'ont formé: Fais que ta grace & me guide



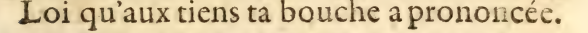
& m'éclaire, Et qu'en ta Loi mon cœur



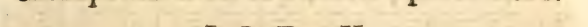
ſoit confirmé. Alors tous ceux qui deſirent



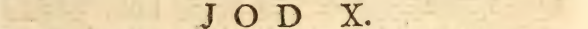
te plaire, En me voyant ſur ton bras ap-



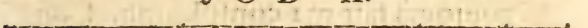
puyé, Te béniront, parce qu'en toi j'eſpère.



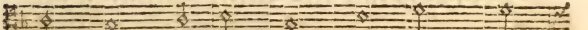
38. Avec raiſon ta main m'a châtié: Je



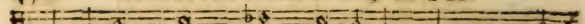
méritois ta ſévère vengeance; Mais ton



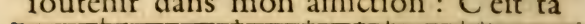
amour ne m'a point oublié. Viens donc,



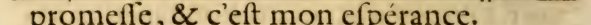
Seigneur, par ta grande clémence, Me



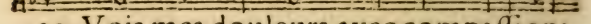
soutenir dans mon affliction : C'est ta



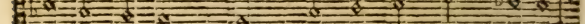
promesse, & c'est mon espérance.



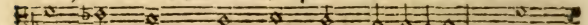
39. Vois mes douleurs avec compassion;



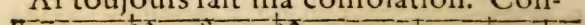
Et je vivrai, moi, qui de ta Loi sainte



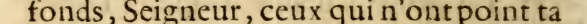
Ai toujours fait ma consolation. Con-



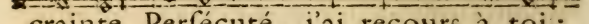
fonds, Seigneur, ceux qui n'ont point ta



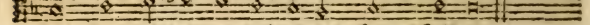
crainte. Persécuté, j'ai recours à toi;



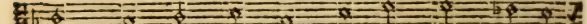
On me verra te révérer sans feinte.



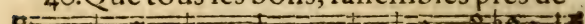
40. Que tous les bons, rassemblés près de



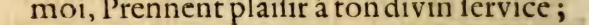
moi, Prennent plaisir à ton divin service;



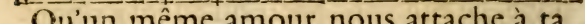
Qu'un même amour nous attache à ta



Loi. Fais que toujours je t'offre en sacri-

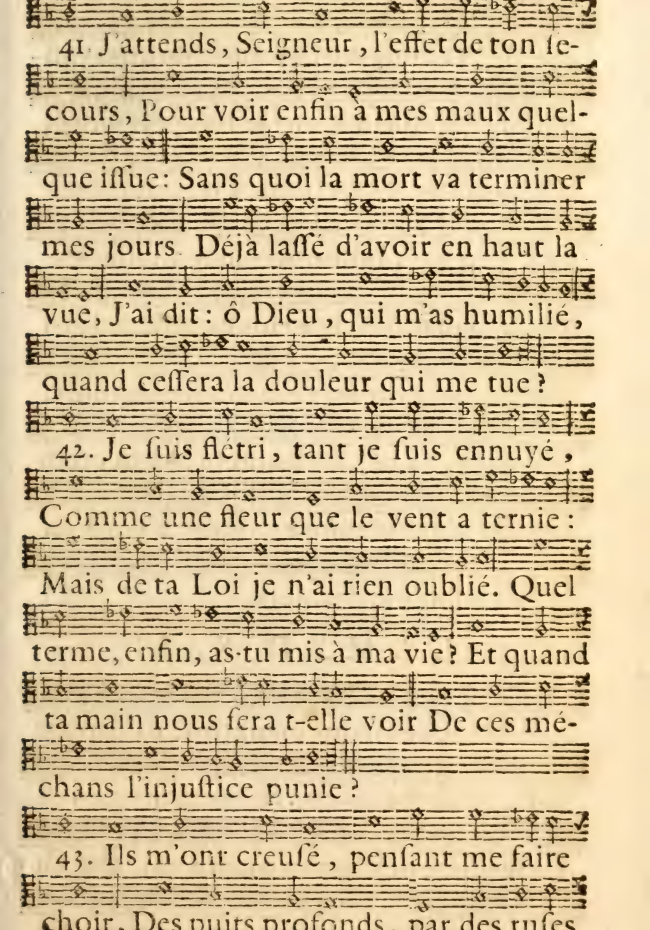


fice, Une ame pure, un cœur rempli de



foi; Et qu'en t'aimant, jamais je ne rougisse.

CAPH XI.

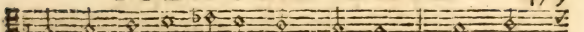

41. J'attends, Seigneur, l'effet de ton se-
cours, Pour voir enfin à mes maux quel-
que issue: Sans quoi la mort va terminer
mes jours. Déjà lassé d'avoir en haut la
vue, J'ai dit: ô Dieu, qui m'as humilié,
quand cessera la douleur qui me tue?
42. Je suis flétri, tant je suis ennuyé,
Comme une fleur que le vent a ternie:
Mais de ta Loi je n'ai rien oublié. Quel
terme, enfin, as-tu mis à ma vie? Et quand
ta main nous fera t-elle voir De ces mé-
chans l'injustice punie?
43. Ils m'ont creusé, pensant me faire
choir, Des puits profonds, par des ruses

damnables Contre tes loix, & contre leur
devoir. Tes jugemens sont toujours équi-
tables; Et puisqu'à tort je suis persecuté,
Fais-moi sentir tes bontés secourables.

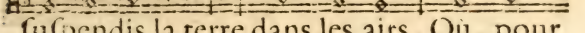
44. Peu s'en fallut que leur malignité
N'eût le plaisir de ma ruine entière, Sans
que de toi je me sois écarté. Rends-moi,
Seigneur, ta céleste lumière: Mon cœur,
ravi de ta grande bonté, Suivra tes loix
jusqu'à l'heure dernière.

LAMED XII.

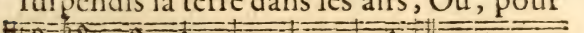
45. Dans ces hauts cieux, que tu formas
jadis, Se lit toujours, visiblement gravée,
La fermeté de tout ce que tu dis. On l'a
toujours, d'âge en âge, éprouvée: Tu
suspendis



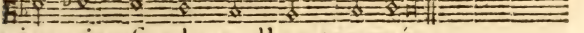
ſuſpendis la terre dans les airs, Où, pour



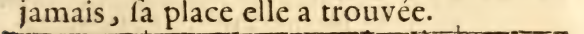
jamais, ſa place elle a trouvée.



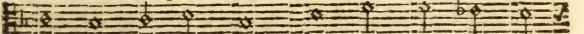
46. Juſqu'à ce jour, par des reſſorts di-



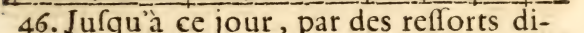
vers, Et ſous les loix de ta ſage conduite,



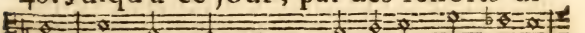
On voit encor ſubſiſter l'univers; Et ſi



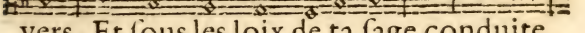
mon ame auſſi n'étoit inſtruite A ne cher-



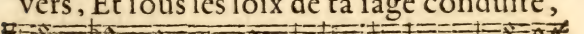
cher qu'en ta loi ſon ſupport, C'en étoit



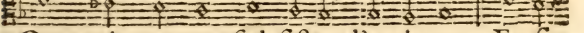
fait, ma vie étoit détruite.



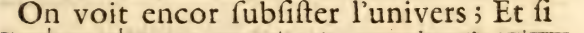
47. De tes ſtatuts, dont je fais tout mon



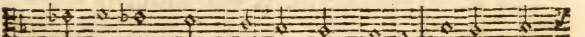
fort, Avec plaiſir la mémoire je garde:



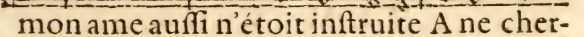
Par eux ta main m'a tiré de la mort. Je



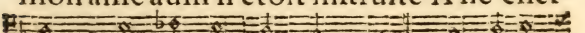
ſuis à toi; prends-moi donc ſous ta garde.



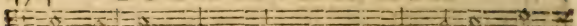
Avec ardeur je ſuis ta volonté, Et, nuit



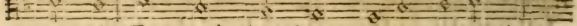
& jour, à toi ſeul je regarde.



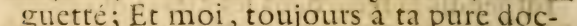
48. Pour m'accabler, les méchans m'ont



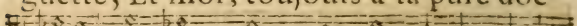
guette; Et moi, toujours à ta pure doc-



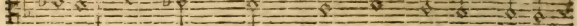
trine, De tout mon cœur je me ſuis arrê-



té. On ne voit rien que le tems ne ruine:

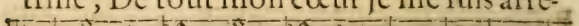


Tes ordres ſeuls ont de la fermeté, Et

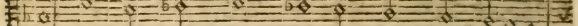


leur vertu jamais ne ſe termine.

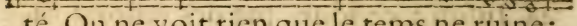
MEM XIII.



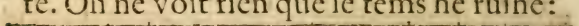
49. O que ta Loi m'eſt un puiſſant ſe-



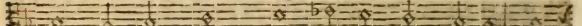
cours! Je la chéris d'un cœur rempli de



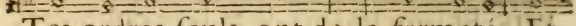
zèle; Je la médite, & les nuits, & les jours;



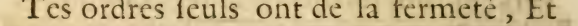
Elle m'éclaire; & ma conduite eſt telle,



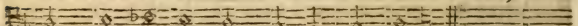
Que je confonds mes plus fiers ennemis,



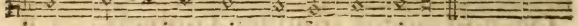
Parce qu'elle eſt ma compagne fidelle.



50. Ta grâce en moi ſes plus grands

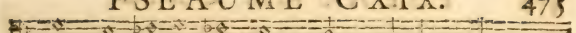


dons à mis, Et des Docteurs je paſſe la

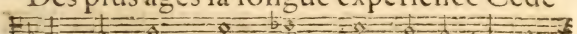


ſcience, A tes ſtatuts ayant l'eſprit ſoumis.

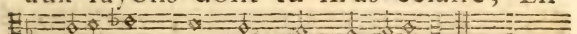
Des



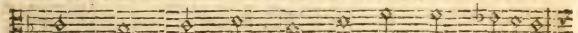
Des plus âgés la longue expérience Cède



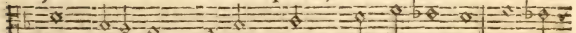
aux rayons dont tu m'as éclairé, En



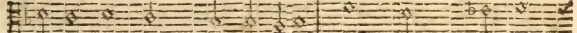
m'élevant dans ta sainte alliance.



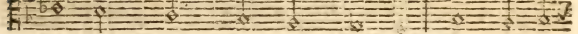
51. Des mauvais pas je me suis retiré:



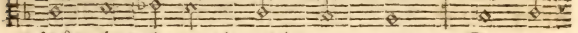
Des vicieux, si ta main me délivre, Je ne



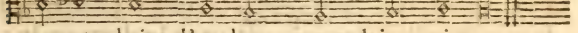
ſerai jamais plus égaré. Le droit chemin,



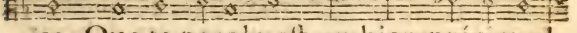
ô mon Dieu, je veux ſuivre; Et s'il te



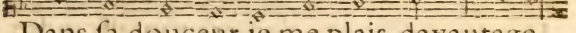
plaît de répondre à mes vœux, On me



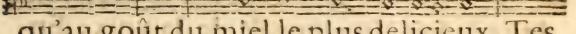
verra plein d'ardeur pour bien vivre.



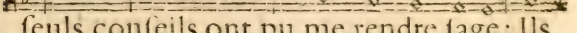
52. Que ta parole eſt un bien précieux!



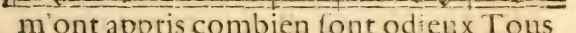
Dans ſa douceur je me plais davantage,



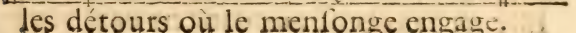
qu'au goût du miel le plus délicieux. Tes



ſeuls conſeils ont pu me rendre ſage: Ils

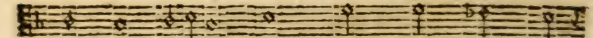


m'ont appris combien ſont odieux Tous

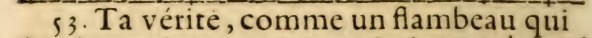


les détours où le menſonge engage.

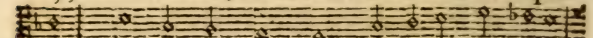
NUN XIV.



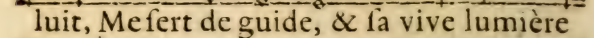
53. Ta vérité, comme un flambeau qui



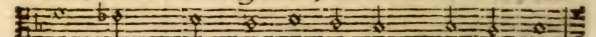
luit, Me ſert de guide, & ſa vive lumière



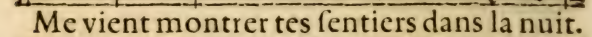
Me vient montrer tes ſentiers dans la nuit.



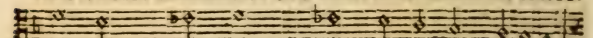
Entends, Seigneur, mon ardente prière:



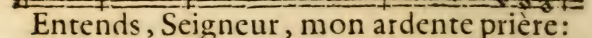
Je l'ai juré, je veux, par-deſſus tout,



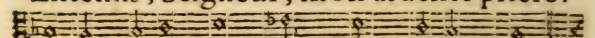
Aimer ta Loi d'une amour ſingulière.



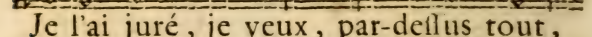
54. Réprime ceux qui me pouſſent à



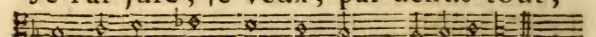
bout: Tu l'as promis, & je te le demande;



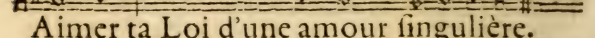
Fais-moi revivre, & me remets debout.



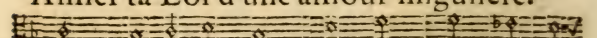
Daigne, Seigneur, agréer mon offrande:



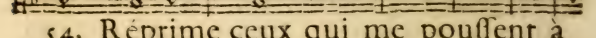
Je te la fais du cœur & de la voix; En-



ſeigne-moi ce que ta Loi commande.

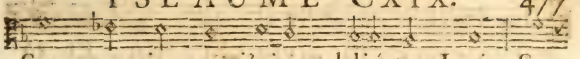


55. Ma triſte vie eſt réduite aux abois,

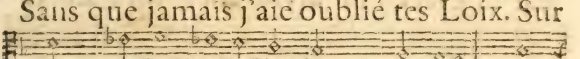


Elle eſt ſans ceſſe aux dangers expoſée,

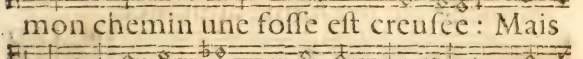
Sans



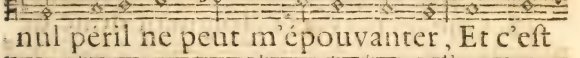
Sans que jamais j'aie oublié tes Loix. Sur



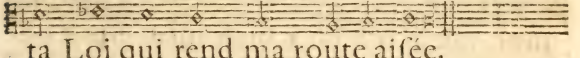
mon chemin une fosse est creusée : Mais



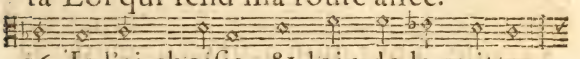
nul péril ne peut m'épouvanter, Et c'est



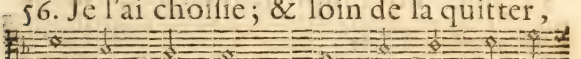
ta Loi qui rend ma route aisée.



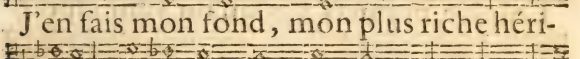
56. Je l'ai choisie ; & loin de la quitter,



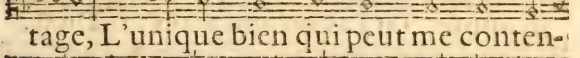
J'en fais mon fond, mon plus riche héri-



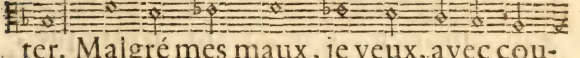
tage, L'unique bien qui peut me conten-



ter. Malgré mes maux, je veux, avec cou-

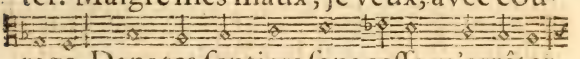


rage, Dans tes sentiers sans cesse m'arrêter,

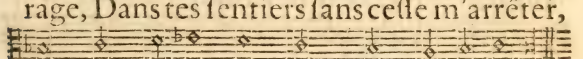


Et chercher là mon plus grand avantage.

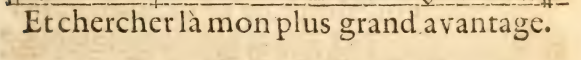
SAMECH XV.



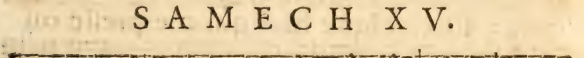
57. Je n'eus jamais que de l'aversion Pour



le méchant, qui sans cesse t'offense : J'ai

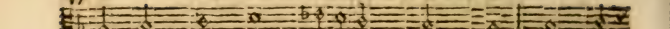


pour ta Loi beaucoup d'affection. Tu fus

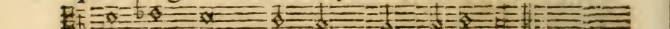


toujours mon bouclier, ma défense : J'ai,

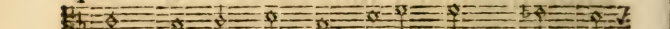
par



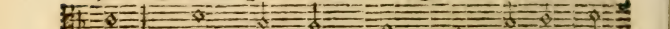
par ta grâce, un asyle chez toi; Et ta



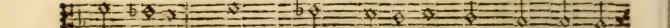
promesse est ma ferme assurance.



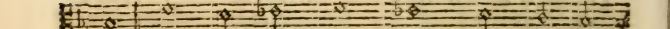
58. Que les pervers s'éloignent donc de



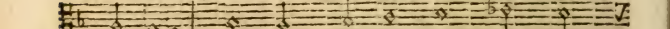
moi. Qu'à nul faux bien mon esprit ne



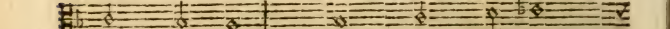
s'amuse. Tout mon desir est de garder ta



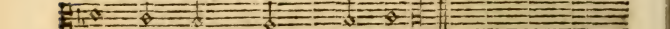
Loi. Ne permets pas qu'un vain espoir



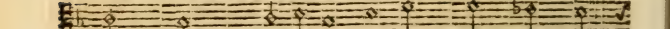
m'abuse. Tu l'as promis; sois, ô Dieu,



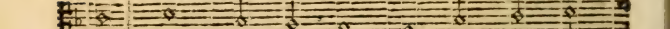
mon soutien, Quand on m'attaque,



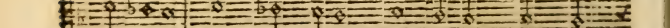
ou par force, ou par ruse.



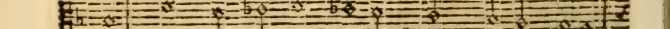
59. Viens m'assister, je ne craindrai plus



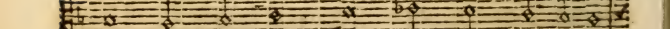
rien; Et quelque mal qui me presse ou



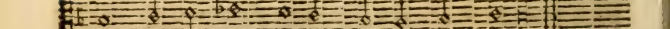
menace, Ta Loi sera mon unique entre-



tien. Tes ennemis s'éloignent de ta face:

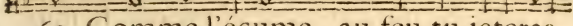


Mais, tôt ou tard, aux pieds tu fouleras

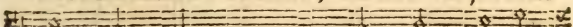


Ces obstinés, indignes de ta grâce.

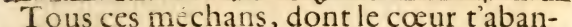
60. Comme



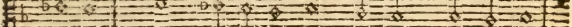
60. Comme l'écume, au feu tu jeteras



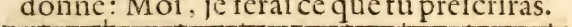
Tous ces méchans, dont le cœur t'aban-



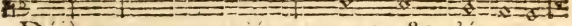
donne: Moi, je ferai ce que tu preſcriras.



Déjà mon cœur s'épouvante & s'étonne

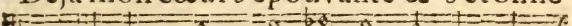


Des rudes coups dont tu les frapperas; Et

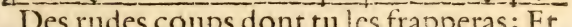


de frayeur tout le corps m'en friſſonne.

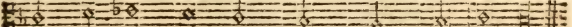
HAIN XVI.



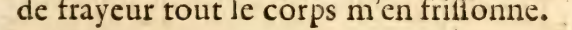
61. Je ſuis par-tout le droit & l'équité:



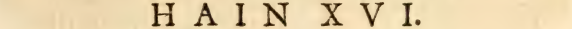
Souffrirois-tu que je fuſſe la proie De ceux



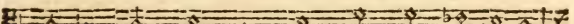
qui m'ont à tort perſécuté? Prends mon



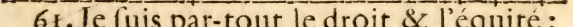
parti; que ton bras ſe déploie. On veut



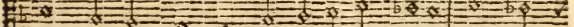
ma perte: empêche, ô Dieu clément,



Que l'orgueilleux n'ait cette injuſte joie.

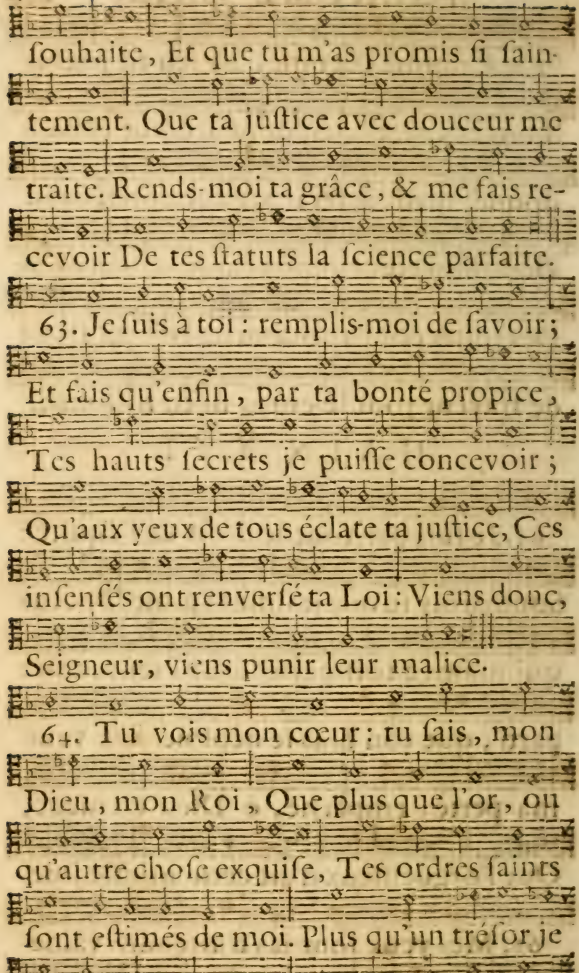


62. Mes yeux ſont las d'attendre vaine-



ment, D'où me viendra l'appui que je

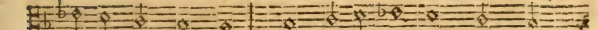
ſouhaite,



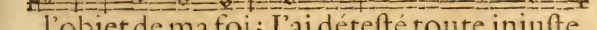
souhaite, Et que tu m'as promis si sain-
tement. Que ta justice avec douceur me
traite. Rends-moi ta grâce, & me fais re-
cevoir De tes statuts la science parfaite.

63. Je suis à toi : remplis-moi de savoir;
Et fais qu'enfin, par ta bonté propice,
Tes hauts secrets je puisse concevoir ;
Qu'aux yeux de tous éclate ta justice, Ces
insensés ont renversé ta Loi : Viens donc,
Seigneur, viens punir leur malice.

64. Tu vois mon cœur : tu sais, mon
Dieu, mon Roi, Que plus que l'or, ou
qu'autre chose exquise, Tes ordres saints
sont estimés de moi. Plus qu'un trésor je
les aime, & les prise : Ils sont la règle &
l'objet

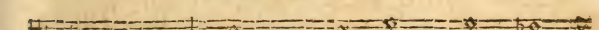


l'objet de ma foi ; J'ai déteſté toute injuſte

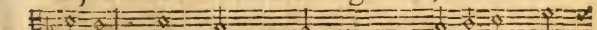


entrepriſe.

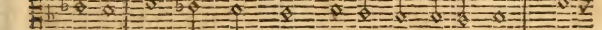
PE XVII.



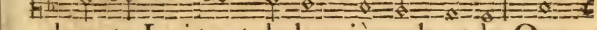
65. Dans tes Edits. Seigneur, ſont con-



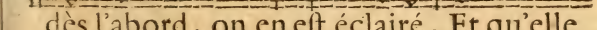
tenus Tes grands ſecrets, ta ſageſſe pro-



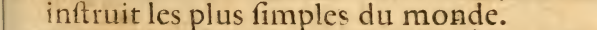
fonde: Auſſi toujours je les ai retenus. Oui,



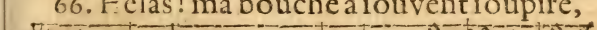
dans ta Loi tant de lumière abonde, Que,



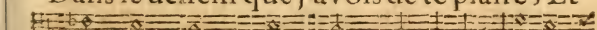
dès l'abord, on en eſt éclairé, Et qu'elle



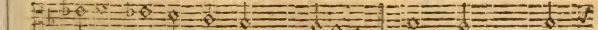
inſtruit les plus ſimples du monde.



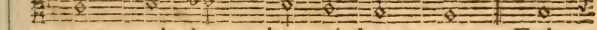
66. Hélas! ma bouche a ſouvent ſoupiré,



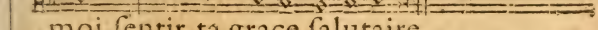
Dans le deſſein que j'avois de te plaire ; Et



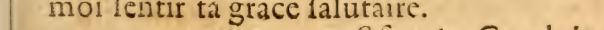
conſtamment mon cœur l'a deſiré. Avec



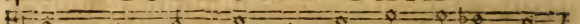
pitié regarde ma misère ; Et comme à



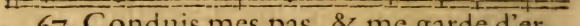
ceux qui t'ont donné leur cœur, Fais-



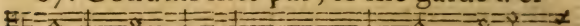
moi ſentir ta grace ſalutaire.



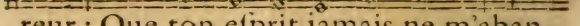
67. Conduis mes pas, & me garde d'er-



reur : Que ton esprit jamais ne m'aban-

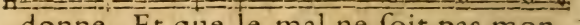


donne, Et que le mal ne soit pas mon

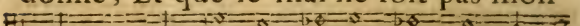


vainqueur. Vois le danger qui par-tout

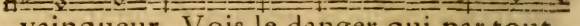
m'environne ; Délivre-moi de cette adver-



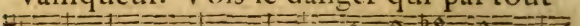
sité, Et je ferai ce que ta Loi m'ordonne.



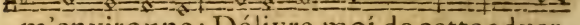
68. Montre à mes yeux ta divine clarté :



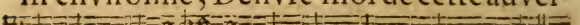
Daigne m'instruire, & me fais bien com-



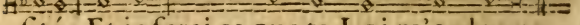
prendre Tes réglemens, ta sainte volonté.



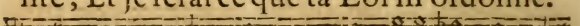
L'excès des pleurs que l'on me voit ré-



pandre, Vient du dépit dont je suis transi-

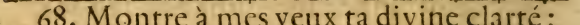


porté, De voir qu'en vain ta voix se fait



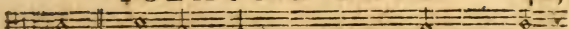
entendre.

TSADE XVIII.

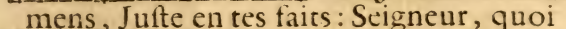


69. On te voit juste en tes commande-

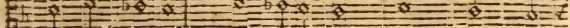
mens,



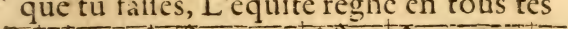
mens, Juſte en tes faits: Seigneur, quoi



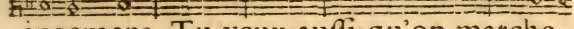
que tu faſſes, L'équité règne en tous tes



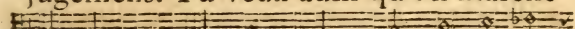
jugemens. Tu veux auſſi qu'on marche



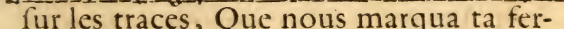
ſur les traces, Que nous marqua ta fer-



me & juſte Loi; Et le pécheur doit

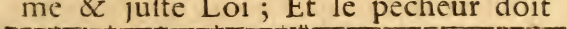


craindre tes menaces.

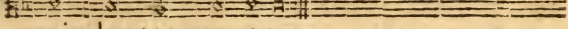


70. Mais je m'afflige, ô Dieu, lorſque

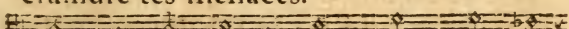
je vois, Par ces mechans, ta parole ou-



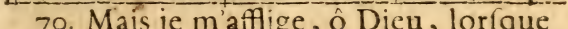
bliée, Sans nul reſpect, ſans nul égard



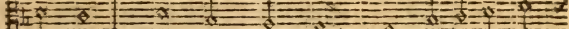
pour toi. Elle eſt ſi ſainte & ſi purifiée,



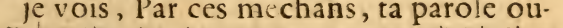
Que j'en ai fait toute ma paſſion, Et



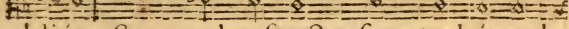
qu'à l'aimer ma vie eſt dédiée.



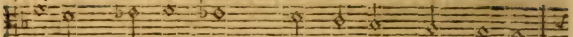
71. Dans mes travaux, dans mon afflic-



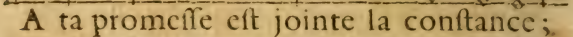
tion, Quelle que ſoit ma peine & ma



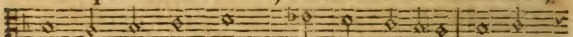
ſouffrance, Ta Loi ſera ma conſolation:



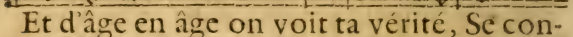
A ta promeſſe eſt jointe la conſtance;



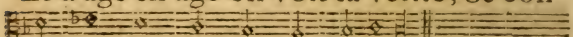
Et d'âge en âge on voit ta vérité, Se con-



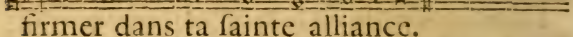
firmer dans ta ſainte alliance.



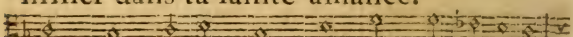
72. De mille maux je ſuis perſécuté,



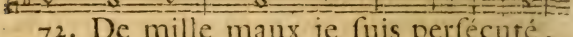
Et l'on diroit que ma perte eſt jurée:



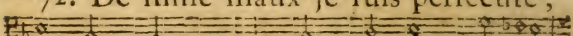
Mais tes Edits règlent ma volonté. Ta



parole eſt d'éternelle durée: Viens me

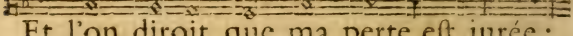


l'apprendre, ô Dieu plein de bonté, Je

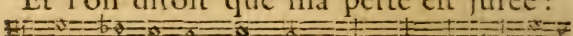


jouirai d'une vie aſſurée.

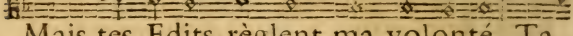
COPH XIX.



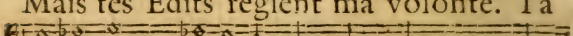
73. De tout mon cœur j'élève à toi ma



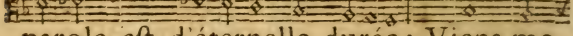
voix: Accorde moi ce que je te demande,



Et je ferai ce qu'ordonnent tes Loix. Je

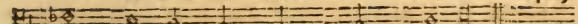


te réclame, & te fais mon offrande. Sauve-

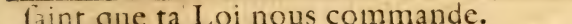


moi donc: je ſaurai maintenir Le culte

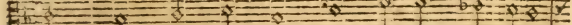
ſaint



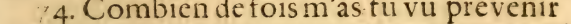
ſaint que ta Loi nous commande.



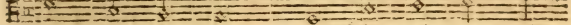
74. Combien de fois m'as-tu vu prévenir



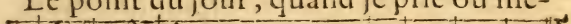
Le point du jour, quand je prie ou mé-



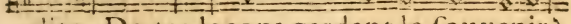
dite, De tes leçons gardant le ſouvenir?



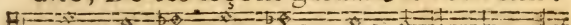
Quand le guet paſſe, & qu'il fait ſa viſite,



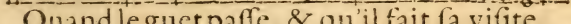
Je veille encore, & j'ai les yeux ouverts



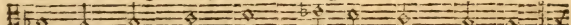
Sur cette Loi que tu nous a preſcrite.



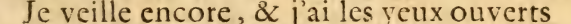
75. Entends ma voix dans mes tourmens



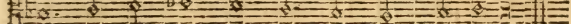
divers, Et rétablis mes forces qui lan-



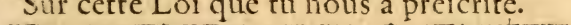
guiſſent: Par ta bonté, garde-moi des



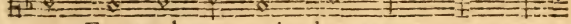
pervers; Leur troupe avance, & leurs



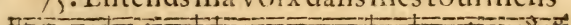
mains me ſaiſiſſent, Pendant qu'en eux



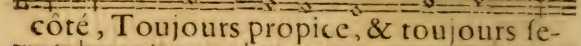
règne l'iniquité, Et que toujours ils te



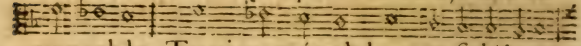
deſobéiſſent.



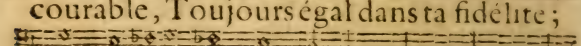
76. Mais tu te tiens ſans ceſſe à mon



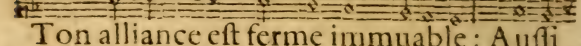
côté, Toujours propice, & toujours se-



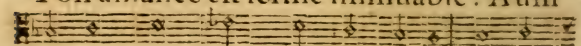
courable, Toujours égal dans ta fidélite;



Ton alliance eſt ferme immuable: Auſſi

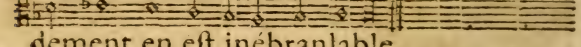


jamais mon cœur n'en a douté; Le fon-

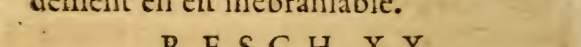


dement en eſt inébranlable.

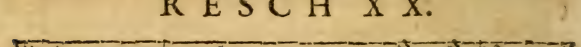
RESCH XX.



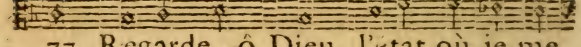
77. Regarde, ô Dieu, l'état où je me



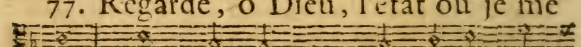
vois: Mets quelque fin à ma peine mor-



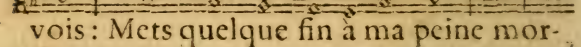
telle, Puiſque jamais je n'oublirai ta Loi.



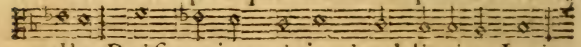
Protege-moi dans ma juſte querelle:



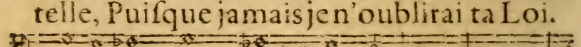
Fais-moi revivre, & me viens ſecourir,



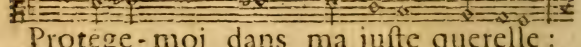
Pour dégager ta promeſſe fidelle.



78. De tes Edits nul ne veut s'enquérir:



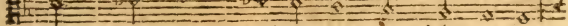
Mais les méchans éprouvent ta vengean-



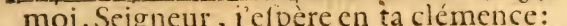
ce; Et, tôt ou tard, tu les feras périr. Pour

moi,

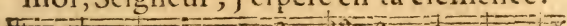
moi, Seigneur, j'espère en ta clémence:



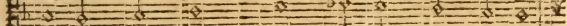
Aime-moi donc, comme tu m'as aimé;



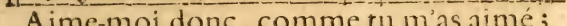
Et, pour ton Nom, hâte ma délivrance.



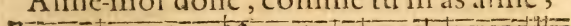
79. A tes statuts mon cœur accoutumé



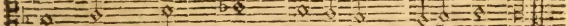
Les suit toujours, bien que je sois la proie



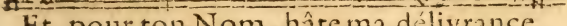
De tout un peuple à ma perte animé. Je



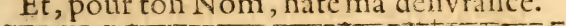
meurs, hélas! lorsqu'il faut que je voie



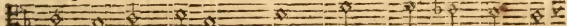
Que ces ingrats osent si lâchement De



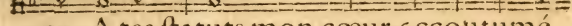
ta parole abandonner la voie.



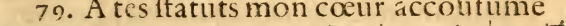
80. J'aime toujours ton saint commande-



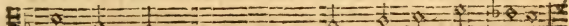
ment: Jette sur moi quelque regard pro-



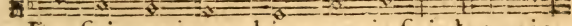
pice, Et me soutiens dans cet accable-



ment. Que ta parole, ô grand Dieu, s'ac-



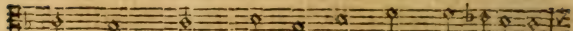
complisse. Comme il arrive indubitable-



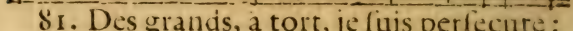
ment De tout arrêt donné par ta justice.

SCHIN

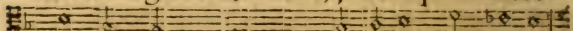
SCHIN XXI.



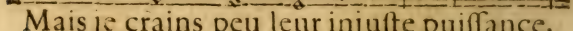
81. Des grands, à tort, je ſuis perſecuté:



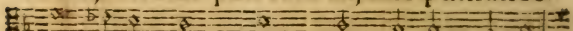
Mais je crains peu leur injuſte puiſſance.



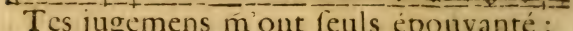
Tes jugemens m'ont ſeuls épouvanté:



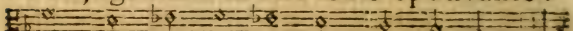
J'ai plus de joie & plus de confiance



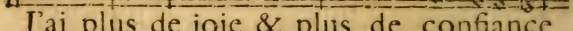
Par tes conſeils, que ſi j'avois trouvé



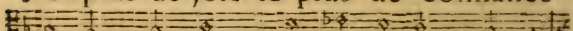
Quelque treſor d'une richeſſe immenſe.



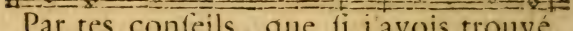
82. Je hais la fraude, & j'ai bien éprouvé



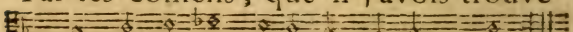
Que c'eſt ta Loi qui rend l'ame contente:



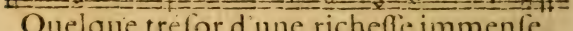
Je trouve en elle un bonheur achevé. Sept



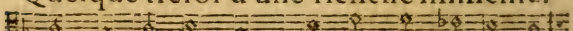
fois le jour à ton bonheur je chante,



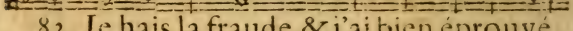
Louant toujours les ordres merveilleux



Dont nous inſtruit ta vérité conſtante.

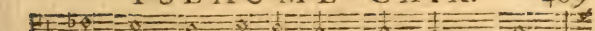


83. Un doux repos eſt réſervé pour ceux

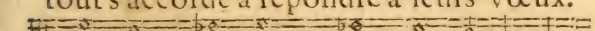


Qui ſont ſoumis à ta Loi ſouveraine; Et

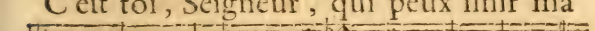
tout



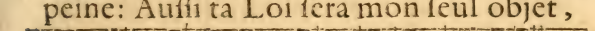
tout s'accorde à repondre à leurs vœux.



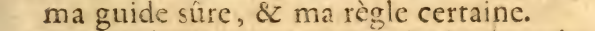
C'eſt toi, Seigneur, qui peux finir ma



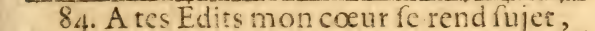
peine: Auſſi ta Loi ſera mon ſeul objet,



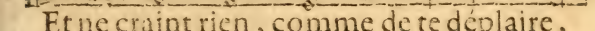
ma guide sûre, & ma règle certaine.



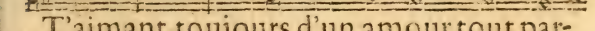
84. A tes Edits mon cœur ſe rend ſujet,



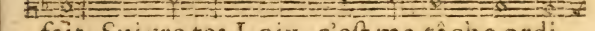
Et ne craint rien, comme de te déplaire,



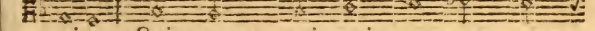
T'aimant toujours d'un amour tout par-



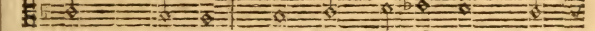
fait. Suivre tes Loix, c'eſt ma tâche ordi-



naire: Seigneur, qui vois ce que mon

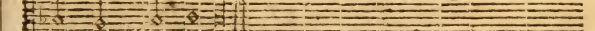


cœur promet, Tu ſais auſſi que mon

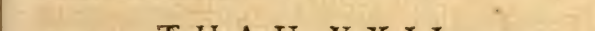


zèle eſt ſincère.

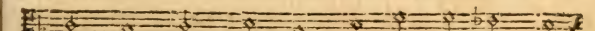
THAU XXII.



85. Fais que mon cri puiſſe aller juſqu'à



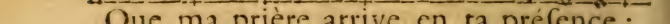
toi; Accorde-moi le don d'intelligence:



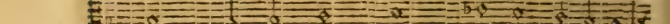
Tu l'as promis, Seigneur, exauce-moi.

Que

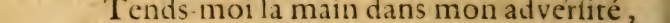
Que ma prière arrive en ta préſence :



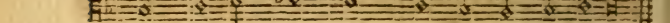
Tends-moi la main dans mon adverſité,



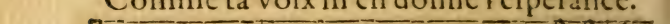
Comme ta voix m'en donne l'eſpérance.



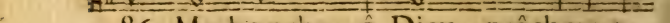
86. Ma bouche, ô Dieu, prêchera ta



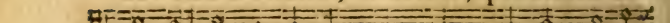
bonté, Si, m'exauçant, tu m'accordes la



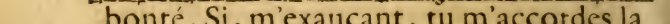
grace De bien ſavoir ta ſainte volonté.



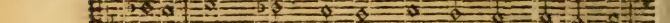
Je publierai, quoi qu'on diſe ou qu'on



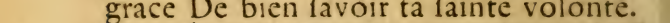
faſſe, Ta Loi ſi juſte, & dirai hautement,



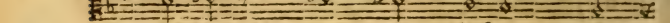
Qu'avec plaiſir j'en veux ſuivre la trace.



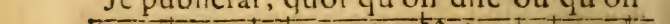
87. Veuille, Seigneur, veuille donc promp-



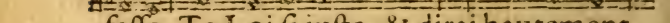
tement, Pour mon ſecours, ta forte main



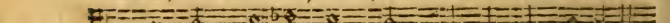
étendre; Car je m'attache à ton comman-



dement. C'eſt de toi ſeul que je veux tout

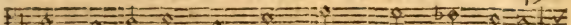


attendre; Et déſormais mon unique plaiſir

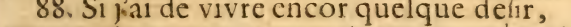


Sera celui qu'en ta Loi je veux prendre.

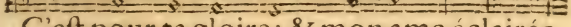
88. Si



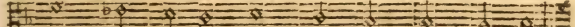
88. Si j'ai de vivre encor quelque deſir,



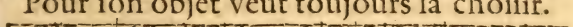
C'eſt pour ta gloire; & mon ame éclairée



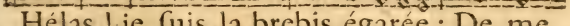
Pour ſon objet veut toujours la choiſir.



Hélas! je ſuis la brebis égarée: De me



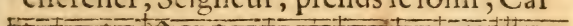
chercher, Seigneur, prends le loiſir; Car



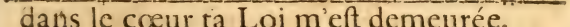
dans le cœur ta Loi m'eſt demeurée.

PSEAUME CXX.

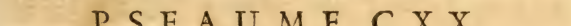
Quand de douleur j'ai l'ame atteint



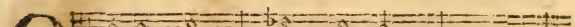
A mon Dieu j'adreſſe r



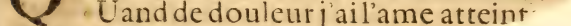
mon Dieu, loi



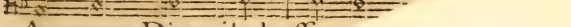
toujours pr



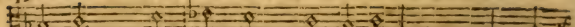
de ce



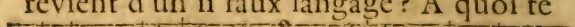
ces



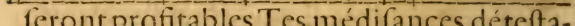
p



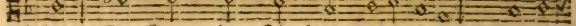
revient d'un ſi faux langage? A quoi te



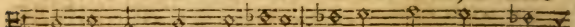
ſeront profitables Tes médiſances déteſta-



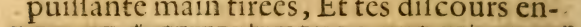
bles? Ce ſont des flèches acérées, D'une



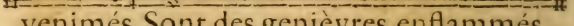
puiſſante main tirées, Et tes diſcours en-



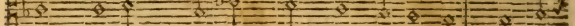
venimés Sont des genièvres enflammés.



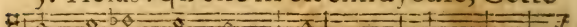
3. Hélas! qu'elle m'eſt ennuyeuſe, Cette



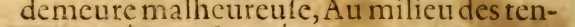
demeure malheureuſe, Au milieu des ten-



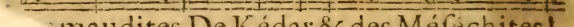
maudites De Kédar & des Méſéchites!



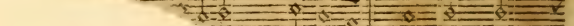
s cruelles Qui ſe nour-



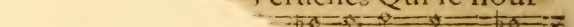
ai-je long-tems



ue la paix?



r'eux



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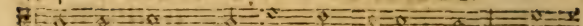
t

PSEAUME CXXI.

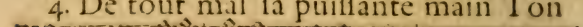
VErs les monts je levois mes yeux, D'où j'attendois toujours Que viendroit mon ſecours. Mais ſur Dieu, qui fit les hauts cieux, Et la terre féconde, Maintenant je me fonde.

2. Pour te faire aller sûrement, On le verra veiller, Sans jamais ſomeiller. D'Iſraël, dis-je, conſtamment, La garde toujours veille, Et jamais ne ſomeille.

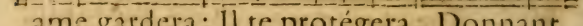
3. Il eſt ton appui, ton conſeil; Sous ſon ombre il te tient, Et ſon bras te ſoutient. Ne crains point l'ardeur du ſoleil; Ne crains point de la lune La froideur importune.



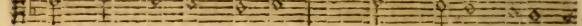
4. De tout mal ſa puiſſante main Ton



ame gardera; Il te protégera, Donnant

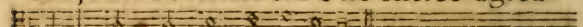


toujours à ton deſſein Une entrée agréa-

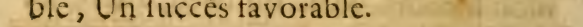


ble, Un ſuccès favorable.

PSEAUME CXXII.

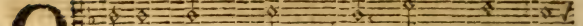


QUel fut mon tranſport dans ce

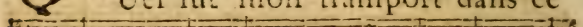


jour, Que l'on me dit, montons au lieu

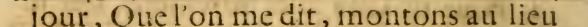
Dont le Tout-puiſſant notre Dieu A dai-



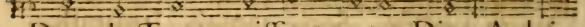
gné faire ſon ſéjour! Nos pieds s'arrêteront



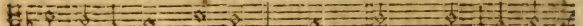
chez toi, Jéruſalem, & ſans effroi Nous



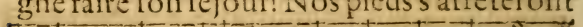
y paſſerons notre vie : Chez toi, Jéru-



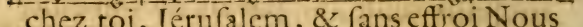
ſalem, qui vois Revivre la vigueur des



loix, Ville ſainte, heureuſe & munie.

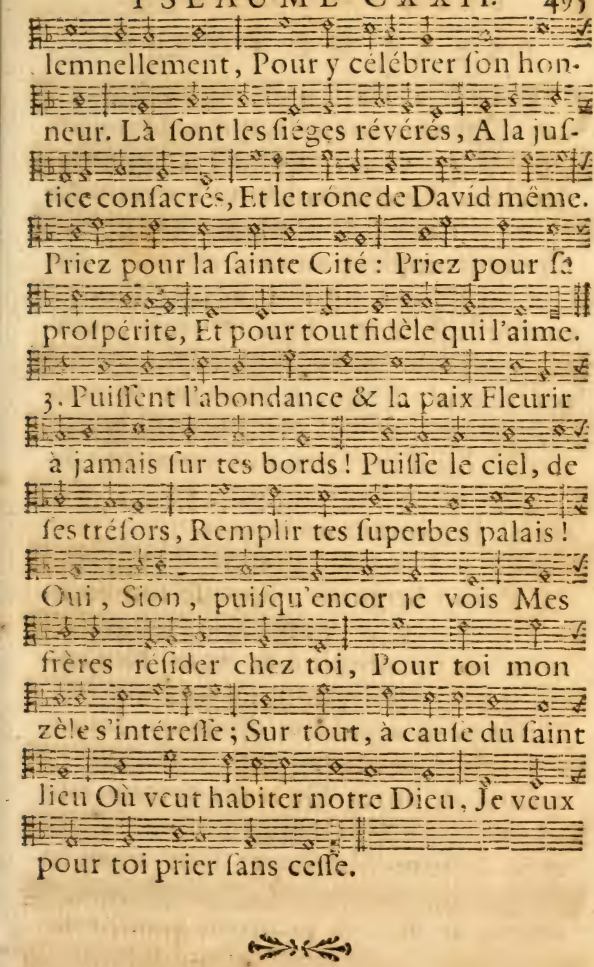


2. On voit les Tribus du Seigneur, Selon



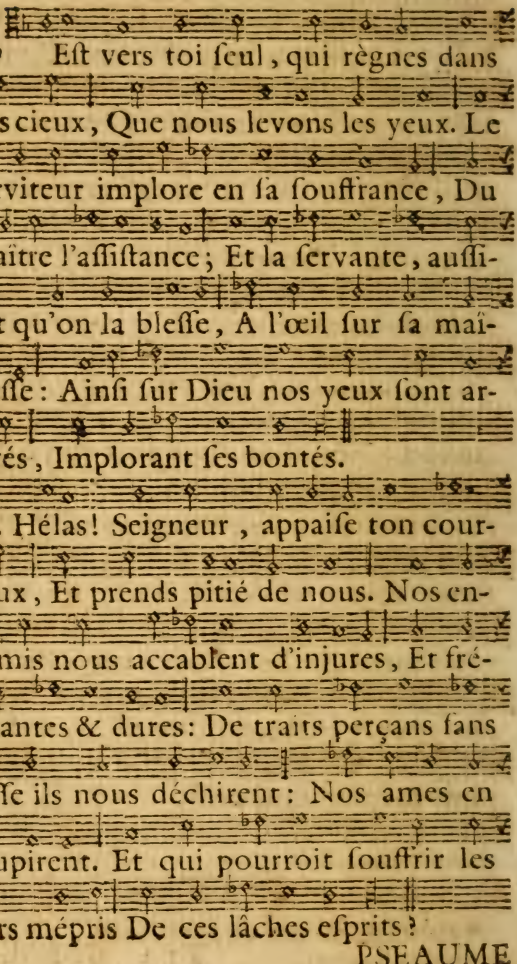
ſon ſaint commandement, Y monter ſo-

lemnellement,



lemnellement, Pour y célébrer ſon hon-
neur. Là ſont les ſiéges révérés, A la juſ-
tice conſacrés, Et le tróne de David même.
Priez pour la ſainte Cité : Priez pour ſa
proſpérité, Et pour tout fidèle qui l'aime.
3. Puiſſent l'abondance & la paix Fleurir
à jamais ſur tes bords ! Puiſſe le ciel, de
ſes tréſors, Remplir tes ſuperbes palais !
Oui, Sion, puiſqu'encor je vois Mes
frères reſider chez toi, Pour toi mon
zèle s'intéreſſe ; Sur tout, à cauſe du ſaint
lieu Où veut habiter notre Dieu, Je veux
pour toi prier ſans ceſſe.

PSEAUME CXXIII.

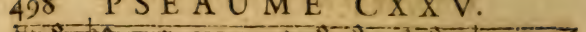


PSEAUME CXXIV.

O Qu'Iſraël peut bien dire, en ce jour,
Que, ſi le ciel pour nous n'eût pas été,
Si le Seigneur n'eût ſon peuple aſſiſté,
Ç'en étoit fait ſans eſpoir de retour,
Quand l'ennemi ſur nous ſe fût jeté.

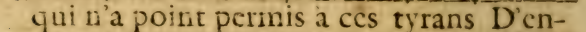
2. Nous ſuccombions ſous un joug rigoureux; Prêts de nous voir en proie à ces pervers, Nous périſſons, par leurs complots divers; Des groſſes eaux le cours impétueux Nous eût ſoudain entraînés & couverts.

3. Des conjurés les rapides torrens Euſſent ſur nous cent & cent fois paſſé. Mais, gloire à Dieu, qui n'eſt plus courroucé, Et

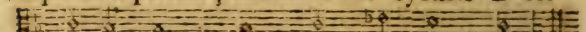


qui n'a point permis à ces tyrans D'en-

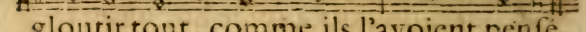
gloutir tout, comme ils l'avoient pensé.



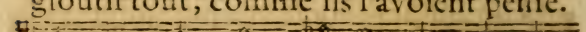
4. Comme d'un laqs on voit rompre



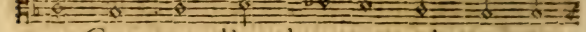
les nœuds, Par les oiseaux qu'il avoit at-



trapés, De leurs filets nous sommes échap-

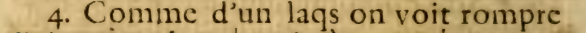


pés. Celui qui fit & la terre & les cieux,

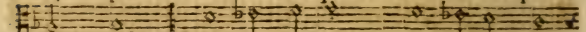


Par son secours nous a développés.

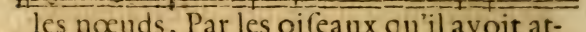
PSEAUME CXXV.



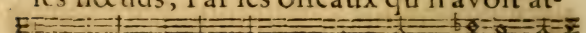
Qui met en Dieu son espérance, Ja-



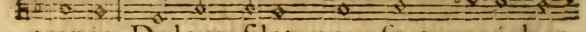
mais ne tombera, Ni ne chancellera.



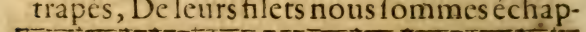
Telle sera son assurance, Que Sion, mont



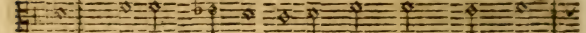
inébranlable, N'est pas plus stable.



2. Comme Jérusalem est ceinte De monts

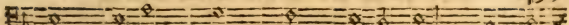


de toutes parts, Ainsi que de remparts;

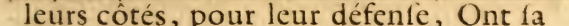


Ceux qui du Seigneur ont la crainte, A

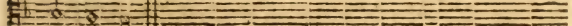
leurs



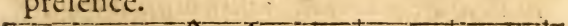
leurs côtés, pour leur défense, Ont sa



présence.

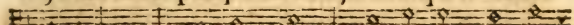


3. Ce n'est pas pour toujours qu'il laisse

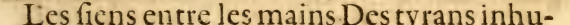


Les siens entre les mains Des tyrans inhu-

mains: Il ne veut point que leur foiblesse

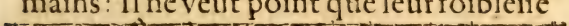


Les expose, dans leur misère, A lui déplaire.

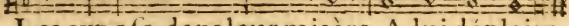


4. O grand Dieu, bénis les fidèles, Et

laisse les pervers, Dans leurs sentiers cou-

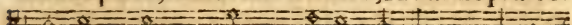


verts, Se perdre comme des rebelles. Fais

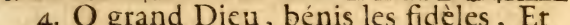


qu'en paix Israël fleurisse, Par ta justice.

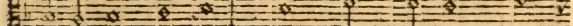
PSEAUME CXXVI.



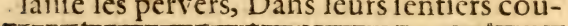
Quand Dieu tira, par sa bonté, Son



peuple de captivité, Cet admirable événe-

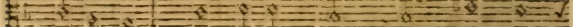


ment Parut un songe seulement. Soudain

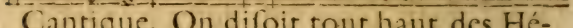


l'allégresse publique Éclata par un saint

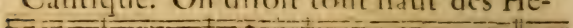
Cantique.



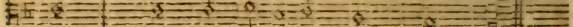
Cantique. On disoit tout haut des Hé-



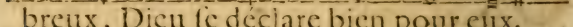
breux, Dieu se déclare bien pour eux.



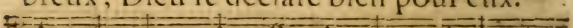
2. Il est vrai qu'en cet heureux jour, Dieu



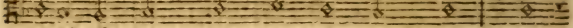
nous montra bien son amour; Car enfin



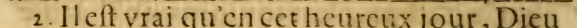
c'est de toi, Seigneur, Que nous est venu



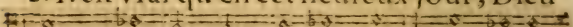
ce bonheur. Grand Dieu, ramène toute



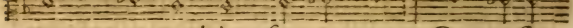
entière Notre nation prisonnière, Com-



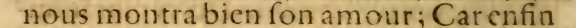
me au Midi tu fais, des monts, Tomber



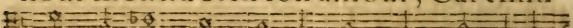
les eaux dans les vallons.



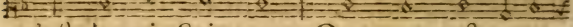
5. Souvent le triste laboureur Seme sa terre



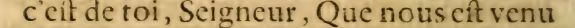
avec douleur; Mais l'abondance des moiſ-



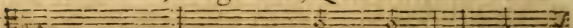
sons Vient changer son deuil en chansons.



Dans une espérance incertaine, Il jetoit

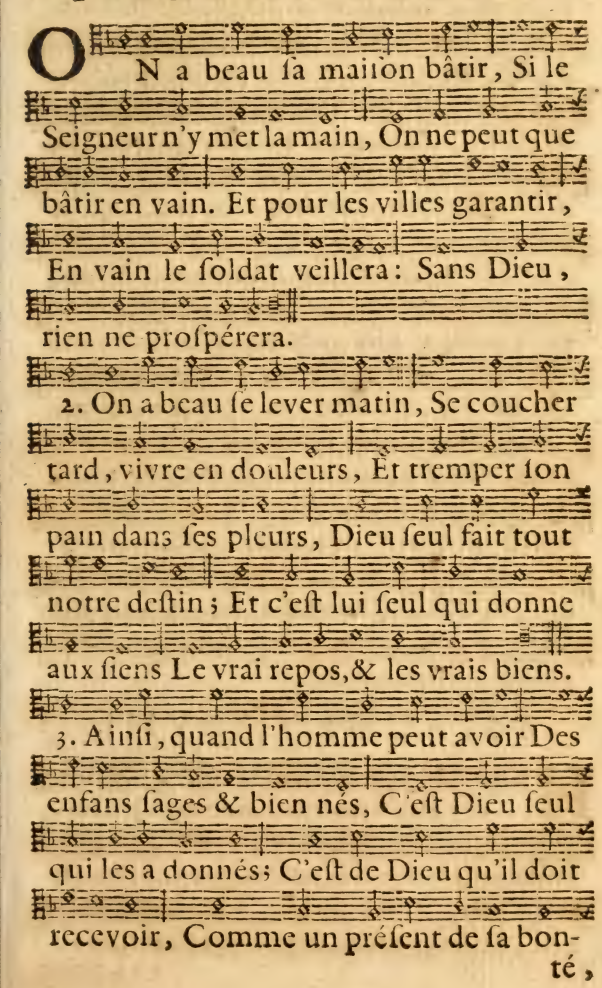


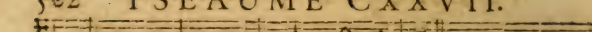
son grain avec peine; Mais joyeux, il



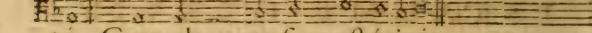
remportera Les gerbes qu'il amassera.

PSEAUME CXXVII.

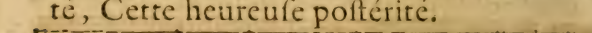




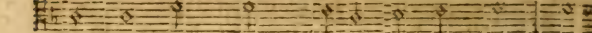
té, Cette heureuse postérité.



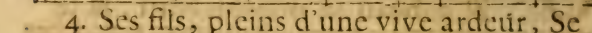
4. Ses fils, pleins d'une vive ardeur, Se



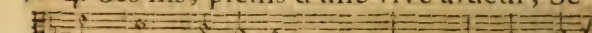
montrent robustes & forts, Capables des



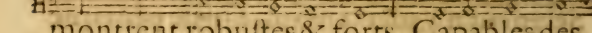
plus grands efforts. Un trait décoché de



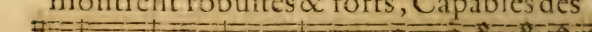
roideur, Par un bras ferme & bien adroit,



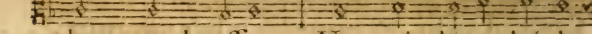
Ne va pas si vîte & si droit.



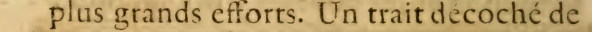
5. Heureux les pères qui seront De telles



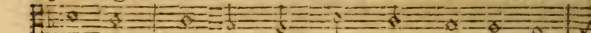
flèches bien munis! Si leurs carquois en



sont garnis, Jamais ils ne succomberont:

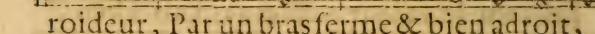


Mais ils vaincront facilement Leurs en-

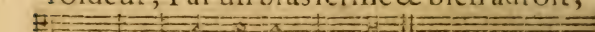


nemis en jugement.

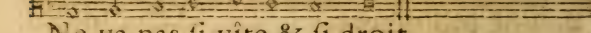
PSEAUME CXXVIII.



HEureux l'homme fidèle, Qui sert

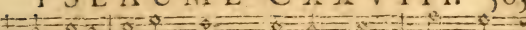


Dieu volontiers! Heureux qui, plein de

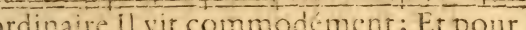


zèle, Suit ses justes sentiers! D'un travail

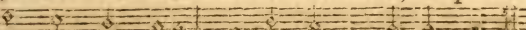
ordinaire



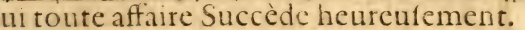
ordinaire Il vit commodément; Et pour



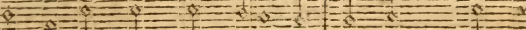
lui toute affaire Succède heureusement.



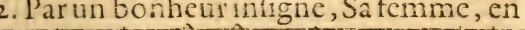
2. Par un bonheur insigne, Sa femme, en



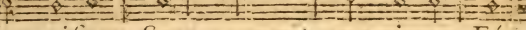
sa maison, Sera comme une vigne, Fé-



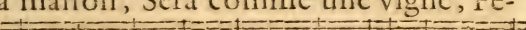
conde en sa saison. Elle ornera sa table



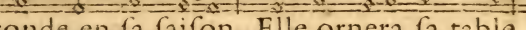
D'aimables héritiers, Tels qu'un rang



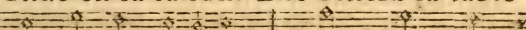
agréable De jeunes oliviers.



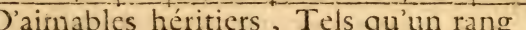
3. Des plus pures délices Jouit l'homme



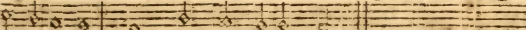
innocent, Qui déteste les vices, Et craint



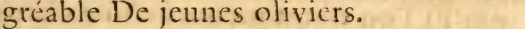
le Tout-Puissant. Vivant dans cette crain-



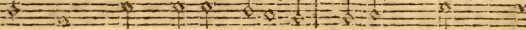
te, Il verra prospérer Jérusalem la sainte,



Et sa gloire durer.

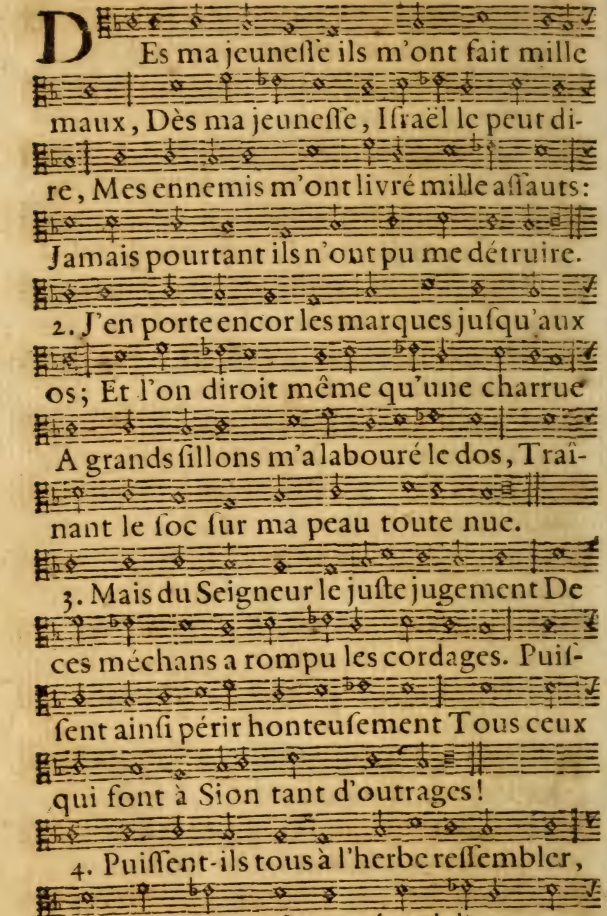


4. Il verra de sa race Double postérité,



Et de toute disgrace Israël exempté.

PSEAUME CXXIX.



raille, Qui se flétrit, sans que, pour l'as-

sembler, Jamais aucun s'empresse & se

travaille!

5. On ne voit point un ardent moisson-

neur, En mettre bas la javelle à brassées:

On ne voit point un avide glaneur En

remporter des gerbes amassées.

6. Pour elle aussi jamais aucun passant

Ne leur a dit, l'Éternel vous béniſſe: Ja-

mais, pour elle, aucun s'intéressant, Ne

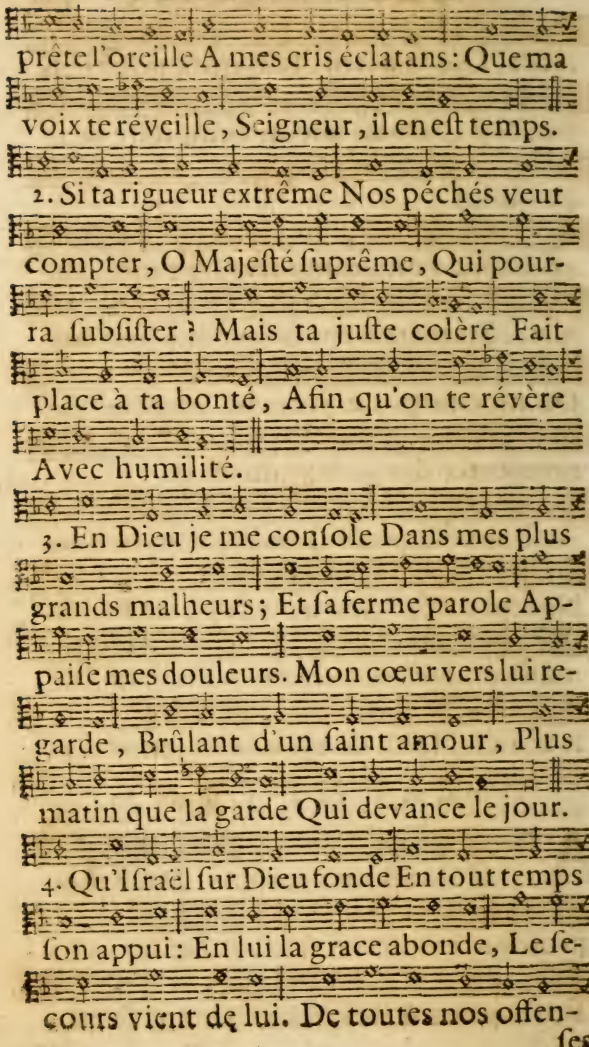
leur a dit, Dieu de bien vous rempliſſe!

PSEAUME CXXX.

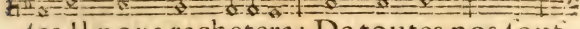
AU fort de ma détresse, Dans mes

profonds ennuis, A toi seul je m'adresse,

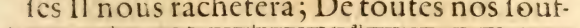
Et les jours & les nuits. Grand Dieu,



prête l'oreille A mes cris éclatans: Que ma
voix te réveille, Seigneur, il en eſt temps.
2. Si ta rigueur extrême Nos péchés veut
compter, O Majeſté ſuprême, Qui pour-
ra ſubſiſter? Mais ta juſte colère Fait
place à ta bonté, Afin qu'on te révère
Avec humilité.
3. En Dieu je me conſole Dans mes plus
grands malheurs; Et ſa ferme parole Ap-
paiſe mes douleurs. Mon cœur vers lui re-
garde, Brûlant d'un ſaint amour, Plus
matin que la garde Qui devance le jour.
4. Qu'Iſraël ſur Dieu fonde En tout temps
ſon appui: En lui la grace abonde, Le ſe-
cours vient de lui. De toutes nos offen-

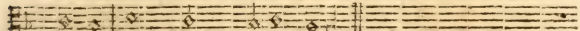


ſes Il nous rachetera; De toutes nos ſouf-

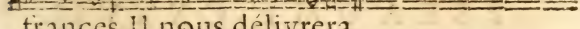


frances Il nous délivrera.

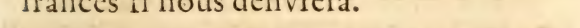
PSEAUME CXXXI.



SEigneur, je n'ai point l'eſprit vain:

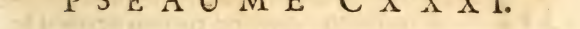


Je n'aſpirai jamais trop haut; Et je n'eus

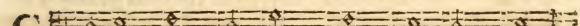


jamais le défaut De tenter un trop grand

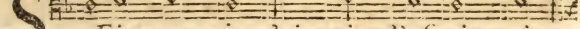
deſſein.



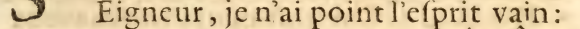
2. Si toujours la docilité Ne me rendit



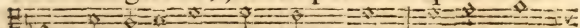
obéiſſant, Comme un tendre & foible



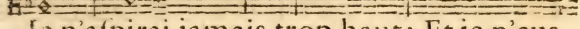
innocent, A qui le lait vient d'être ôté;



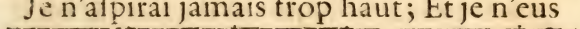
3. Si, dis-je, toujours je ne fus De tout



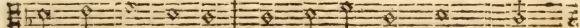
vain deſir délivré, Comme un enfant qu'on



a ſevré, O Seigneur, ne m'écoute plus.



4. Attendons de Dieu le ſecours Dans



toutes nos adverſités; Et qu'en ſes divi-

nes bontés Israël espère toujours.

PSEAUME CXXVII.

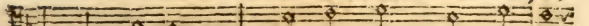
MOn Dieu, daigne te souvenir De
David & de son tourment, De ses vœux
& du grand serment Qu'il a fait, & qu'il
veut tenir, Au Dieu de Jacob constamment.

2. En ce jour, dit-il, je promets Qu'en
mon palais je n'entrerai, Ni sur mon lit
ne monterai; Que je ne dormirai jamais,
Ni mes yeux ne fermerai:

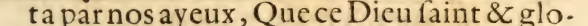
3. Qu'après avoir trouvé le lieu Qu'au
Seigneur je dois préparer, Et que je veux
si bien parer, Que de Jacob le puissant
Dieu Y veuille toujours demeurer.

4. Nous fûmes instruits autrefois En Ephra-

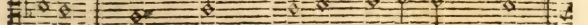
ta



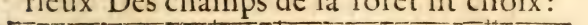
ta par nos ayeux, Que ce Dieu saint & glo-



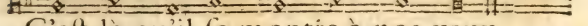
rieux Des champs de la forêt fit choix:



C'est-là qu'il se montre à nos yeux.

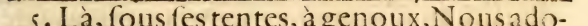


5. Là, sous ses tentes, à genoux, Nous ado-

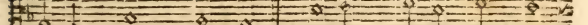


rerons son pouvoir, Disant: Eternel, no-

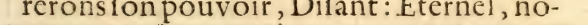
tre espoir, Lève-toi, viens loger chez



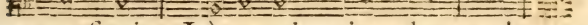
nous, Avec l'Arche où tu te fais voir:



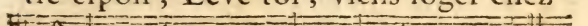
6. Revêts de ta vertu, Seigneur, Pour



l'amour de David, ton Roi, Les saints

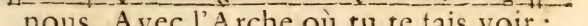


Ministres de ta Loi; Que ton Oint, que

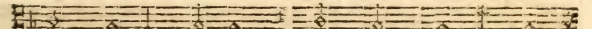


ton serviteur, Soit toujours appuyé de toi.

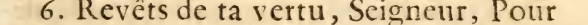
PAUSE.



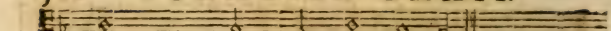
7. Dieu fit un traité solemnel Avec Da-



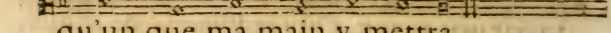
vid, & le jura: De ton sang, dit-il, on



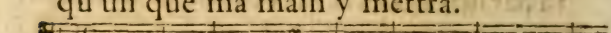
verra, Sur ton trône perpétuel, Quel-



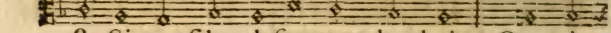
qu'un que ma main y mettra.



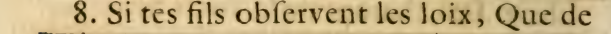
8. Si tes fils obſervent les loix, Que de



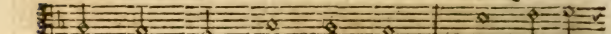
ma bouche ils apprendront, Heureuſe-



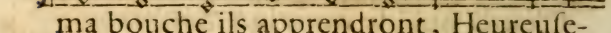
ment ils régneront; Et leurs enfans, de



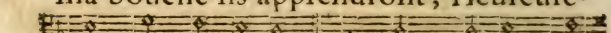
Rois en Rois, A ton ſceptre ſuccéderont.



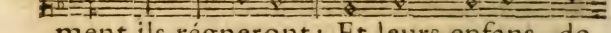
9. Le Seigneur a daigné choiſir Sion,



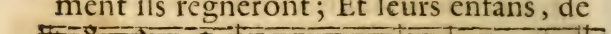
afin de s'y loger: Je ne veux, dit-il, plus



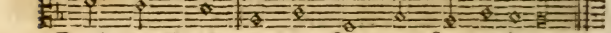
changer; Ce lieu me plaît; c'eſt mon de-



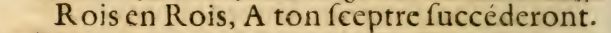
ſir; Et rien ne m'en peut dégager.



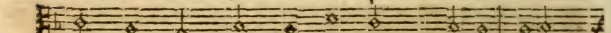
10. Sur tout le peuple à pleines mains



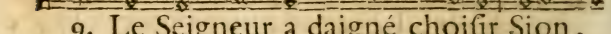
L'abondance je répandrai: Ses Prêtres je



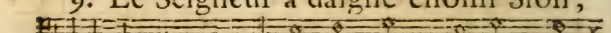
protégerai; Et dans la bouche de ſes



Saints Des hymnes ſacrés je mettrai.

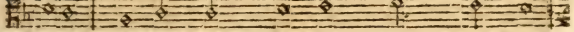


11. Je rendrai David floriſſant: Sa force

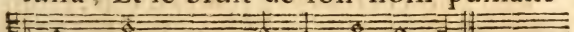


en Sion s'accroîtra; Par-tout ſa vertu re-

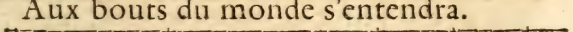
luira,



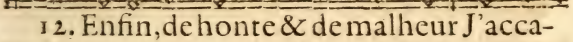
luira, Et le bruit de ſon nom puiſſant



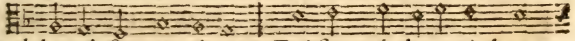
Aux bouts du monde s'entendra.



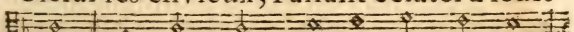
12. Enfin, de honte & de malheur J'acca-



blerai ſes envieux; Faiſant éclater à leurs

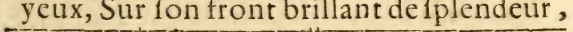


yeux, Sur ſon front brillant de ſplendeur,

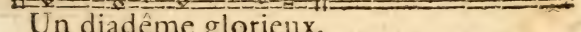


Un diadême glorieux.

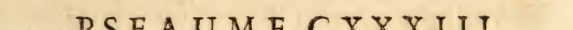
PSEAUME CXXXIII.



O Qu'il eſt doux, & qu'il eſt agréable

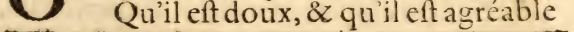


De voir ainſi, dans une paix durable, Tous

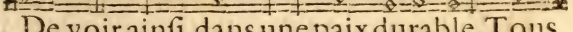


les frères s'entretenir! Ce ſaint accord me

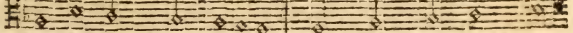
fait reſſouvenir De l'onction du grand Pon-



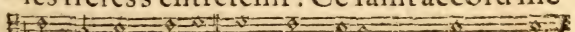
tife Aaron, Des eaux de Sion & d'Hermon.



2. Comme l'on voit cette huile ſe ré-

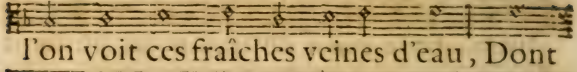


pandre, Et, par filets, de ſa tête deſcendre

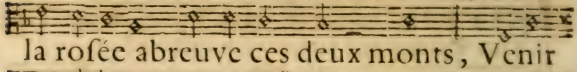


Sur le bord du ſacré manteau: Comme

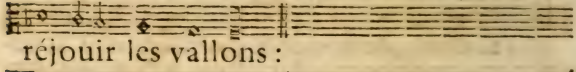
l'on



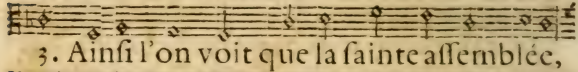
l'on voit ces fraîches veines d'eau, Dont



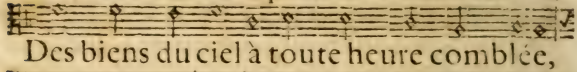
la rosée abreuve ces deux monts, Venir



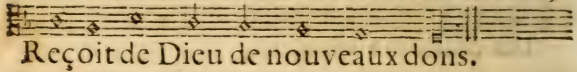
réjouir les vallons :



3. Ainsi l'on voit que la sainte assemblée,

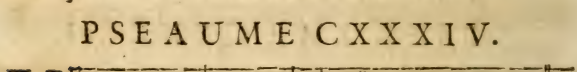


Des biens du ciel à toute heure comblée,

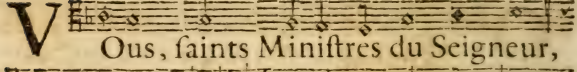


Reçoit de Dieu de nouveaux dons.

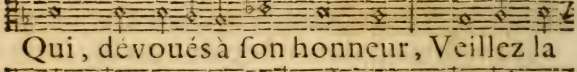
PSEAUME CXXXIV.



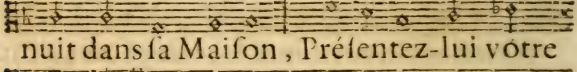
VOus, saints Ministres du Seigneur,



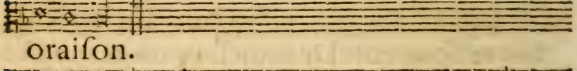
Qui, dévoués à son honneur, Veillez la



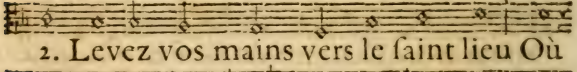
nuit dans sa Maison, Présentez-lui votre



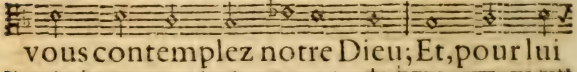
oraison.



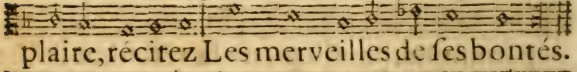
2. Levez vos mains vers le saint lieu Où



vous contemplez notre Dieu; Et, pour lui

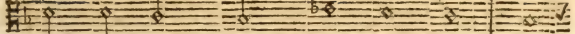


plaire, récitez Les merveilles de ses bontés.

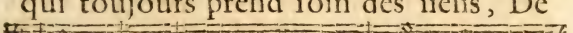


3. Dieu, qui fit la terre & les cieux, Et

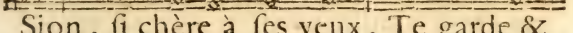
qui



qui toujours prend ſoin des ſiens, De

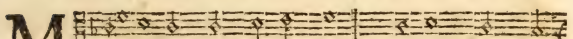


Sion, ſi chère à ſes yeux, Te garde &

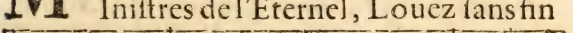


te comble de biens.

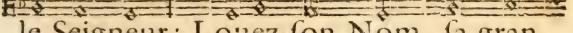
PSEAUME CXXXV.



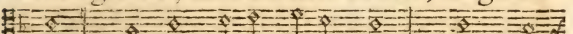
Miniſtres de l'Eternel, Louez ſans fin



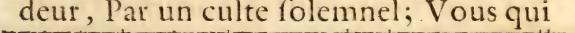
le Seigneur; Louez ſon Nom, ſa gran-



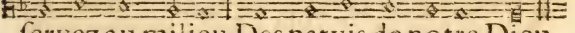
deur, Par un culte ſolemnel; Vous qui



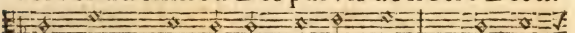
ſervez au milieu Des parvis de notre Dieu.



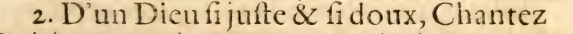
2. D'un Dieu ſi juſte & ſi doux, Chantez



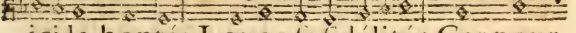
ici la bonté; Louez ſa fidélité; Car pour



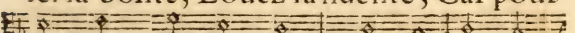
ſon peuple, entre tous, C'eſt Iſraël qu'il



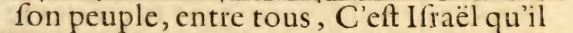
a pris, Comme un joyau de grand prix.



3. J'ai toujours connu qu'il eſt Plus

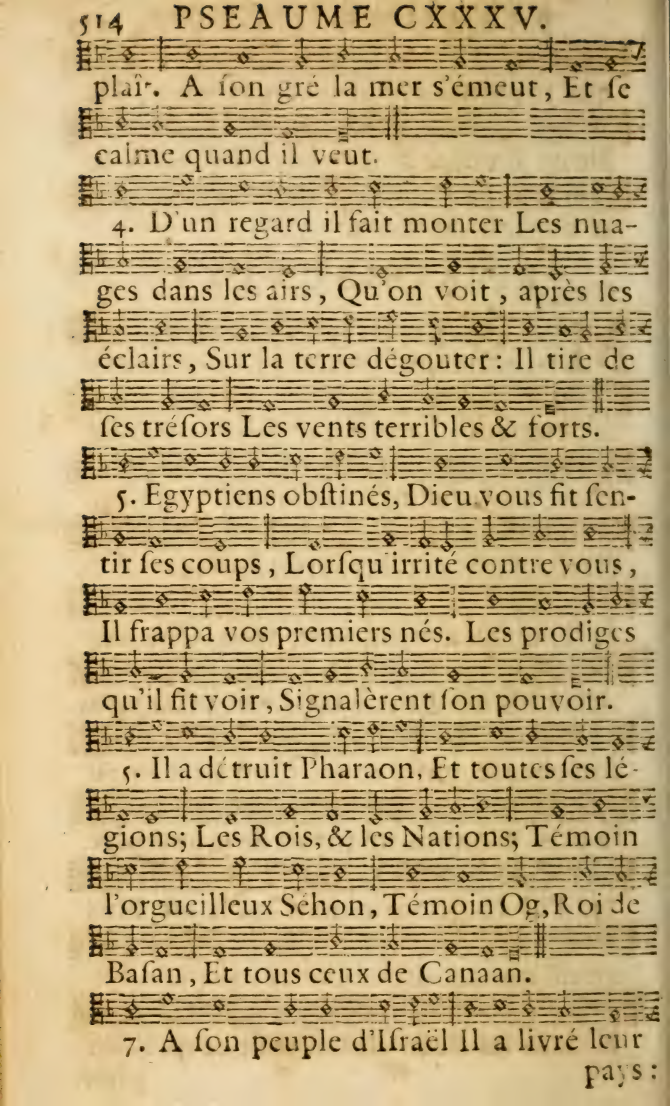


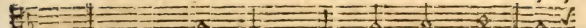
grand que les autres Dieux. Sur la terre



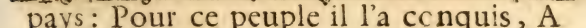
& dans les cieux, Il fait tout ce qu'il lui

plaît.

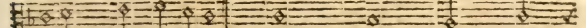

plaît. A ſon gré la mer s'émeut, Et ſe
calme quand il veut.
4. D'un regard il fait monter Les nua-
ges dans les airs, Qu'on voit, après les
éclairs, Sur la terre dégouter: Il tire de
ſes tréſors Les vents terribles & forts.
5. Egyptiens obſtinés, Dieu vous fit ſen-
tir ſes coups, Lorſqu'irrité contre vous,
Il frappa vos premiers nés. Les prodiges
qu'il fit voir, Signalèrent ſon pouvoir.
5. Il a détruit Pharaon, Et toutes ſes lé-
gions; Les Rois, & les Nations; Témoin
l'orgueilleux Séhon, Témoin Og, Roi de
Baſan, Et tous ceux de Canaan.
7. A ſon peuple d'Iſraël Il a livré leur
pays:



pays: Pour ce peuple il l'a conquis, A

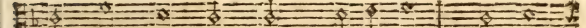


titre perpétuel. Grand Dieu, ton Nom

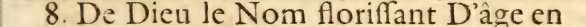


glorieux Doit durer plus que les cieux.

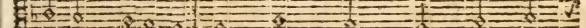
PAUSE.



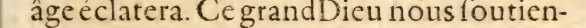
8. De Dieu le Nom floriſſant D'âge en



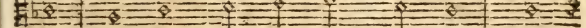
âge éclatera. Ce grand Dieu nous ſoutien-



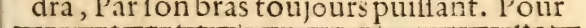
dra, Par ſon bras toujours puiſſant. Pour



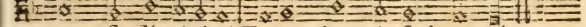
nous ſa ſévérité Fera place à ſa bonté.



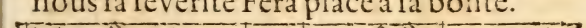
9. Mais les Dieux des Nations, D'or ou



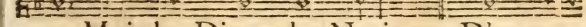
d'argent la plupart, Sont les ouvrages de



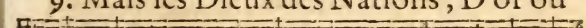
l'art, Et de vaines fictions: Leurs yeux



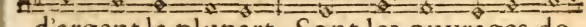
ne peuvent rien voir, Ni leur bouche



ſe mouvoir.

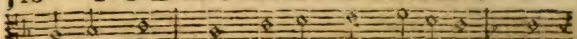


10. Sans ouir, ſans reſpirer, Ils ſe mon-

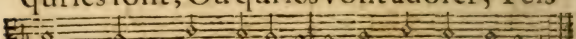


trent tels qu'ils ſont: Tels ſoient tous ceux

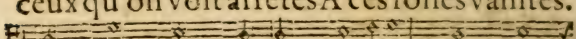
qui



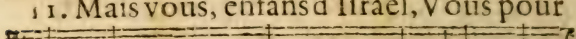
qui les font, Ou qui les vont adorer; Tels



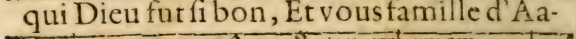
ceux qu'on voit arrêtés A ces folles vanités.



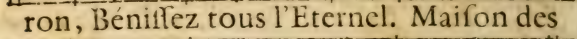
11. Mais vous, enfans d'Iſraël, Vous pour



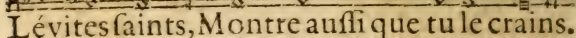
qui Dieu fut ſi bon, Et vous famille d'Aa-



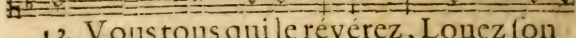
ron, Béniſſez tous l'Eternel. Maiſon des



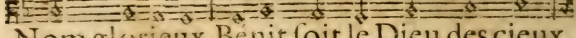
Lévites ſaints, Montre auſſi que tu le crains.



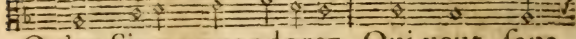
12. Vous tous qui le révérez, Louez ſon



Nom glorieux. Bénit ſoit le Dieu des cieux,

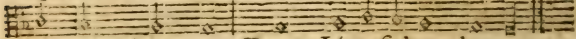


Qu'en Sion vous adorez, Qui veut, ſans

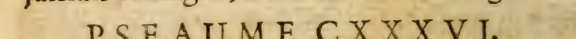


jamais changer, Dans Jéruſalem loger.

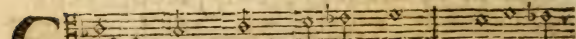
PSEAUME CXXXVI.



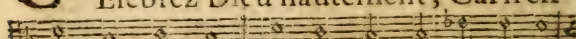
CElébrez Dieu hautement, Car il eſt



doux & clément; Et ſon immenſe bonté

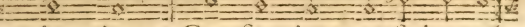


Dure à perpétuité.

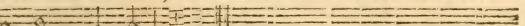


2. Célébrez le Dieu des Dieux, Elevé ſur

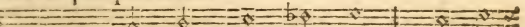
tous



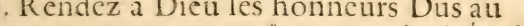
tous les cieux; Car ſon immenſe bonté



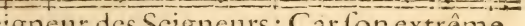
Dure à perpétuité.



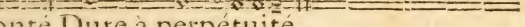
3. Rendez à Dieu les honneurs Dûs au



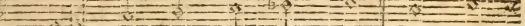
Seigneur des Seigneurs; Car ſon extrême



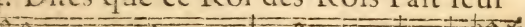
bonté Dure à perpétuité.



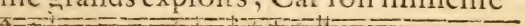
4. Dites que ce Roi des Rois Fait ſeul



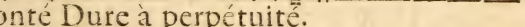
mille grands exploits; Car ſon immenſe



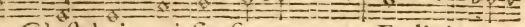
bonté Dure à perpétuité.



5. C'eſt lui qui fit ſagement, Et l'air &



le firmament; Car ſon immenſe bonté



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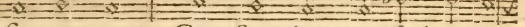
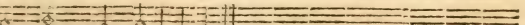
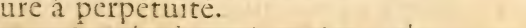


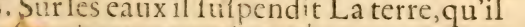
6. Sur les eaux il ſuſpendit La terre, qu'il



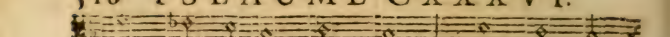
étendit; Car ſon immenſe bonté Dure



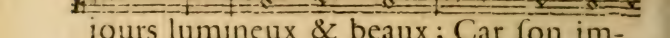
à perpétuité.



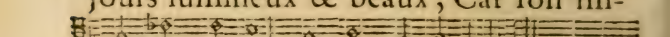
7. Il mit aux cieux des flambeaux, Tou-



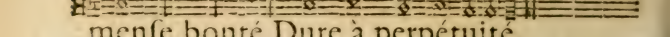
jours lumineux & beaux ; Car ſon im-



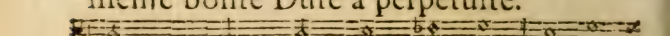
menſe bonté Dure à perpétuité.



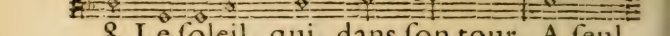
8. Le ſoleil, qui, dans ſon tour, A ſeul



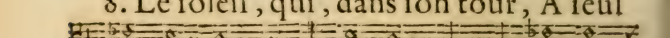
l'empire du jour ; Car ſon immenſe bon-



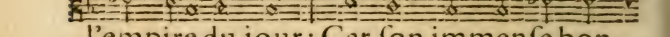
té Dure à perpétuité.



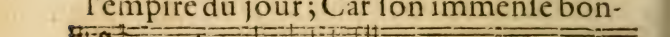
9. La lune, & tout ce qui luit, Pour do-



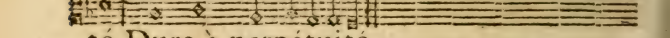
miner ſur la nuit ; Car ſon immenſe



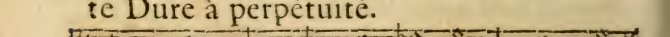
bonté Dure à perpétuité.



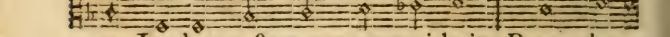
10. Par lui ſont exterminés D'Egypte



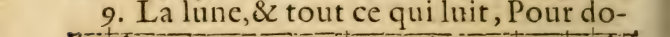
les premiers nés ; Car ſon immenſe bon-



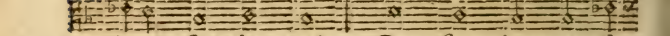
té Dure à perpétuité.



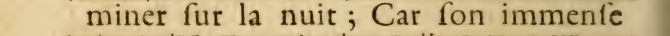
11. Son peuple, qu'il en tira, Ses mer-



veilles célébra ; Car ſon immenſe bonté

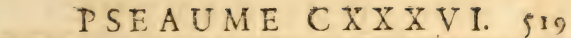


Dure à perpétuité.

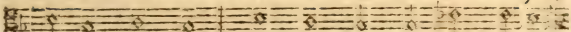


12. Il le ſauva, par l'effort De ſon bras

puiſſant

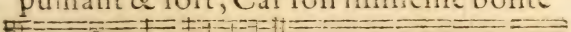


puiſſant & fort; Car ſon immenſe bonte

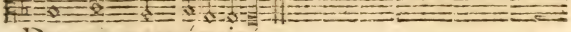


Dure à perpétuité.

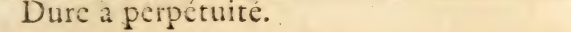
PAUSE.



13. Sa main, diviſant les eaux, Y fit des



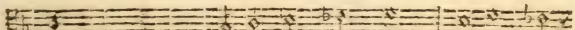
chemins nouveaux; Car ſon immenſe



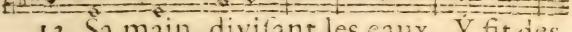
bonté Dure à perpétuité.

14. Entre les flots entaſſés, Tous ſes en-

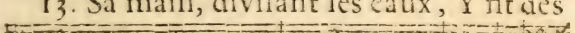
fans ſont paſſés; Car ſon immenſe bonté



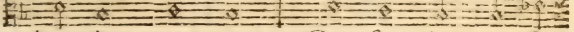
Dure à perpétuité.



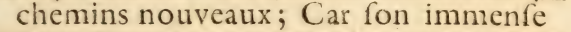
15. Il fit plus: il les vengea Du Tyran,



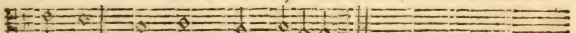
qu'il ſubmergea; Car ſon immenſe bon-



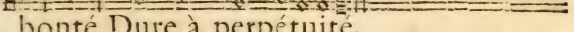
té Dure à perpétuité.



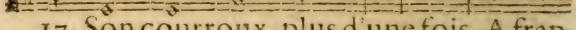
16. Dans le déſert, jour & nuit Par lui



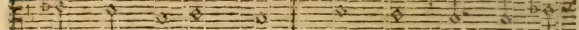
ſon peuple eſt conduit; Car ſon immen-



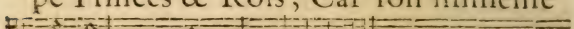
ſe bonté Dure à perpétuité.



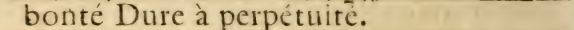
17. Son courroux, plus d'une fois, A frap-



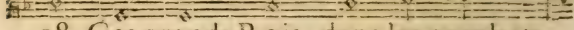
pé Princes & Rois ; Car ſon immenſe



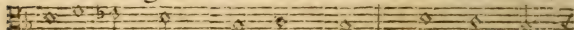
bonté Dure à perpétuité.



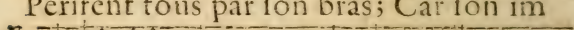
18. Ces grands Rois, dans les combats,



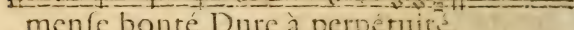
Périrent tous par ſon bras ; Car ſon im



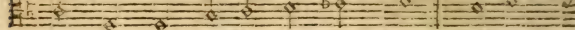
menſe bonté Dure à perpétuité.



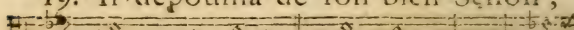
19. Il dépouilla de ſon bien Séhon,



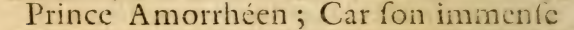
Prince Amorrhéen ; Car ſon immenſe



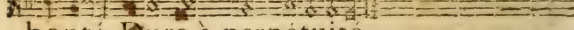
bonté Dure à perpétuité.



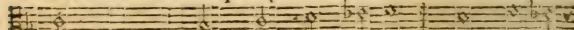
20. Og auſſi, par lui défait, Fut puni



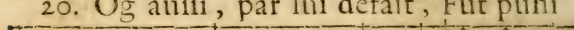
de ſon forfait ; Car ſon immenſe bonté



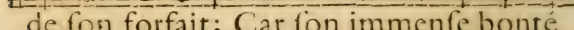
Dure à perpétuité.



21. Pour ſon peuple, il a conquis Leur

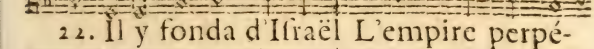


grand & riche pays, Car ſon immenſe

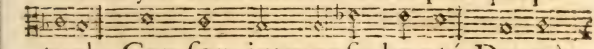


bonté Dure à perpétuité.

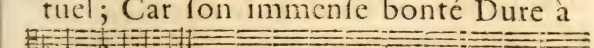
22. Il



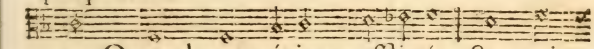
22. Il y fonda d'Iſraël L'empire perpé-



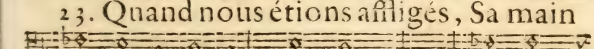
tuel; Car ſon immenſe bonté Dure à



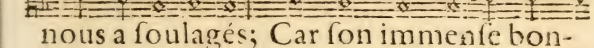
perpétuité.



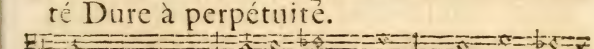
23. Quand nous étions affligés, Sa main



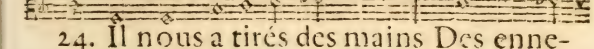
nous a ſoulagés; Car ſon immenſe bon-



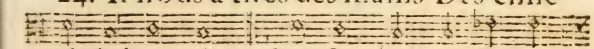
té Dure à perpétuité.



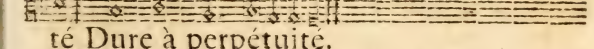
24. Il nous a tirés des mains Des enne-



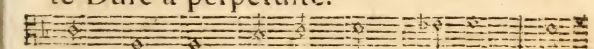
mis inhumains; Car ſon immenſe bon-



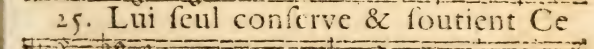
té Dure à perpétuité.



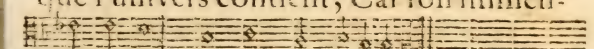
25. Lui ſeul conſerve & ſoutient Ce



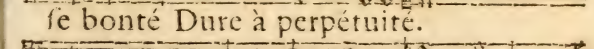
que l'univers contient; Car ſon immen-



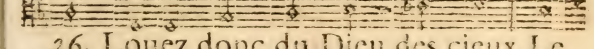
ſe bonté Dure à perpétuité.



26. Louez donc du Dieu des cieux Le

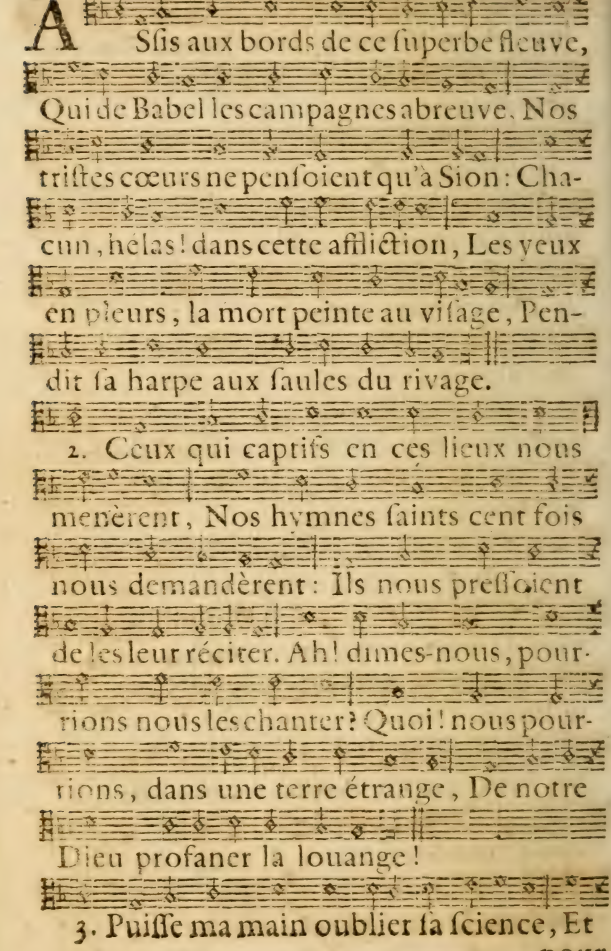


nom grand & glorieux; Car ſon immen-



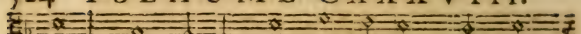
ſe bonté Dure à perpétuité.

PSEAUME CXXXVII.

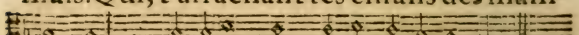


pour jamais languir dans le silence, Si
de Sion je perds le souvenir! Puisse ma
langue à mon palais tenir, Jérusalem, si
jamais j'ai de joie, Qu'auparavant libre
on ne te revoie!

4. Mais toi, Seigneur, remets dans ta me-
moire, Des fils d'Edom la cruauté si noire,
Quand en fureur ta ville ils saccageoient.
Ah! ouviens toi qu'à l'envi tous crioient,
V , abattez, qu'elle soient embrasée, Et
j u'au pied des fondemens rasée.
ière Babel, qui réduis tout en cendre,
ureux celui qui doit un jour te ren-
re Les maux cruels que ta main nous a
aits! Heureux qui doit te détruire à ja-
mais!

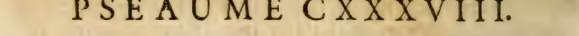


mais! Qui, t'arrachant tes enfans des mam-

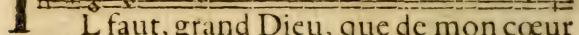


melles, Ecrasera leurs têtes infidelles!

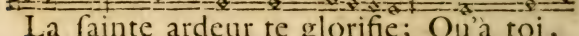
PSEAUME CXXXVIII.



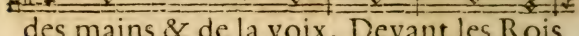
I L faut, grand Dieu, que de mon cœur



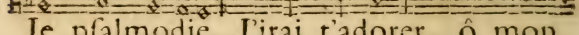
La sainte ardeur te glorifie; Qu'à toi,



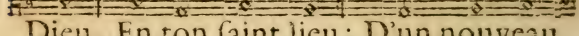
des mains & de la voix, Devant les Rois



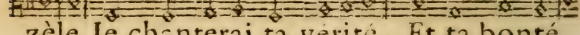
Je psalmodie. J'irai t'adorer, ô mon



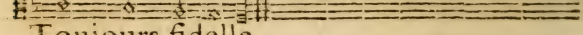
Dieu, En ton saint lieu; D'un nouveau



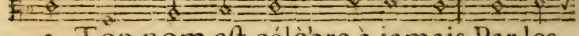
zèle Je chanterai ta verité, Et ta bonté



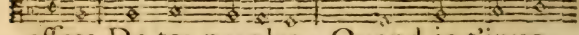
Toujours fidelle.



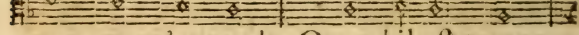
2. Ton nom est célèbre à jamais Par les



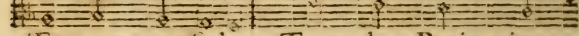
effets De tes paroles: Quand je t'invo-



que, tu m'entends; Quand il est temps,



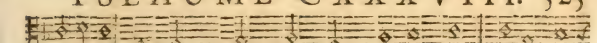
Tu me consoles. Tous les Rois vien-



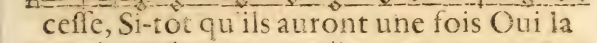
dront à tes pieds, Humiliés, Prier sans

cesse,

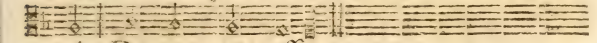
ceſſe, Si-tôt qu'ils auront une fois Oui la



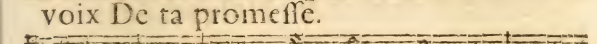
voix De ta promeſſe.



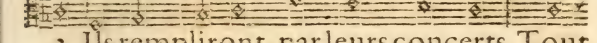
3. Ils rempliront, par leurs concerts, Tout



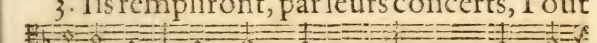
l'univers De tes louanges. Les peuples



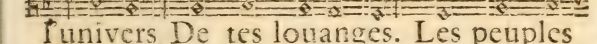
qui les entendront, Admireront Tes faits



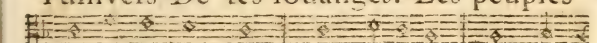
étranges. O grand Dieu, qui de tes hauts



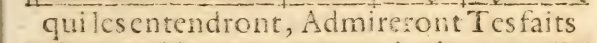
cieux Dans ces bas lieux, Vois toute



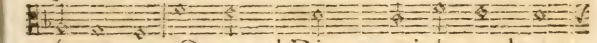
choſe, Quoique tu ſembles être loin,



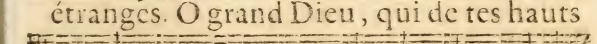
C'eſt ſur ton ſoin Que tout repoſe.



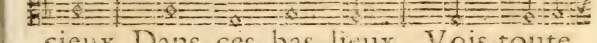
4. Si mon cœur, dans l'adverſité, Eſt



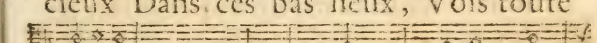
agité, Ta main m'appuie; C'eſt ton bras



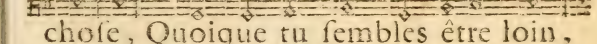
qui ſauve des mains Des inhumains Ma



triſte vie. Quand je ſuis le plus abattu,

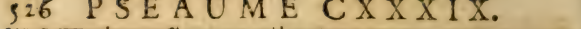


C'eſt ta vertu Qui me relève: Ce qu'il



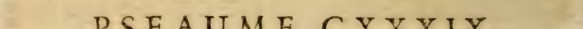
t'a plû de commencer, Sans te laſſer,

Ta



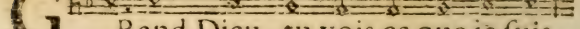
Ta main l'achève.

PSEAUME CXXXIX.

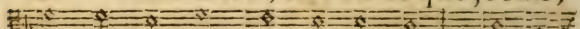


GRand Dieu, tu vois ce que je ſuis,

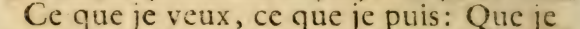
Ce que je veux, ce que je puis: Que je



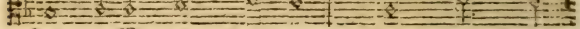
ſois aſſis ou debout, Tes yeux me



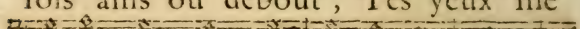
découvrent par-tout, Et tu pénètres ma



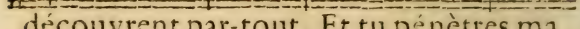
penſée, Même avant qu'elle ſoit tracée.



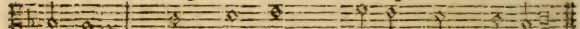
2. Soit que je marche ou ſois couché,



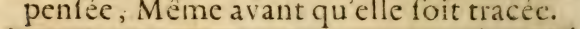
Je ne te ſuis jamais caché: Ta vue éclai-



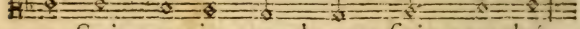
re mon ſentier, Et tu me connois tout



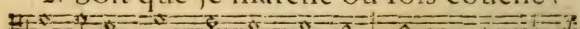
entier. Tu ſais, ſans que je les profère,



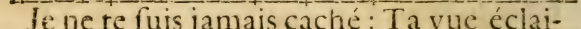
Tous les diſcours que je veux faire.



3. Lorſque je vais, lorſque je viens, Je



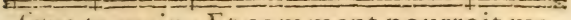
me ſens pris dans tes liens. Seigneur, ton



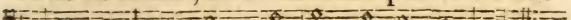
pouvoir ſouverain Me tient en tous lieux

ſous

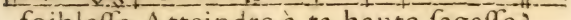
ſous ta main ; Et comment pourroit ma



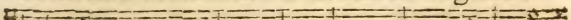
foibleſſe Atteindre à ta haute ſageſſe ?



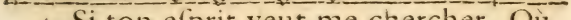
4. Si ton eſprit veut me chercher, Où



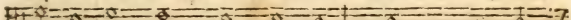
fuirai-je pour me cacher ? Puis-je me ſau-



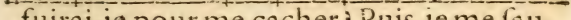
ver devant toi ? Si je monte aux cieux, je



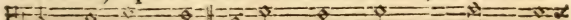
t'y vois ; Et ſi je deſcends dans l'abîme,



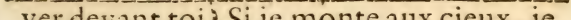
Je t'y vois pour punir mon crime.



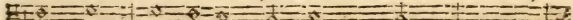
5. Quand l'Aurore m'auroit prêté Ses aî-



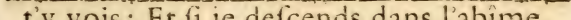
les, ſa rapidité, Et que j'irois, en fendant



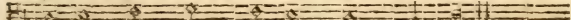
l'air, Aux bords oppoſés de la mer, Ta



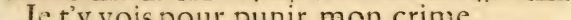
main, s'il te plaît de l'étendre, Viendra



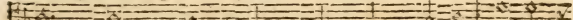
m'y pourſuivre, & m'y prendre.



6. Si je dis, la nuit, pour le moins, Me

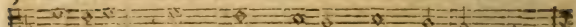


cachant aux yeux des témoins, De ſon

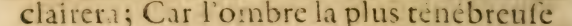


ombre me couvrira, La nuit même t'é-

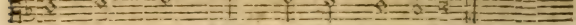
clairera ;



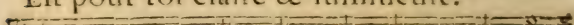
clairera; Car l'ombre la plus ténébreuſe



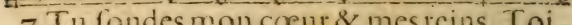
Eſt pour toi claire & lumineuſe.



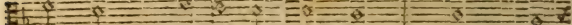
7. Tu ſondes mon cœur & mes reins, Toi,



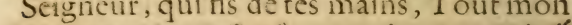
Seigneur, qui fis de tes mains, Tout mon



corps ſi bien aſſorti, Dans les flancs d'où

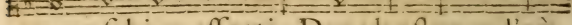


je ſuis ſorti; Et pour ces merveilles étran-

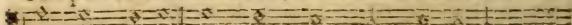


ges, Ma bouche chante tes louanges.

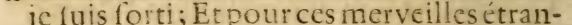
PAUSE.



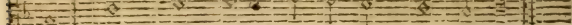
8. Seigneur, les biens que tu nous fais,



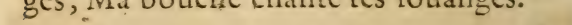
Ta puiſſance & ſes hauts effets, N'ont ja-



mais pû ſe concevoir: Mon ame tâche à

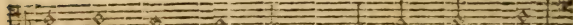


les ſavoir; Mais toi, qui ſeul m'as donné



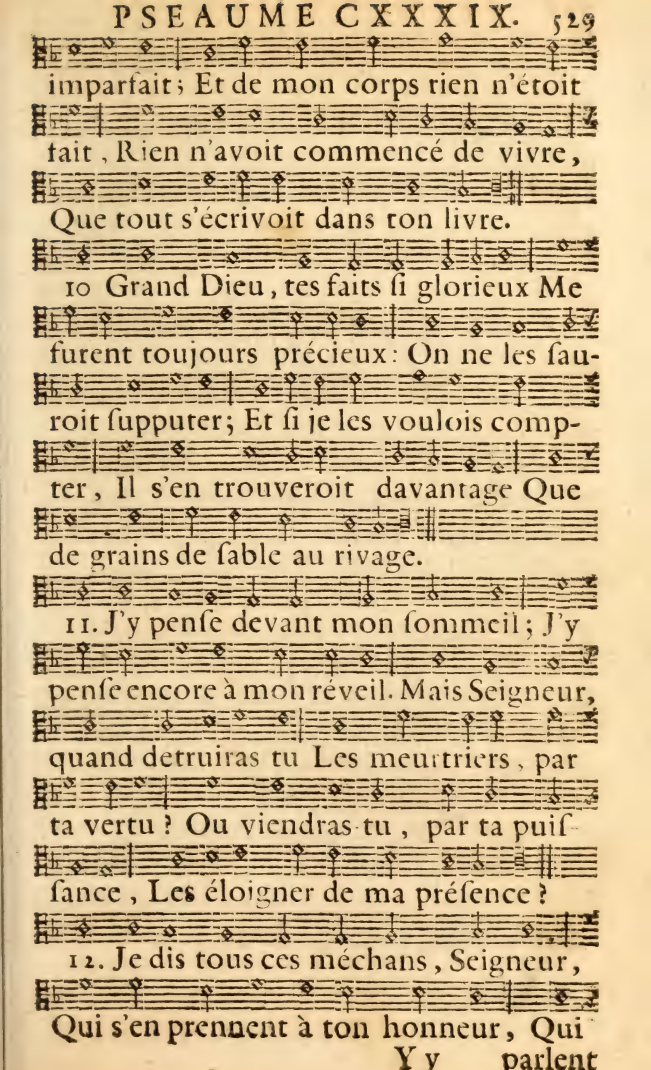
l'être, Seul auſſi tu peux me connoître.

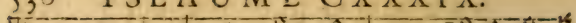
9. Tu m'as richement façonné Aux lieux



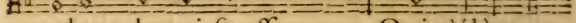
ſecrets d'où je ſuis né: Tes yeux me virent

imparfait

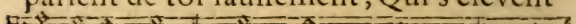

imparfait; Et de mon corps rien n'étoit
fait, Rien n'avoit commencé de vivre,
Que tout s'écrivoit dans ton livre.
10 Grand Dieu, tes faits si glorieux Me
furent toujours précieux: On ne les sau-
roit supputer; Et si je les voulois comp-
ter, Il s'en trouveroit davantage Que
de grains de sable au rivage.
11. J'y pense devant mon sommeil; J'y
pense encore à mon réveil. Mais Seigneur,
quand detruiras tu Les meurtriers, par
ta vertu? Ou viendras-tu, par ta puis-
sance, Les éloigner de ma présence?
12. Je dis tous ces méchans, Seigneur,
Qui s'en prennent à ton honneur, Qui



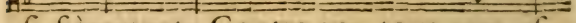
parlent de toi fauſſement, Qui s'élèvent



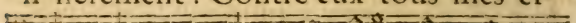
ſi fièrement : Contre eux tous mes eſ-



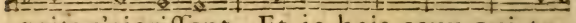
prits s'aigriſſent, Et je hais ceux qui te



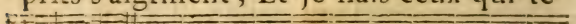
haiſſent.



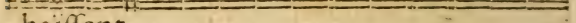
13. Je veux les haïr conſtamment, Les



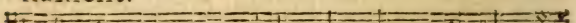
déteſter ouvertement : Eternel, je te le



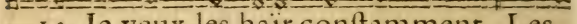
promets, Et je n'y manquerai jamais.



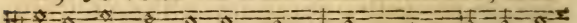
Sonde mon cœur, tu peux connoître



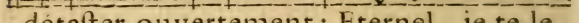
S'il eſt pour toi tel qu'il doit être.



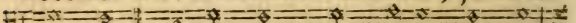
14. Dieu, juſte & bon, éprouve-moi :



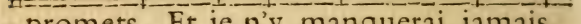
Vois ſi je n'aime point ta Loi, Ou ſi



mon pied s'eſt arrêté Au chemin de l'ini-

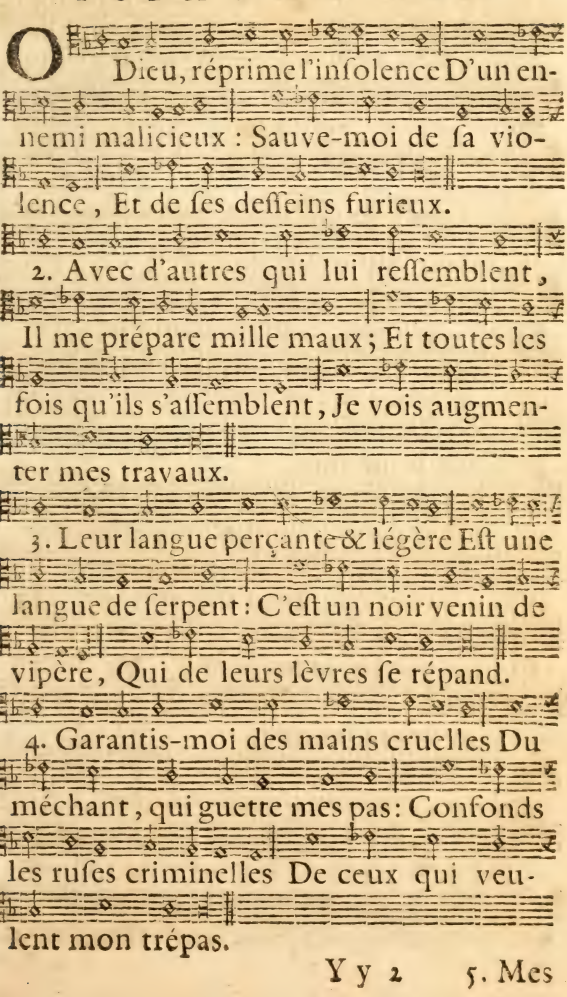


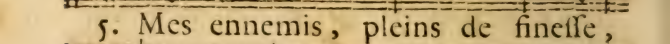
quité ; Et que ta grâce, où je me fonde,



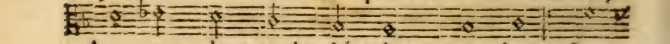
Soit toujours ma guide en ce monde.

PSEAUME CXL.

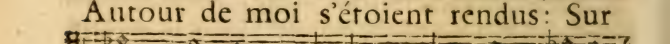

O Dieu, réprime l'insolence D'un en-
nemi malicieux : Sauve-moi de sa vio-
lence, Et de ses desseins furieux.
2. Avec d'autres qui lui ressemblent,
Il me prépare mille maux ; Et toutes les
fois qu'ils s'assemblent, Je vois augmen-
ter mes travaux.
3. Leur langue perçante & légère Est une
langue de serpent : C'est un noir venin de
vipère, Qui de leurs lèvres se répand.
4. Garantis-moi des mains cruelles Du
méchant, qui guette mes pas : Confonds
les ruses criminelles De ceux qui veu-
lent mon trépas.



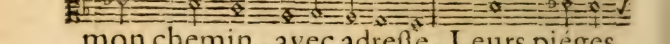
5. Mes ennemis, pleins de fineſſe,



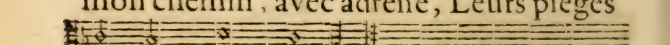
Autour de moi s'étoient rendus: Sur



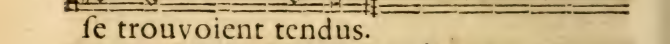
mon chemin, avec adreſſe, Leurs piéges



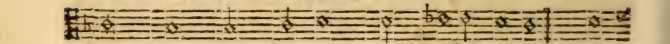
ſe trouvoient tendus.



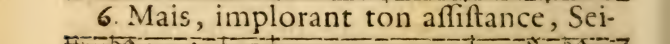
6. Mais, implorant ton aſſiſtance, Sei-



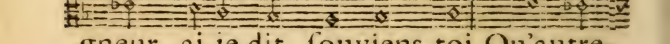
gneur, ai-je dit, ſouviens-toi Qu'autre-



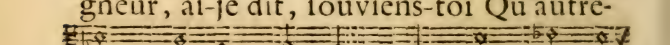
fois, prenant ma défenſe, Ton bras ſe



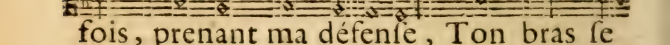
déploya pour moi.



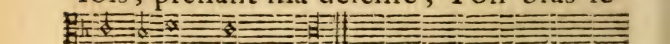
7. Grand Dieu, dans toutes mes alar-



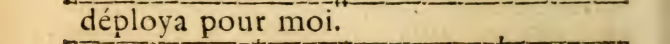
mes, Tu fus prompt à me protéger, Et



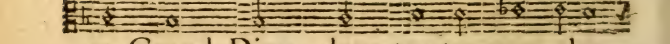
tu me couvris de tes armes, Au milieu



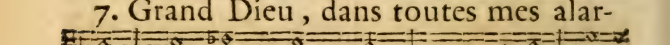
du plus grand danger.



8. N'accorde jamais à ces traîtres Le fruit

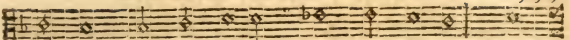


d'un injuſte deſir: S'ils pouvoient ſe ren-

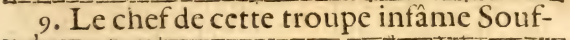


dre les maîtres, Ma perte ſeroit leur plaiſir.

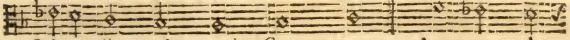
9. Le



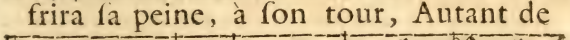
9. Le chef de cette troupe infâme Souf-



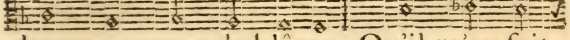
frira ſa peine, à ſon tour, Autant de



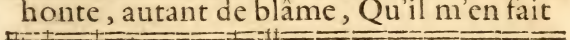
honte, autant de blâme, Qu'il m'en fait



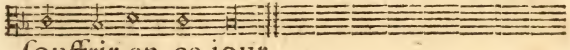
ſouffrir en ce jour.



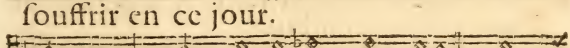
10. Une foudroyante tempête Tom-



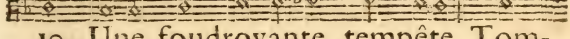
bera ſur eux promptement, Sans qu'ils



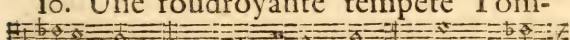
puiſſent ſauver leur tête Des coups d'un



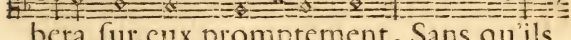
juſte jugement.



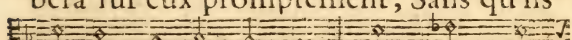
11. Celui qui tient un faux langage,



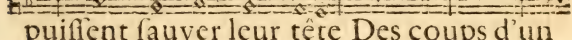
En nul lieu ne s'affermira; Et qui ſe



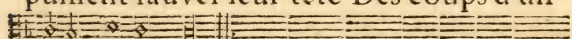
plaît à faire outrage, Le mal qu'il fait



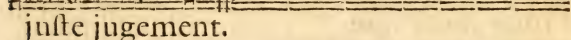
le pourſuivra.



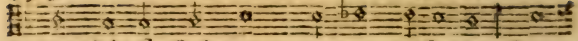
12. L'Eternel tient prêt le ſupplice,



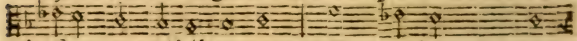
Afin de venger l'affligé; Et qui fait au pau-



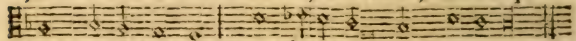
vre injuſtice, De Dieu même ſera jugé.



13. Ainſi, Seigneur, en ta préſence, Les

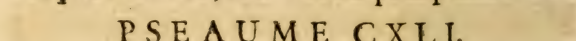


juſtes te célébreront; Et toujours, par

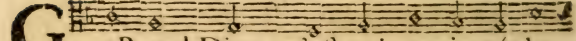


ta providence, Les fidéles proſpéreront.

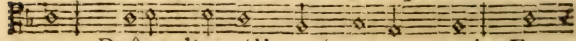
PSEAUME CXLI.



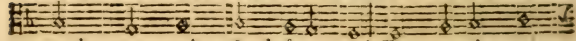
Rand Dieu, c'eſt toi que je récla-



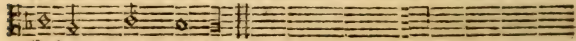
me: Prête l'oreille, écoute-moi; En-



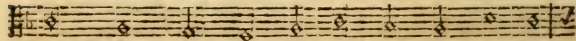
tends mes cris, & hâte-toi De venir con-



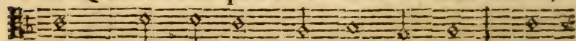
ſoler mon ame.



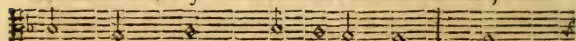
2. Qu'au ciel parvienne ma demande,



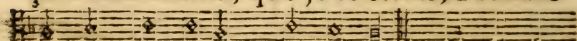
Comme on y voit monter l'encens; Re-



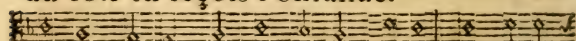
çois mes mains, que je te tends, Comme



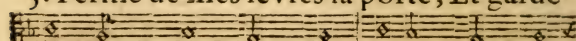
au ſoir tu reçois l'offrande.



3. Ferme de mes lèvres la porte, Et garde

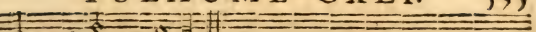


ma bouche, ô mon Dieu, Afin qu'en nul

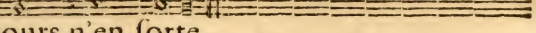


temps, en nullieu, Aucun mauvais diſ-

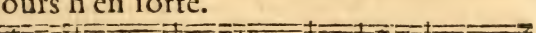
cours



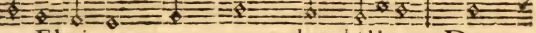
cours n'en ſorte.



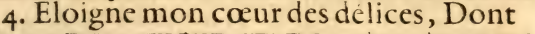
4. Eloigne mon cœur des délices, Dont



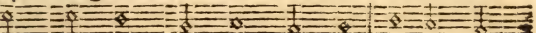
les méchans ſont enchantés : Si je goû-



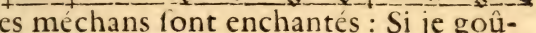
tois leurs voluptés, Je pourrois prendre



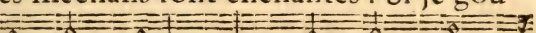
auſſi leurs vices.



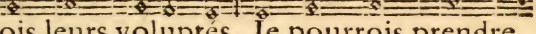
5. Que le juſte me ſoit ſévère, Ses re-



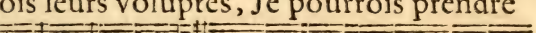
proches me ſeront doux, Et pour moi



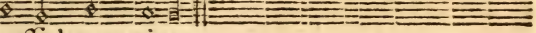
ſes plus rudes coups Seront un baume



ſalutaire.

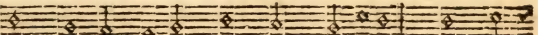


6. Mais en vain l'inique & l'impie Vou-

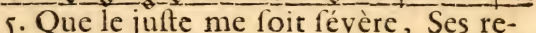


droient me flatter par leurs ſoins : Je

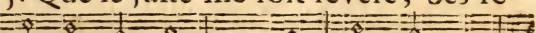
n'en ſouhaiterois pas moins De voir



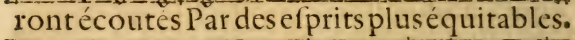
leur audace punie.



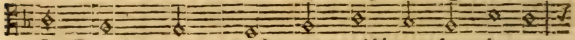
7. Car, lorſque leurs chefs déteſtables Se-



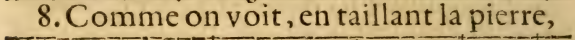
ront en bas précipités, Mes diſcours ſe-



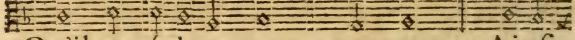
ront écoutés Par des eſprits plus équitables.



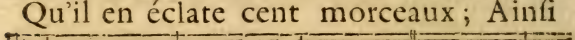
8. Comme on voit, en taillant la pierre,



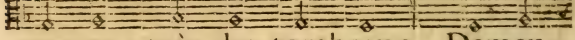
Qu'il en éclate cent morceaux; Ainſi



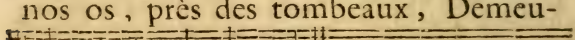
nos os, près des tombeaux, Demeu-



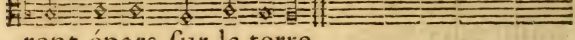
rent épars ſur la terre.



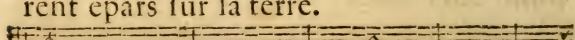
9. Mon Dieu, tu ſais que l'on m'ou-



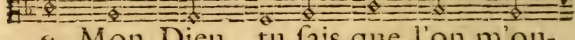
trage: Mes yeux ſont attachés ſur toi:



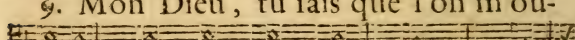
Ta grace eſt l'appui de ma foi: Veuille



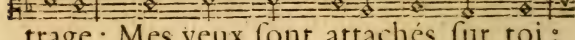
relever mon courage.



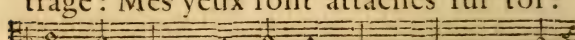
10. Seigneur, garantis-moi du piége



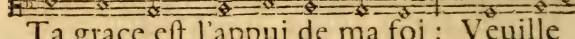
Des adverſaires inhumains: Seigneur,



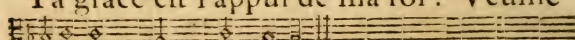
garantis-moi des mains De cette troupe



qui m'aſſiége.

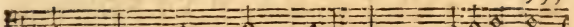


11. Fais qu'enfin chacun d'eux trébuche

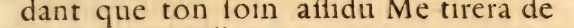


Dans le piége qu'ils m'ont tendu, Pen-

dant



dant que ton ſoin aſſidu Me tirera de



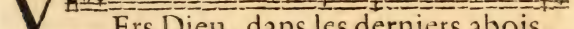
leur embuche.

PSEAUME CXLII.

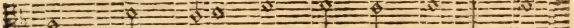
VErs Dieu, dans les derniers abois,

Vers Dieu, j'élève encor ma voix: Mon

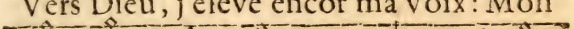
cœur ſe répand devant lui, Et lui dé-



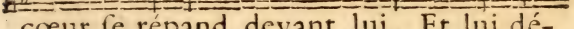
clare ſon ennui.



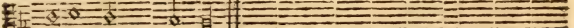
2. La frayeur dont je fus ſurpris, Fai-



ſoit défaillir mes eſprits: Toi ſeul, ô



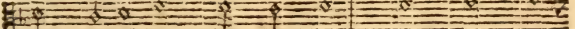
Dieu, dans mes travaux, Pus trouver



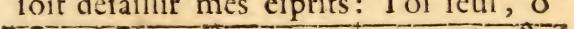
l'iſſue à mes maux.

3. Ils ont ſu leurs piéges dreſſer Aux

lieux où je devois paſſer: Par-tout mes

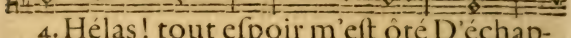


yeux cherchent en vain Quelqu'un qui

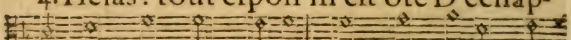


me tende la main.

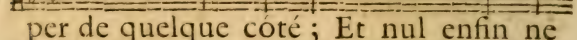
4. Hélas!



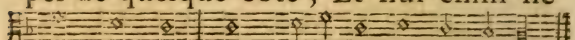
4. Hélas! tout eſpoir m'eſt ôté D'échap-



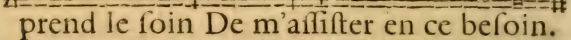
per de quelque côté ; Et nul enfin ne



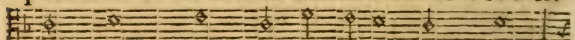
prend le ſoin De m'aſſiſter en ce beſoin.



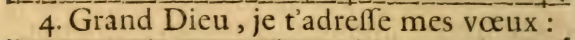
4. Grand Dieu, je t'adreſſe mes vœux :



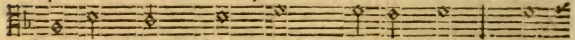
Sauve-moi, Seigneur, tu le peux ; Car



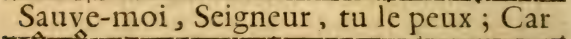
tu fus toujours mon ſoutien, Et tout



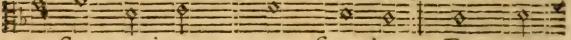
le reſte ne m'eſt rien.



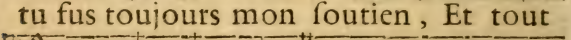
6. Entends mon cri, vois mes ennuis;



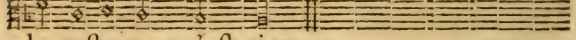
Vois le triſte état où je ſuis : Garde-



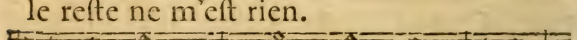
moi de mes envieux, Qui vont me dé-



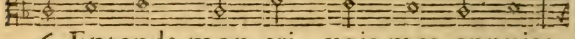
truire à tes yeux.



7. Tiré-moi de cette priſon, Afin que

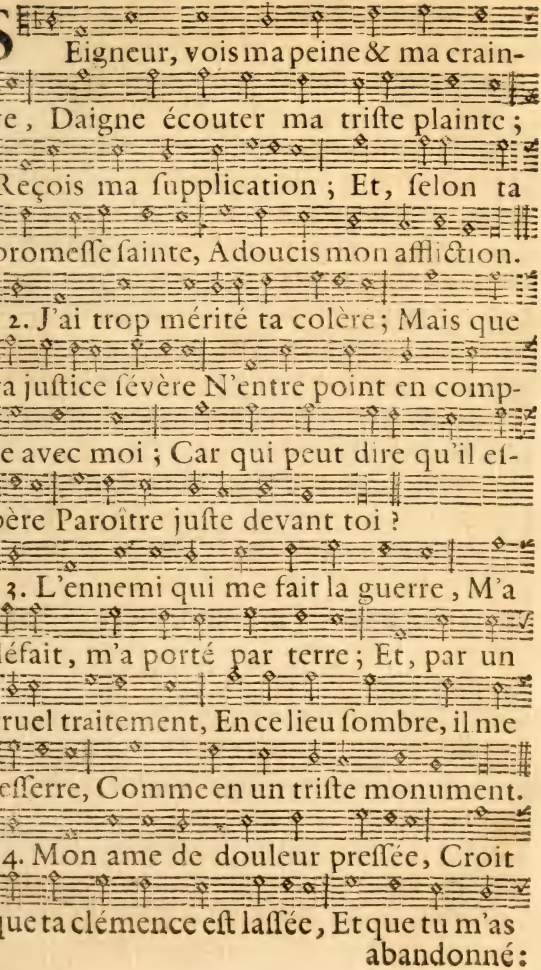


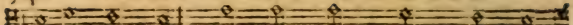
je chante ton Nom : Les juſtes ſe join-



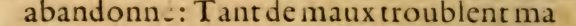
dront à moi, Me voyant protégé de toi.

PSEAUME CXLIII.





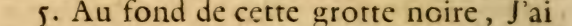
abandonné: Tant de maux troublent ma



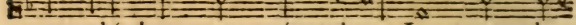
pensée, Que mon cœur en est étonné.

5. Au fond de cette grotte noire, J'ai

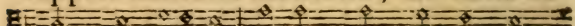
rappelé dans ma mémoire, Le tems de



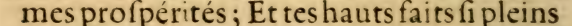
mes prospérités; Et tes hauts faits si pleins



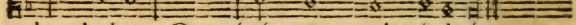
de gloire, Ont été par moi récités.



6. Délivre-moi de ce martyre: Je te tends



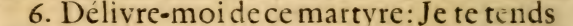
les mains, je soupire; Et mon ame, en



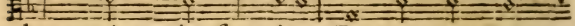
ce mal nouveau, Est altérée, & te de-

sire, Comme un champ sec desire l'eau.

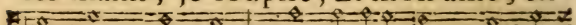
PAUSE.



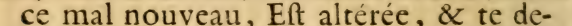
7. Montre-moi ta face adorable: Mon



cœur s'abat, le mal m'accable: Hâte toi

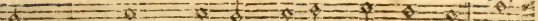


de me secourir: Je suis, hélas! déjà sem-

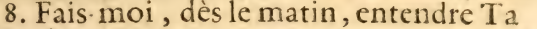


blable A ceux qui sont prêts de mourir.

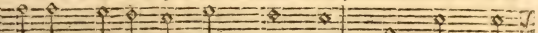
8. Fais-



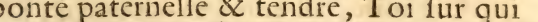
8. Fais-moi, dès le matin, entendre Ta



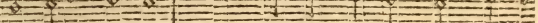
bonté paternelle & tendre, Toi sur qui



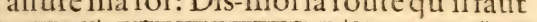
s'assure ma foi: Dis-moi la route qu'il faut



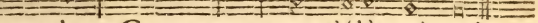
prendre, Car mon ame s'élève à toi.



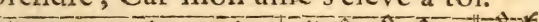
9. Grand Dieu, mon unique défense, Ga-



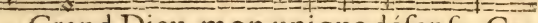
rantis-moi, par ta puissance, De la main



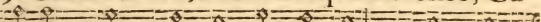
de mes ennemis: Je mets toute mon espé-



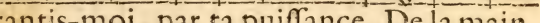
rance Au secours que tu m'as promis.



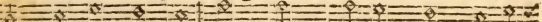
10. Enseigne-moi ce qu'il faut faire, Pour



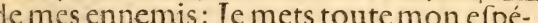
t'obéir & pour te plaire; Et qu'ainsi, dans le



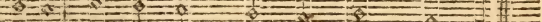
droit chemin, Ton Esprit me guide & m'é-



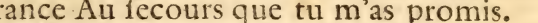
claire, Dès cette heure, & jusqu'à ma fin.



11. Que ta grâce, où je me confie, Me



soutienne & me fortifie, En cette dure



extrêmité, Et qu'elle ranime ma vie, Pour

faire éclater ta bonté.

12. Seigneur, tu me ſeras propice, Et tu confondras la malice De mes cruels perſécuteurs : J'attends de toi cette juſtice, Comme un de tes adorateurs.

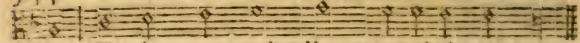
PSEAUME CXLIV.

BÉni ſoit Dieu, lui qui, dans les alarmes, Dreſſe mes mains à manier les armes; Qui me raſſure & qui ſoutient mon bras ; Lui qui me rend invincible aux combats. Il eſt mon fort, mon bouclier, ma défenſe : Sous ſa faveur, je vis en aſſurance ; Et c'eſt ſa main, malgré mes ennemis, Qui tient mon peuple à mon ſceptre ſoumis.

2. Qu'eſt-

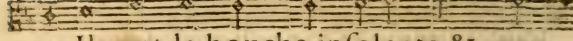
2. Qu'eſt-ce que l'homme, en ſa foibleſſe extrême? Qu'eſt-ce que l'homme, ô Majeſté ſuprême? Que ta bonté daigne s'en ſouvenir, Et d'un regard ſeulement le bénir. L'homme, en effet, n'a qu'une courte vie, A mille maux en tout tems aſſervie: Ses plus beaux jours ſont une ombre qui fuit, Et ſont changés en une longue nuit.

3. Baiſſe les cieux, hâte-toi d'en deſcendre; Frappe les monts, & les réduis en cendre: Pour diſſiper tant d'ennemis divers, Lance ta foudre, allume tes éclairs. Tends-moi d'en-haut tes mains ſi ſecourables; Retire-moi des torrens effroyables: Délivre-moi d'un ſi preſſant dan-

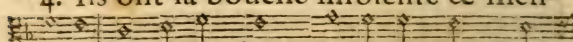


ger, Et du pouvoir d'un cruel étranger.

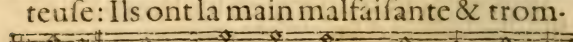
PAUSE.



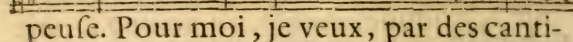
4. Ils ont la bouche insolente & men-



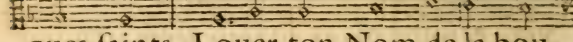
teuse: Ils ont la main malfaisante & trom-



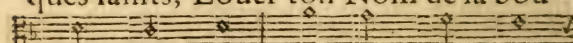
peuse. Pour moi, je veux, par des canti-



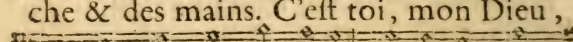
ques saints, Louer ton Nom de la bou-



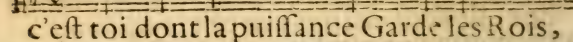
che & des mains. C'est toi, mon Dieu,



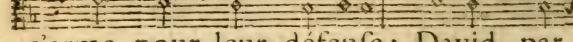
c'est toi dont la puissance Garde les Rois,



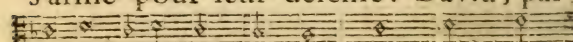
s'arme pour leur défense: David, par



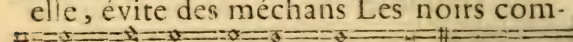
elle, évite des méchans Les noirs com-



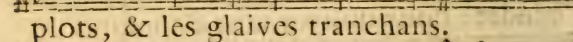
plots, & les glaives tranchans.



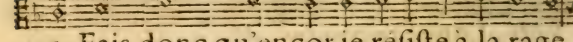
5. Fais donc qu'encor je résiste à la rage



D'un ennemi qui m'insulte & m'outrage,



De qui le cœur est toujours infecté Par le



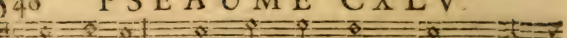
mensonge & par l'impiété. Que nos fils

soient

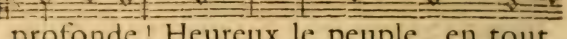
soient comme de jeunes plantes, Fraîches
toujours, & toujours fleurissantes; Que
de leurs sœurs les corps soient plus par-
faits Que les piliers des plus riches palais.

6. Que de tes biens chaque maison soit
pleine; Que les troupeaux de nos bêtes à
laine, Par millions croissant de toutes
parts, Couvrent la plaine, & rempliſſent
nos parcs; Que dans nos bœufs soit la
force & la graisse, Et que jamais l'ennemi
ne nous presse; Que nul effroi ne trou-
ble nos moissons, Et ne nous force à
quitter nos maisons.

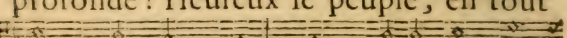
7. Heureux le peuple, à qui Dieu, dès ce
monde, Donne une paix si douce & si



profonde ! Heureux le peuple, en tout

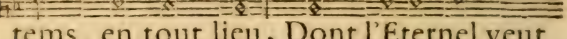


tems, en tout lieu, Dont l'Eternel veut

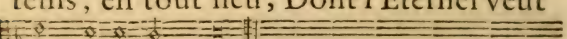


bien être le Dieu !

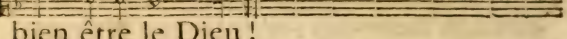
PSEAUME CXLV.



MOn Dieu, mon Roi, toujours puis-

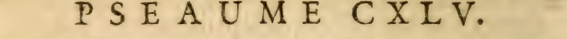


sant & bon, Je veux, sans fin, exalter ton

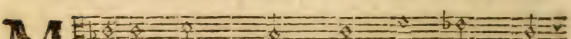


saint Nom: Je veux, Seigneur, en tous

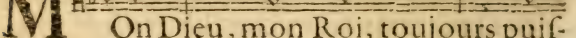
lieux, en tout tems, Te célébrer, sur des



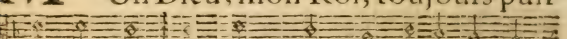
tons éclatans. L'Eternel seul est grand &



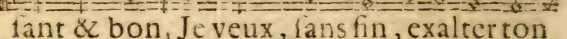
redoutable: Nul ne comprend son essence



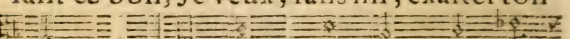
adorable: Un siécle à l'autre annonce ses



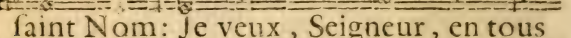
louanges; Et tout nous dit ses merveilles



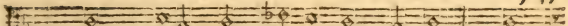
étranges.



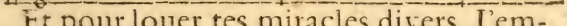
2. Ma bouche, ô Dieu, chantera la splen-



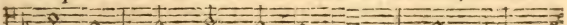
deur Dont se revêt ta suprême grandeur;



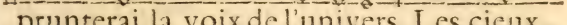
Et pour louer tes miracles divers, J'em-



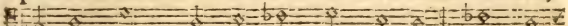
prunterai la voix de l'univers. Les cieux,



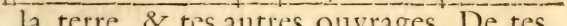
la terre, & tes autres ouvrages, De tes



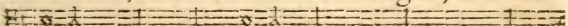
vertus ſont les vives images. J'appren-



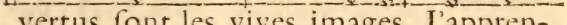
drai d'eux à publier ſans ceſſe, Et ta



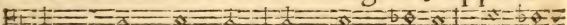
puiſſance, & ta haute ſageſſe.



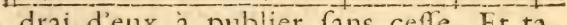
3. On les voit tous, de plaiſir tranſpor-



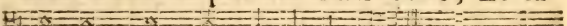
tés, A haute voix publier tes bontés, En



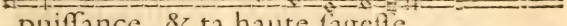
conſacrer un heureux ſouvenir, Et le



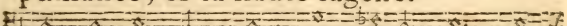
tranſmettre aux peuples à venir. Dieu fut



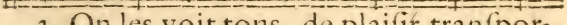
toujours clément & débonnaire, Prompt



au pardon, & lent à la colère ; Et ſes fa-

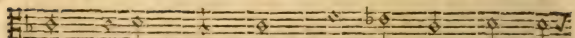


veurs, ſi ſouvent éprouvées, Sont à nos

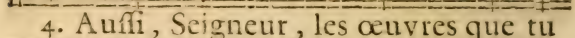


yeux, en tous ſes faits gravées.

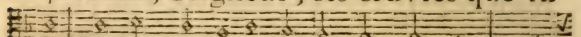
PAUSE.



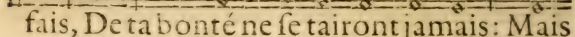
4. Auſſi, Seigneur, les œuvres que tu



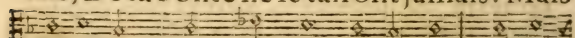
fais, De ta bonté ne ſe tairont jamais: Mais



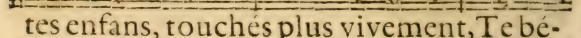
tes enfans, touchés plus vivement, Te bé-



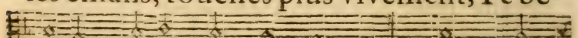
niront auſſi plus dignement. D'un plein



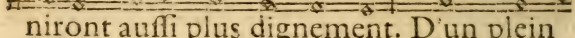
concert, & d'un chant de victoire, De ton



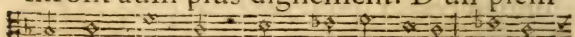
Empire ils chanteront la gloire: Au mon-



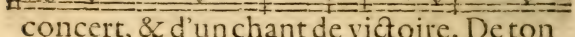
de entier ils te feront connoître; Et tous



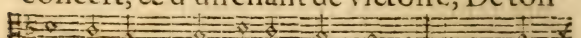
enfin te recevront pour Maître.



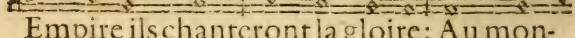
5. Ton règne, ô Dieu, ſubſiſtera toujours:



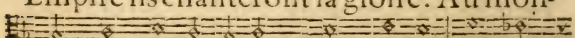
Rien n'en ſauroit interrompre le cours;



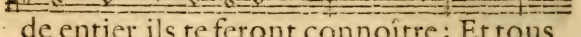
Ta main retient l'homme prêt à tomber;



Ton bras ſoutient ceux qui vont ſuccom-

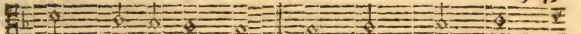


ber. A toi, Seigneur, les yeux de tous

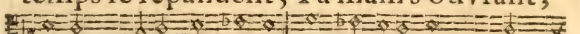


s'attendent: Tes biens ſur tous en leur

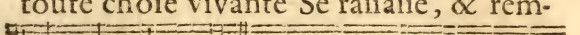
temps



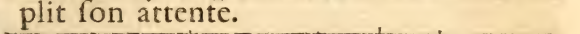
temps ſe répandent; Ta main s'ouvrant,



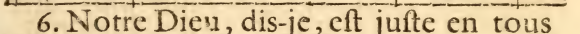
toute choſe vivante Se raſſaſie, & rem-



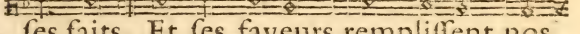
plit ſon attente.



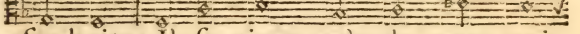
6. Notre Dieu, dis-je, eſt juſte en tous



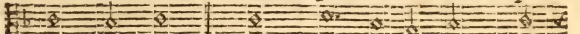
ſes faits, Et ſes faveurs rempliſſent nos



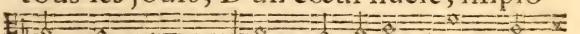
ſouhaits: Il ſe tient près de ceux qui



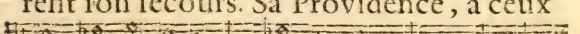
tous les jours, D'un cœur fidèle, implo-



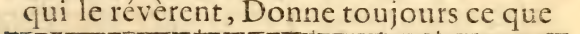
rent ſon ſecours. Sa Providence, à ceux



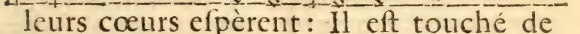
qui le révèrent, Donne toujours ce que



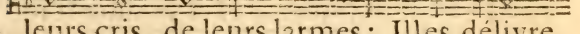
leurs cœurs eſpèrent: Il eſt touché de



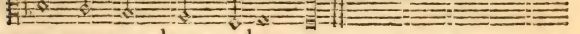
leurs cris, de leurs larmes; Illes délivre



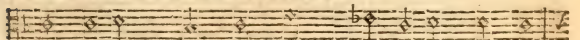
en toutes leurs alarmes.



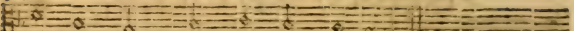
7. Enfin, qui l'aime, éprouve ſa bonté:



Mais du méchant il punit la fierté. Ma

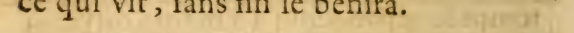


bouche auſſi, ſans fin, le chantera: Tout

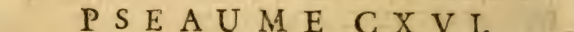


ce qui vit, ſans fin le bénira.

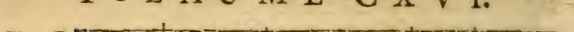
PSEAUME CXVI.



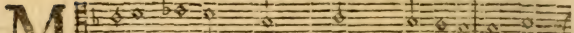
MOn ame, tout nous convie A cé-



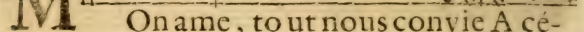
lébrer le Seigneur: Que notre plus forte



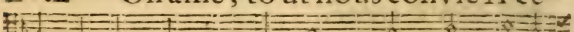
envie Soit d'exalter ſon honneur. Mon



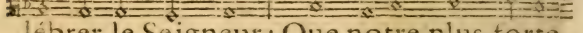
Dieu, je te bénirai, Tant que je reſpi-



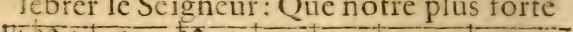
rerai.



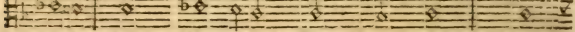
2. N'ayez jamais d'eſpérance En aucun



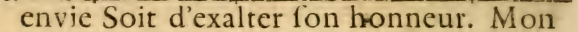
pouvoir humain: C'eſt une foible aſſu-



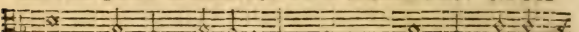
rance, Que le bras de l'homme vain.



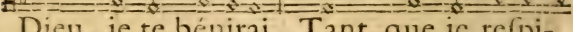
Le jour qu'il expirera, En poudre il re-



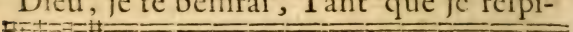
tournera.



3. Avec lui s'évanouiſſent Ses projets

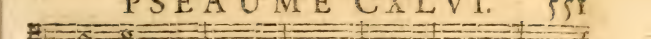


ambitieux; Mais heureux ceux qu'affer-

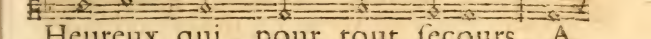


miſſent Les mains du Dieu glorieux!

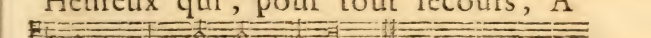
Heureux



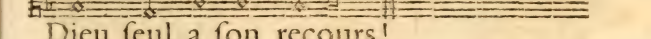
Heureux qui, pour tout ſecours, A



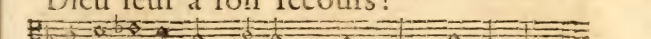
Dieu ſeul a ſon recours!



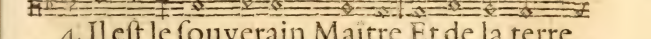
4. Il eſt le ſouverain Maître Et de la terre



& des cieux: A tout il a donné l'être,

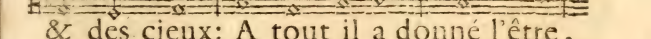


Dans leur globe ſpacieux: C'eſt lui dont

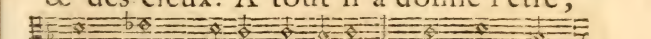


la vérité N'a point de cours limité.

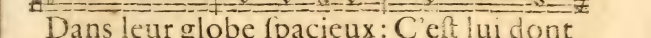
PAUSE.



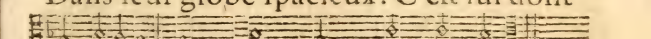
5. L'Éternel juge & délivre Ceux que



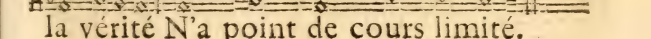
l'on voit opprimés: Il donne du pain,



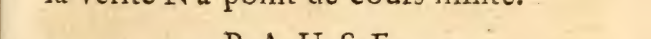
pour vivre, A ceux qui ſont affamés:



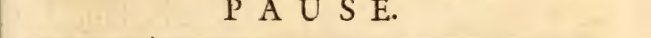
Par ſa main ſont relâchés, Ceux qu'on



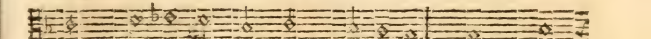
tenoit attachés.



6. Cette main ſi ſecourable, De l'aveugle

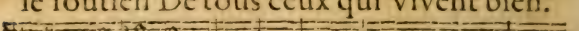


ouvre les yeux, Et défend le miſérable,

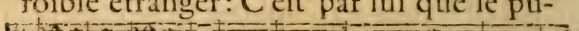


Qu'affligeoient ſes envieux. L'Eternel eſt

le soutien De tous ceux qui vivent bien.

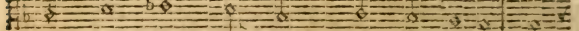


7. L'Eternel est un asyle Au pauvre & foible étranger: C'est par lui que le pupile Est retiré du danger: La veuve à qui l'on fait tort, En lui trouve son support.



8. Par son pouvoir, il renverse Les noirs complots des pervers, Et sa justice s'exerce Dans tout ce vaste univers. Sion, ton Dieu redouté Règne à perpétuité.

PSEAUME CXLVII.



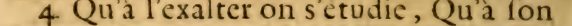
Célébrez Dieu, peuple fidèle, Faites paroître un nouveau zèle; Car c'est un devoir agréable, De louer un Dieu si louable. Puisque c'est lui, qui, par sa grace, Jérusalem a rétablie, Il faut que toute nôtre

notre race, Par ſes ſoins enfin ſe rallie.

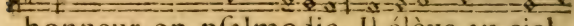
2. Il relève les miſérables, Dont les maux ſembloient incurables ; Guérit leurs mortelles bleſſures; Finit leurs peines les plus dures. Il connoit le nombre innombrable Des étoiles qu'il a ſemées; Et c'eſt de ſa bouche adorable, Que toutes ont été nommées.

3. Ce grand Dieu qui nous donna l'être, Du vaſte univers eſt le Maître: Tout cède à ſa ſageſſe immenſe, Et rien n'égale ſa puiſſance. L'Eternel ſoutient & ſoulage Les bons, que l'injuſtice opprime: Les méchans qu'aveugle leur rage, Il les fait périr dans leur crime.

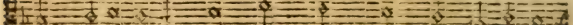
4. Qu'à l'exalter on s'étudie, Qu'à ſon



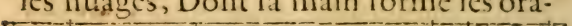
honneur on pſalmodie. Il élève au ciel



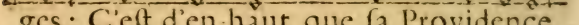
les nuages, Dont ſa main forme les ora-



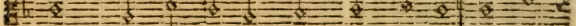
ges: C'eſt d'en-haut que ſa Providence



Nous verſe une riche abondance. Il fait

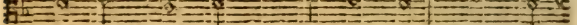


croître l'herbe aux montagnes, Comme

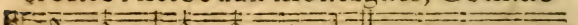


dans les baſſes campagnes.

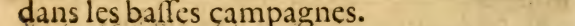
PAUSE.



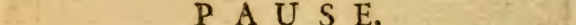
5. Il donne aux bêtes leur pâture; Il pré-



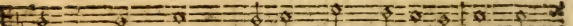
pare la nourriture Aux jeunes corbeaux,



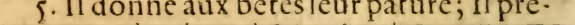
que, ſans ceſſe, Fait crier la faim qui les



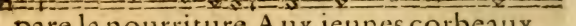
preſſe. Il ne regarde, en la bataille, Ni



la viteſſe, ni la taille, Soit du courſier,

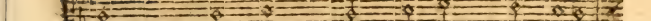


ſoit des gendarmes, Ni la fine trempe

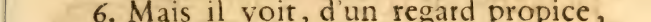


des armes.

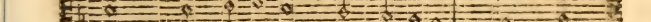
6. Mais



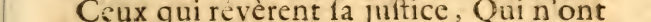
6. Mais il voit, d'un regard propice,



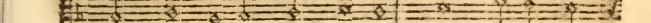
Ceux qui revèrent ſa juſtice, Qui n'ont



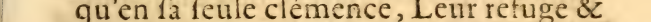
qu'en ſa ſeule clémence, Leur refuge &



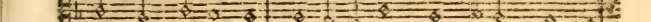
leur eſpérance. Jéruſalem, ſa Cité ſainte,



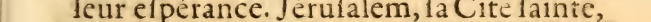
Célèbre-le donc avec crainte : Sion,



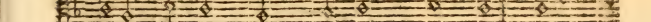
d'un cœur tendre & fidèle, Chante auſſi



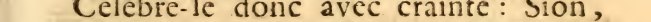
ſa gloire immortelle.



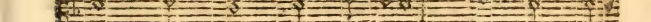
7. C'eſt lui qui rend sûres & fortes, Et



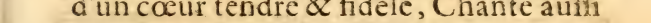
tes murailles & tes portes; Qui, dans l'en-



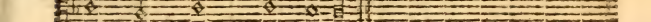
ceinte de tes places, Comble tes enfans



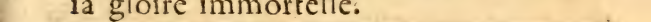
de ſes graces. Par lui ton pays eſt tran-



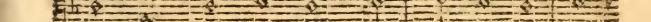
quille; C'eſt lui ſeul qui le rend fertile,



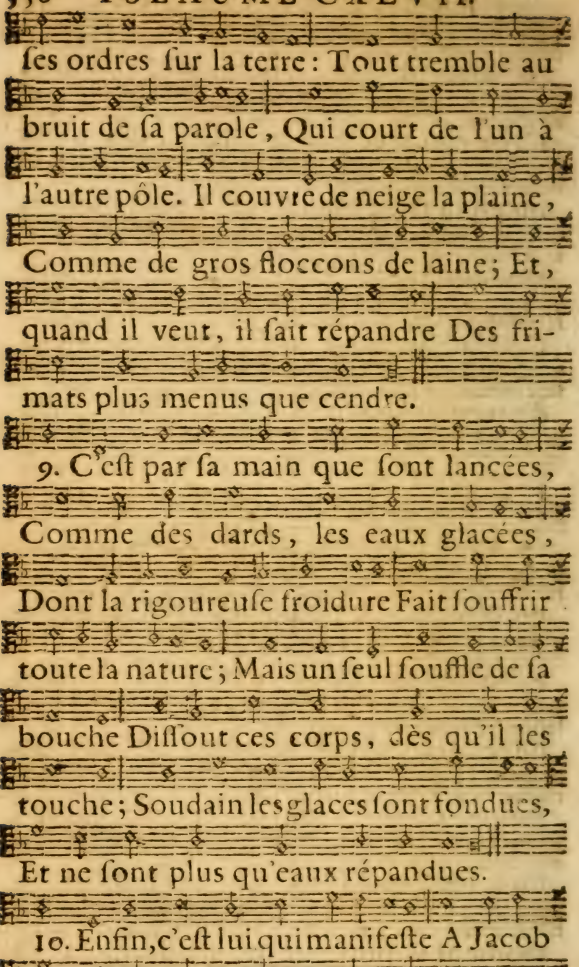
Qui te remplit, & qui t'engraiſſe Du



froment le plus pur qui naiſſe.



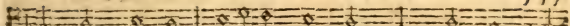
8. Sa voix, qui forme le tonnerre, Porte



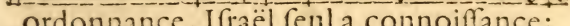
ſes ordres ſur la terre: Tout tremble au
bruit de ſa parole, Qui court de l'un à
l'autre pôle. Il couvre de neige la plaine,
Comme de gros floccons de laine; Et,
quand il veut, il ſait répandre Des fri-
mats plus menus que cendre.

9. C'eſt par ſa main que ſont lancées,
Comme des dards, les eaux glacées,
Dont la rigoureuſe froidure Fait ſouffrir
toute la nature; Mais un ſeul ſouffle de ſa
bouche Diſſout ces corps, dès qu'il les
touche; Soudain les glaces ſont fondues,
Et ne ſont plus qu'eaux répandues.

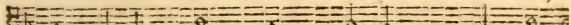
10. Enfin, c'eſt lui qui manifeſte A Jacob
ſon décret céleſte: Par lui, de ſa ſainte
ordonnance,



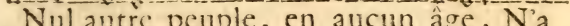
ordonnance, Israël seul a connoissance;



Nul autre peuple, en aucun âge, N'a

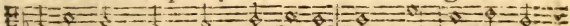


reçu le même avantage; A nul autre ses

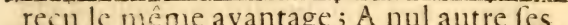


loix sacrées Par lui ne furent déclarées.

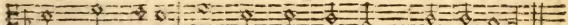
PSEAUME CXLVIII.



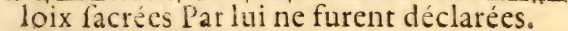
VOus, Habitans des plus hauts lieux,



Vous tous qui logez dans les cieux,

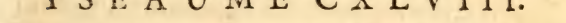


Chantez les miracles divers Du Monar-

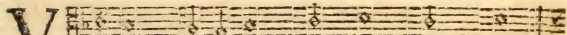


que de l'univers Vous, Chefs des célef-

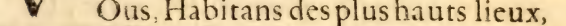
tes armées, Anges, dont elles sont



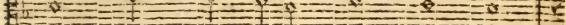
formées, Feux de la nuit étincelans,



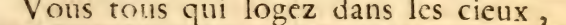
Lune, Soleil, Astres brillans:



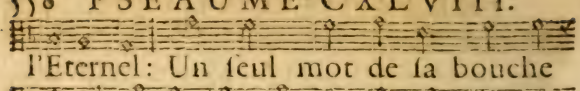
2. Cieux, qui roulez sur ces flambeaux,



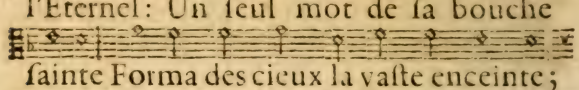
Air & nuages, sources d'eaux, Tous, d'un



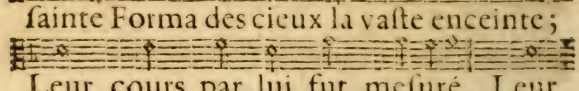
concert perpétuel, Louez le Nom de



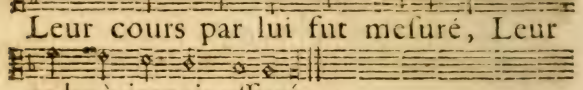
l'Eternel: Un seul mot de sa bouche



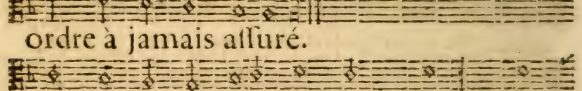
sainte Forma des cieux la vaste enceinte;



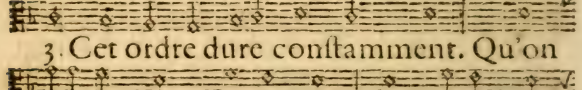
Leur cours par lui fut mesuré, Leur



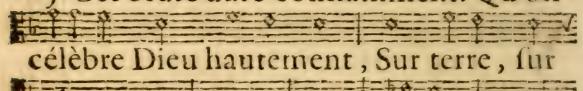
ordre à jamais assuré.



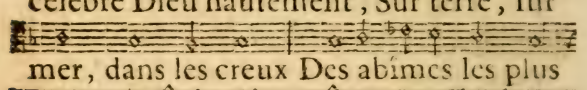
3. Cet ordre dure constamment. Qu'on



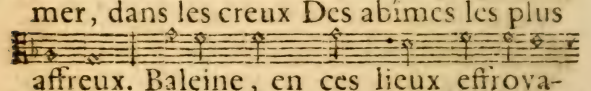
célèbre Dieu hautement, Sur terre, sur



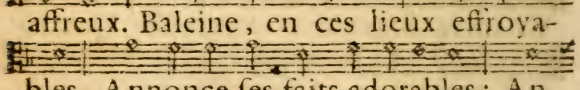
mer, dans les creux Des abîmes les plus



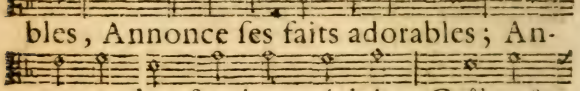
affreux. Baleine, en ces lieux effroya-



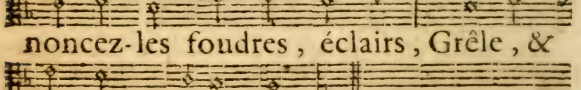
bles, Annonce ses faits adorables; An-



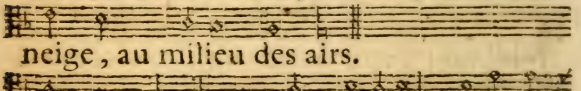
nonce-les foudres, éclairs, Grêle, &



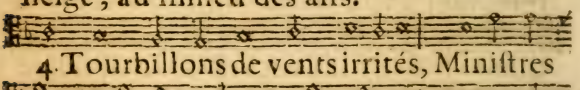
neige, au milieu des airs.



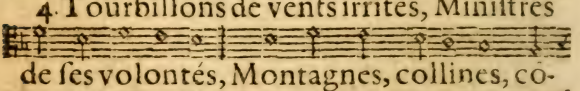
4. Tourbillons de vents irrités, Ministres



de ses volontés, Montagnes, collines, co-

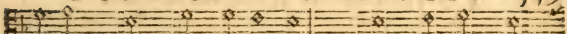


teaux, Arbres fruitiers, cèdres si hauts,

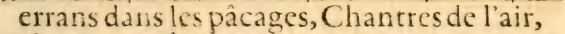


Reptiles vils, bêtes sauvages, Troupeaux

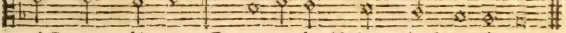
errans



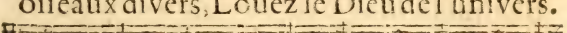
errans dans les pâcages, Chantres de l'air,



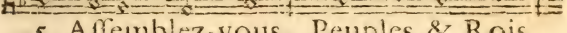
oiſeaux divers, Louez le Dieu de l'univers.



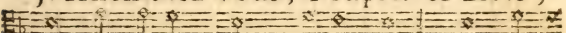
5. Aſſemblez-vous, Peuples & Rois,



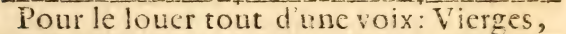
Pour le louer tout d'une voix: Vierges,



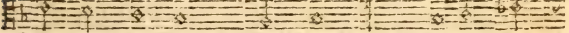
jeunes enfans, vieillards, Louez ſon



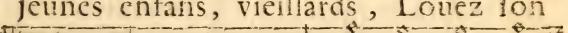
Nom de toutes parts; Car du haut trô-



ne de ſa gloire, Aux ſiens il donne la

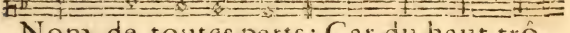


victoire; Et toujours il aime Iſraël D'un

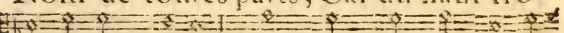


amour tendre & paternel.

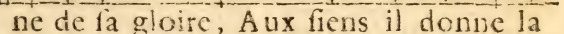
PSEAUME CXLIX.



CHantez, par de nouveaux canti-

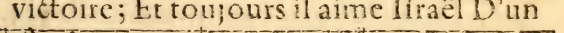


ques, De Dieu les œuvres magnifiques:



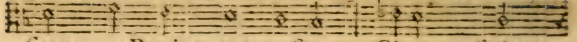
Qu'en ſon temple chacun ſe range, Pour

chanter ſa louange. Qu'Iſraël vienne avec

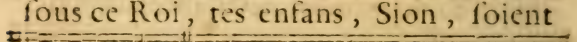


ardeur, S'égayer en ſon Créateur; Et que

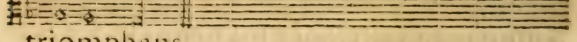
ſous



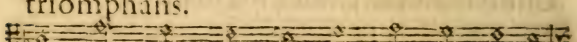
sous ce Roi, tes enfans, Sion, soient



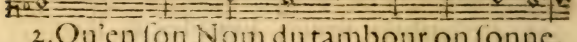
triomphans.



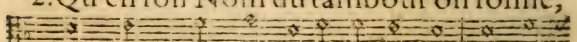
2. Qu'en son Nom du tambour on sonne,



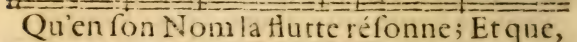
Qu'en son Nom la flutte résonne; Et que,



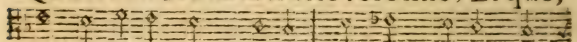
sur la lyre touchante, A sa gloire l'on



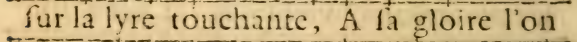
chante. En son peuple Dieu prend plaisir:



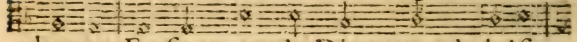
Depuis qu'il l'a daigné choisir, Par lui les



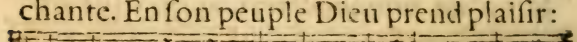
bons seront sauvés, Par lui-même élevés.



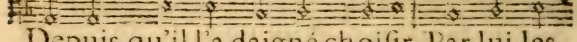
3. Un jour les fidèles qu'il aime, A leur



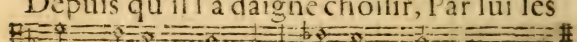
aise, sur leur lit même, Diront de ce



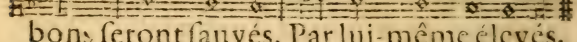
Dieu secourable Le pouvoir redoutable:



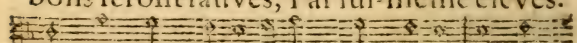
Par tout ses hauts faits ils diront, Et leurs



fortes mains porteront Un large glaive à



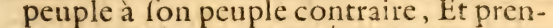
deux tranchans, Pour punir les méchans.



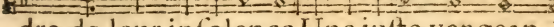
4. Pour exterminer, pour défaire Tout

peuple

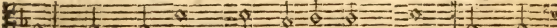
peuple à ſon peuple contraire, Et pren-



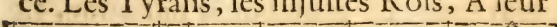
dre de leur inſolence Une juſte vengean-



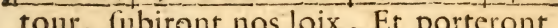
ce. Les Tyrans, les injuſtes Rois, A leur



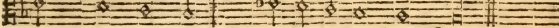
tour, ſubiront nos loix, Et porteront



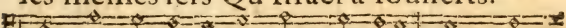
les mêmes fers Qu'Iſraël a ſoufferts.



5. Tel eſt le jugement ſévère Que Dieu

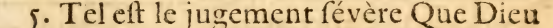


prononce en ſa colère: Telle ſera des Saints

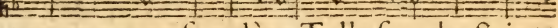


la gloire, Et telle leur victoire.

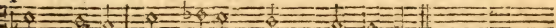
PSEAUME CL.



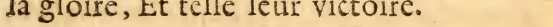
PEuples, louez le grand Dieu Qui



réſide en ſon ſaint lieu; Lui qui, d'un mot

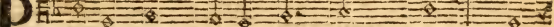


ſeulement, A créé le firmament: Louez



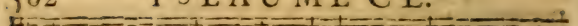
ſa magnificence; Louez-le, pour ſes

bienfaits, Et pour tous les grands effets

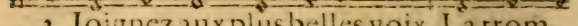


De ſa ſuprême puiſſance.

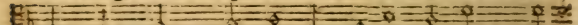
2. Joignez



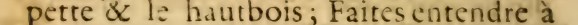
2. Joignez aux plus belles voix, La trom-



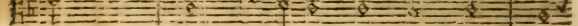
pette & le hautbois; Faites entendre à



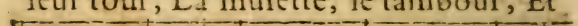
leur tour, La muſette, le tambour, Et



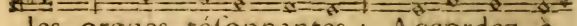
les orgues réſonnantes; Accordez à



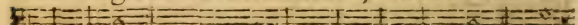
l'uniſſon, Des flûtes douces le ſon, Et



les cymbales bruyantes.

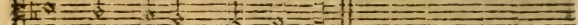


3. Juſques dans l'éternité, Qu'on célèbre

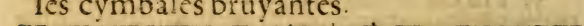


ſa bonté, Et que ſon Nom glorieux Soit

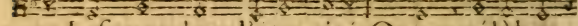
élevé juſqu'aux cieux. Qu'enfin tout ce



qui reſpire, Qui vit, qui peut ſe mou-



voir, Chante avec moi ſon pouvoir,

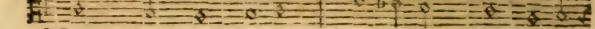


Et ſon glorieux Empire.

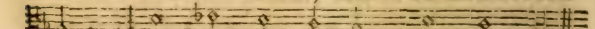
Fin des Pſeaumes.

LES COMMANDEMENS DE DIEU.

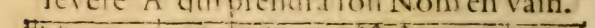
Nom



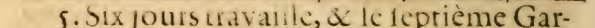
Nom du Souverain ; Car il ſe montrera



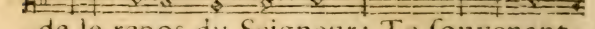
ſevère A qui prendra ſon Nom en vain.



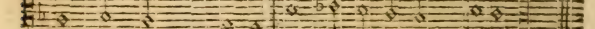
5. Six jours travaille, & le ſeptième Gar-



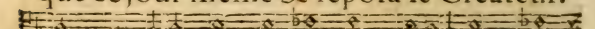
de le repos du Seigneur ; Te ſouvenant



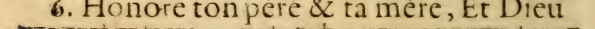
que ce jour même Se repoſa le Créateur.



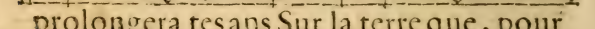
6. Honore ton père & ta mère, Et Dieu



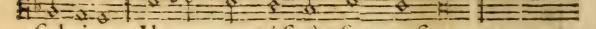
prolongera tes ans Sur la terre que, pour



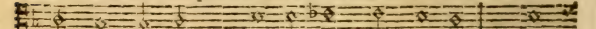
ſalaire, Il a promiſe à ſes enfans.



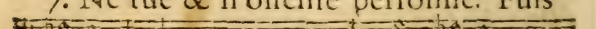
7. Ne tue & n'offenſe perſonne. Fuis



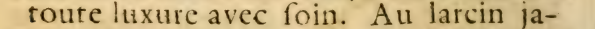
toute luxure avec ſoin. Au larcin ja-



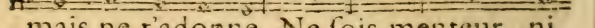
mais ne t'adonne. Ne ſois menteur, ni



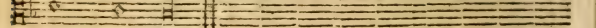
faux témoin.



8. Ne deſire point, en ton ame, La Maiſon

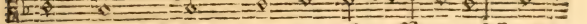


ni le champ d'autrui, Son bœuf, ſon eſcla-

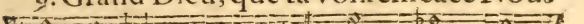


ve, ou ſa femme, Ni rien enfin qui ſoit à lui.

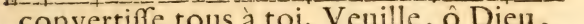
9. Grand



9. Grand Dieu, que ta voix efficace Nous

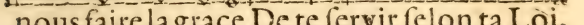


convertisse tous à toi. Veuille, ô Dieu,

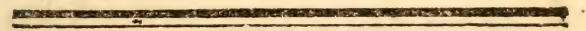


nous faire la grace De te servir selon ta Loi.

LE CANTIQUE DE SIMÉON.

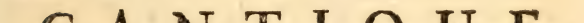


LAisse-moi, désormais, Seigneur,



aller en paix; Car, selon ta promesse,

Tu fais voir à mes yeux Le salut glorieux

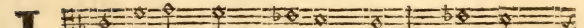


Que j'attendois sans cesse.

2. Salut, qu'en l'univers Tant de peuples

divers Vont recevoir & croire; Ref-

source des petits, Lumière des Gentils,



Et d'Israël la gloire.

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F.		
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Faut-il, ô Dieu, que nous ſoyons.	74	271
Fier ennemi, qui te confies.	52	188
G.		
Grand Dieu, c'eſt toi que je réclame.	141	534
Grand Dieu, tu vois ce que je ſuis.	139	526
H.		
Heureux celui de qui Dieu, par ſa.	32	107
Heureux celui qui fuit des.	1	5
Heureux celui qui juge ſagement.	41	149
Heureux celui qui, par un juſte choix.	119	453
Heureux l'homme fidèle.	128	502
Heureux qui révère avec crainte.	112	434
I.		
J'aime mon Dieu, car ſon.	116	443
J'ai mis en toi mon eſpérance.	31	101
Jamais je ne ſerai ſans bénir.	34	115
Je chanterai, Seigneur, ſans ceſſe.	89	332
Je l'avois dis, que tant que je vivrois.	39	142
J'eſpère en ta bonté ſuprême.	71	254
Je t'aimerai, Seigneur, d'un amour.	18	53
Il faut, grand Dieu, que de mon cœur.	138	524
Il faut, mon ame, il faut avec ardeur.	104	385

	Pſ.	P.
Juſques à quand, ô Dieu des Cieux.	13	41
L.		
L'ame de douleur atteinte.	77	282
La terre appartient au Seigneur.	24	81
Le méchant dit en ſon cœur follement.	53	190
Les Cieux en chaque lieu.	19	62
Les Nations ſont dans ton héritage.	79	301
Le Tout-puiſſant, l'Éternel parlera.	50	179
L'homme inſenſé dit au fond de ſon cœur.	14	43
Louez Dieu, louez ſa bonté.	106	403
Laiſſez-moi déſormais.	*	565
M.		
Malheureux Juges que vous êtes.	58	204
Miniſtres de l'Éternel.	135	513
Miſéricorde & grace.	51	183
Mon ame en ſon Dieu ſeulement.	62	217
Mon ame, tout nous convie.	146	550
Mon cœur eſt tout prêt.	108	420
Mon cœur rempli de choſes.	45	163
Mon Dieu, daigne te ſouvenir.	132	508
Mon Dieu, l'ennemi m'environne.	59	207
Mon Dieu, ma force & ma défenſe.	109	423
Mon Dieu, mon Dieu pourquoi.	22	71
Mon Dieu, mon Roi, toujours.	145	546
Mon Dieu, mon unique eſpérance.	7	21
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Mon Dieu, prête-moi l'oreille.	86	323
N.		
Nations, louez le Seigneur.	117	446
Ne conçois point de dépit.	37	127
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Notre grand Dieu, pour rendre.	87	327
O.		
O Dieu, c'eſt dans ta Sion.	65	225
O Dieu, je m'abas ſous tes yeux.	70	253
O Dieu, le bruit de tes merveilles.	44	156
O Dieu, ma haute forteresſe.	28	94
O Dieu qui nous a rebutés.	60	212

	Pſ.	P.
O Dieu, réprime l'inſolence.	140	531
O Dieu Tout-puiſſant, ſauve-moi.	54	192
O Dieu, vois ma peine infinie.	64	223
O mon Dieu, mon unique eſpoir.	63	220
On a beau ſa maiſon bâtir.	127	501
O notre Dieu, réveille-toi.	83	315
O notre Dieu, tout bon, tout adorable.	8	25
On voit maintenant.	99	369
O Paſteur d'Iſraël, écoute.	80	305
O qu'il eſt doux, & qu'il eſt agréable.	133	511
O qu'Iſraël peut bien dire.	124	497
O Seigneur, que ta colère.	38	135
P.		
Peuples, chantez un ſaint Cantique.	98	366
Peuples divers, venez & m'écoutez.	49	175
Peuples, louez le grand Dieu.	150	561
Peuples, venez, & que l'on donne.	66	229
Prends, ô Dieu, ma juſte querelle.	43	155
Puiſqu'en tout temps ſur Dieu ſeul.	11	37
Q.		
Quand de douleur j'ai l'ame.	120	491
Quand Dieu tira par ſa bonté.	126	499
Quand Iſraël de l'Egypte ſortit.	114	438
Que de gens, ô grand Dieu.	3	10
Que Dieu ſe montre ſeulement.	68	235
Que l'entrepriſe eſt belle.	92	349
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Quel fut mon tranſport dans ce jour.	122	494
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Qui, ſous la garde du grand Dieu.	91	346
Qu'on batte des mains.	47	170
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Réjouiſſons-nous au Seigneur.	95	358
Rendez à Dieu l'honneur ſuprême.	118	447
Rends confus mes accuſateurs.	35	119
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	Pſ.	P.
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S.		
Sans ceſſe je te bénirai, Seigneur.	9	
Seigneur, à toi ſeul je m'adreſſe.	4	13
Seigneur, écoute mon bon droit.	17	50
Seigneur, entends ma prière.	102	373
Seigneur, je n'ai point l'eſprit vain.	131	507
Seigneur, le Roi te bénira.	21	68
Seigneur, on te bénira.	75	277
Seigneur qui voit ma peine.	6	18
Sois attentif, mon peuple.	78	286
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Seigneur, vois ma peine & ma.	143	539
T.		
Tends-nous la main, Seigneur.	12	39
Tu fus toujours, Seigneur.	90	342
V.		
Venez, & du Seigneur ſans ceſſe.	105	395
Vers Dieu dans les derniers abois.	142	537
Vers les monts j'élevois mes yeux.	121	493
Viens, Seigneur, viens & prends.	57	202
Vous, habitans des plus hauts lieux.	148	557
Vous, que le choix ou le ſang.	29	96
Vous qui ſervez le Dieu des	113	436
Vous qui ſur la terre habitez.	100	370
Vous, ſaints Miniſtres du Seigneur.	134	512

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LES

CANTIQUES SACRÉS,

POUR LES PRINCIPALES

SOLEMNITÉS

DES

CHRÉTIENS,

ET

SUR DIVERS AUTRES SUJETS.

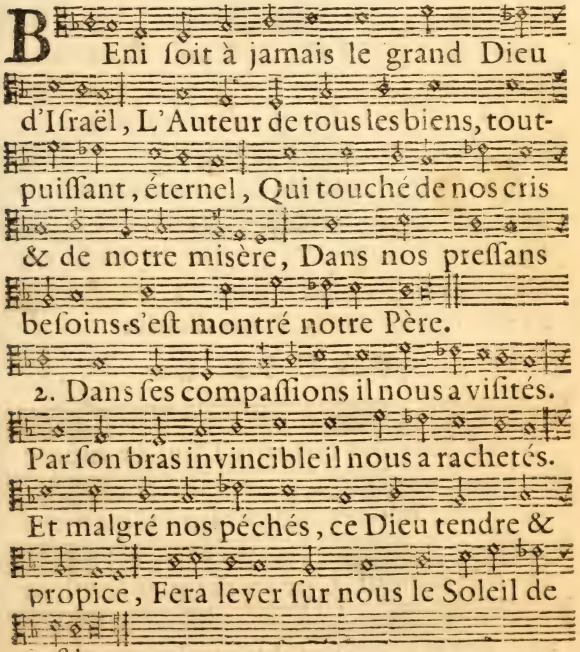
NOUVELLE ÉDITION,

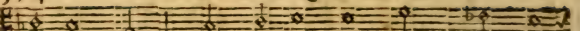
A GENÈVE.

M. DCC. LXXVIII.

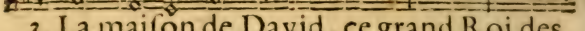
CANTIQUES SACRÉS POUR LES PRINCIPALES *SOLEMNITÉS.*

CANTIQUE PREMIER. *Pſ.* 89.

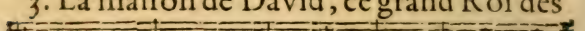




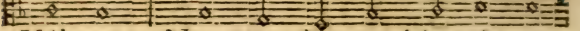
3. La maiſon de David, ce grand Roi des



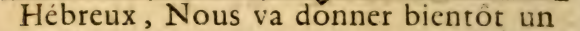
Hébreux, Nous va donner bientôt un



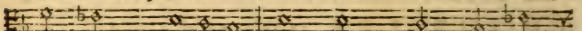
Sauveur glorieux. Il vient nous affran-



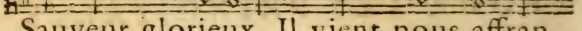
chir d'un funeſte eſclavage, Et nous faire



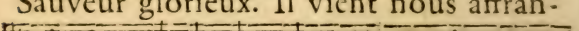
obtenir un céleſte héritage.



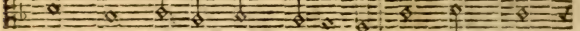
4. Nos Pères l'attendoient, Dieu leur



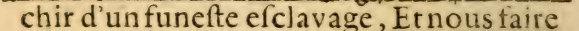
avoit promis Qu'il nous protegeroit



contre nos ennemis, Et nous délivreroit

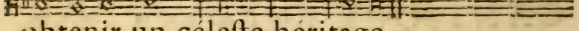


du joug inſupportable De la Loi, du

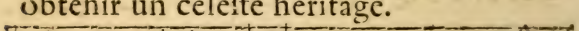


péché, de la mort & du diable.

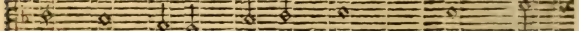
PAUSE I.



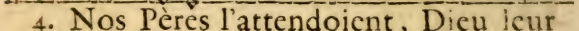
5. Au Père des croyans Dieu fit même



ſerment, Qu'il répandroit ſur lui ſes biens

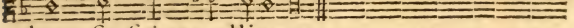


abondamment, Que les peuples ſeroient

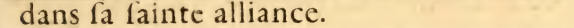


bénis en ſa ſemence, Et qu'il les recevroit

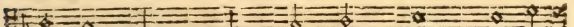
dans



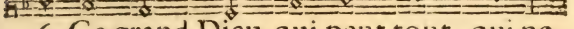
dans ſa ſainte alliance.



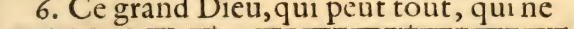
6. Ce grand Dieu, qui peut tout, qui ne



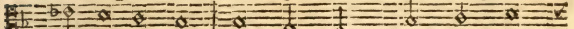
change jamais, Se ſouvient des ſermens



que pour nous il a faits: Il commence au-

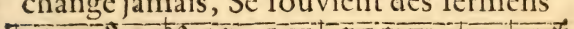


jourd'hui d'accomplir ſa promeſſe, Et nous

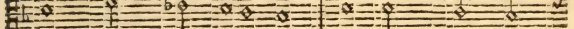


fait admirer ſon amour, ſa tendreſſe.

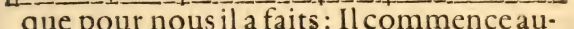
7. Par ſon divin ſecours nos cruels enne-



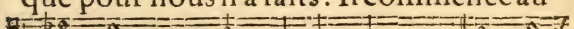
mis Seront entièrement confondus & ſou-



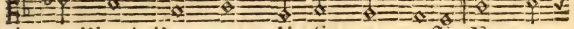
mis: Tous nos maux vont finir, plus de



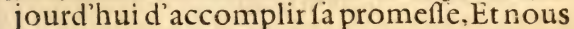
ſoupirs, de plaintes, Nos troubles ceſſe-



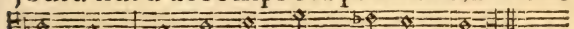
ront, nos ſoucis & nos craintes.



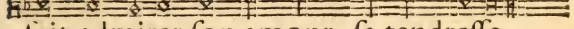
8. Jouiſſant d'une pleine & douce liberté,



Nous vivrons juſtement & dans la ſain-

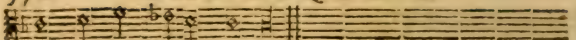


teté, Et nos cœurs pleins d'amour & de



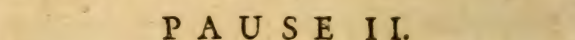
reconnoiſſance, Célébreront l'Auteur

de

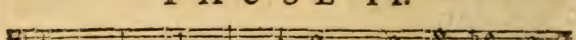


de notre délivrance.

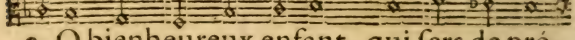
PAUSE II.



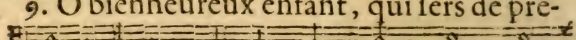
9. O bienheureux enfant, qui ſers de pré-



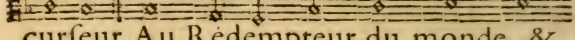
curſeur Au Rédempteur du monde, &



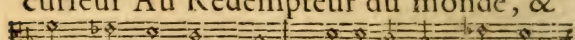
qui dois du Seigneur Préparer le chemin,



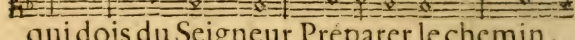
être ſon interprête, Et marcher devant



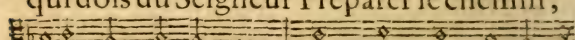
lui comme ſon grand Prophète.



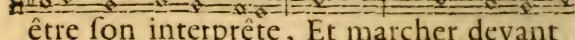
10. Ta voix va déſormais aux peuples



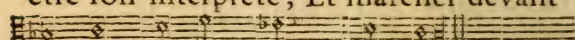
annoncer Celui qui doit un jour nos pé-



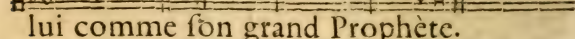
chés effacer, L'attente d'Iſraël, notre



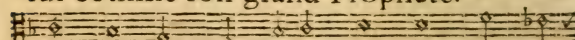
Roi le Meſſie, Qui vient nous acquérir



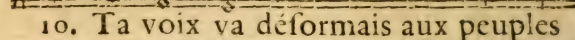
le ſalut & la vie.



11. Il me ſemble déjà que je vois ce So-

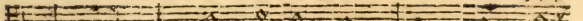


leil, Cet Orient d'en haut, dont l'éclat

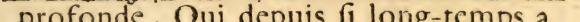


ſans pareil Diſſipera bientôt l'obſcurité

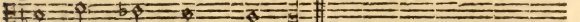
pro ſon



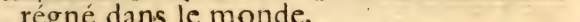
profonde, Qui depuis si long-temps a



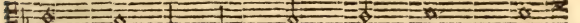
régné dans le monde.



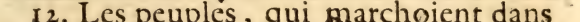
12. Les peuples, qui marchoient dans



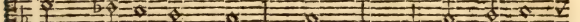
l'ombre de la mort, Vont être illuminés,



& changeront de sort: Leurs yeux seront

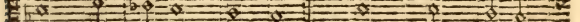


ouverts, par sa vive lumière; Ils connoî-

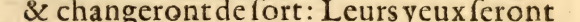


tront leur Dieu, leur Sauveur & leur Père.

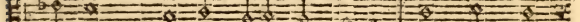
13. Il conduira nos pas au chemin de la



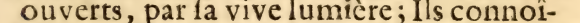
paix, Et ce divin Sauveur remplira nos



souhaits; Nous l'aimerons toujours, nous

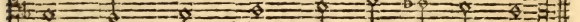


lui seront fidèles, Et nous vivrons heu-

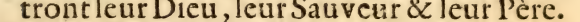


reux à l'ombre de ses aîles.

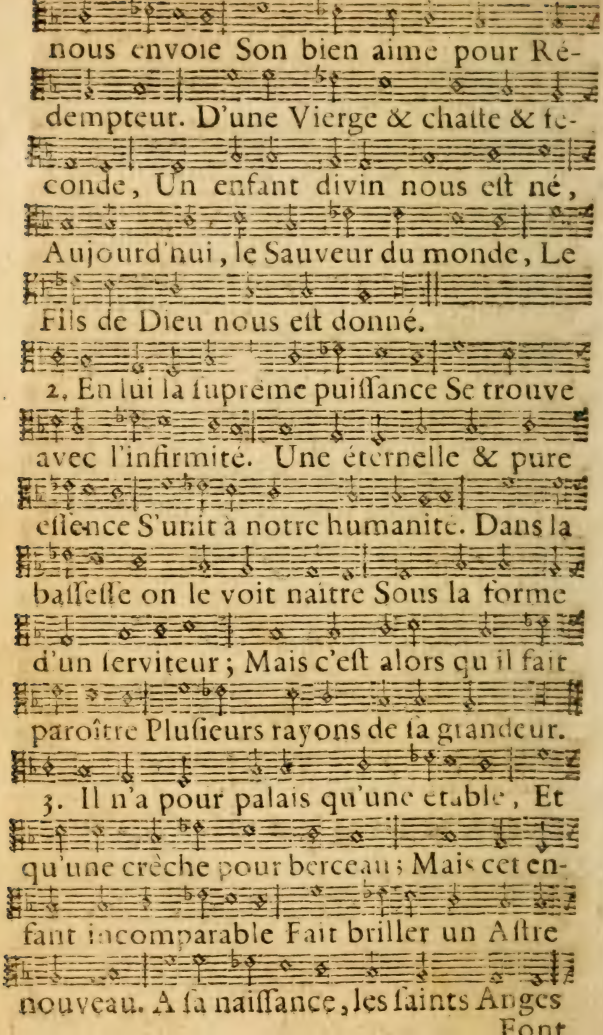
CANTIQUE II. *Ps.* 118.



FAisons éclater notre joie, Et



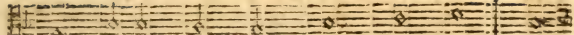
louons notre bienfaiteur; Le Père éternel



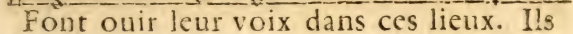
nous envoie Son bien aime pour Ré-
dempteur. D'une Vierge & chaste & fe-
conde, Un enfant divin nous est né,
Aujourd'hui, le Sauveur du monde, Le
Fils de Dieu nous est donné.

2. En lui la suprême puissance Se trouve
avec l'infirmité. Une éternelle & pure
essence S'unit à notre humanité. Dans la
bassesse on le voit naître Sous la forme
d'un serviteur; Mais c'est alors qu'il fait
paroître Plusieurs rayons de sa grandeur.

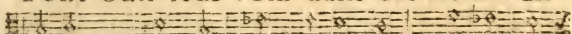
3. Il n'a pour palais qu'une étable, Et
qu'une crèche pour berceau; Mais cet en-
fant incomparable Fait briller un Astre
nouveau. A sa naissance, les saints Anges
Font



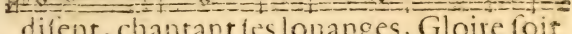
Font ouir leur voix dans ces lieux. Ils



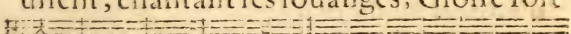
disent, chantant ſes louanges, Gloire ſoit



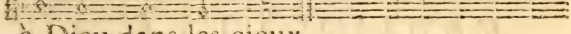
à Dieu dans les cieux.



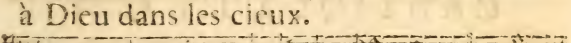
4. Mortels, le Maître du tonnerre, Con-



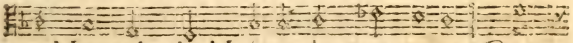
tre vous n'eſt plus irrité; La paix va ré-



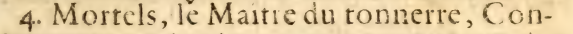
gner ſur la terre, Dieu pour vous eſt plein



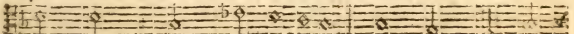
de bonté. Joignons notre ſainte harmo-



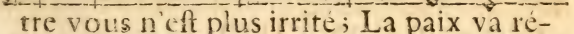
nie A leurs concerts mélodieux, Louons



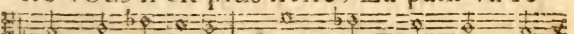
le Prince de la vie, Qui vient ſe montrer



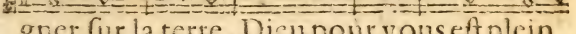
à nos yeux.



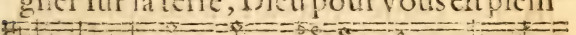
5. Approchons-nous, avec les Mages, Du



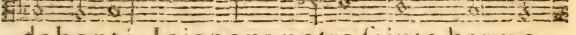
berceau de notre Sauveur, Rendons-lui



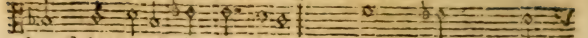
nos juſtes hommages, Et préſentons-lui



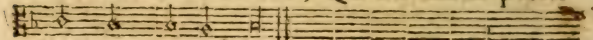
notre cœur. L'or & l'encens de l'Arabie,



Plaiſent bien moins à notre Roi, Que

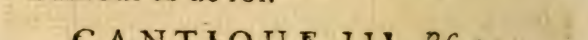


la ſainteté de la vie, Qu'un cœur plein

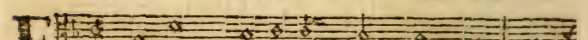


d'amour & de foi.

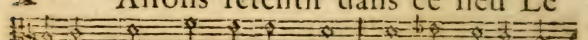
CANTIQUE III. *Pſ.* 24.



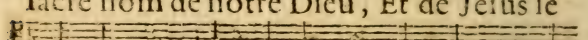
FAiſons retentir dans ce lieu Le



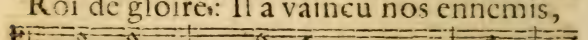
ſacré nom de notre Dieu, Et de Jéſus le



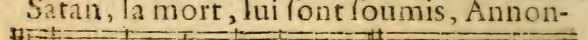
Roi de gloire: Il a vaincu nos ennemis,



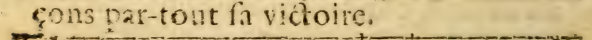
Satan, la mort, lui ſont ſoumis, Annon-



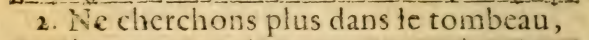
çons par-tout ſa victoire.



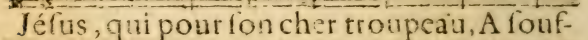
2. Ne cherchons plus dans le tombeau,



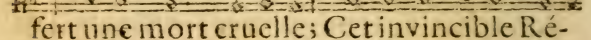
Jéſus, qui pour ſon cher troupeau, A ſouf-



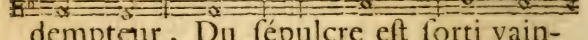
fert une mort cruelle; Cet invincible Ré-



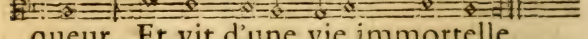
dempteur, Du ſépulcre eſt ſorti vain-



queur, Et vit d'une vie immortelle.



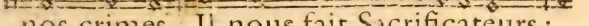
3. C'eſt lui qui nous a mérité, Par ſa



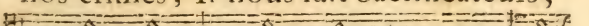
mort, l'immortalité, Et ſon ſang a lavé

nos

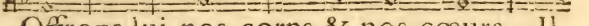
nos crimes, Il nous fait Sacrificateurs;



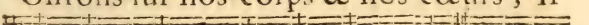
Offrons-lui nos corps & nos cœurs, Il



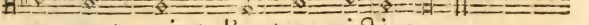
ne veut point d'autres victimes.



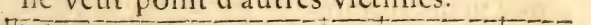
4. Aimons-le tous, & que jamais Ses



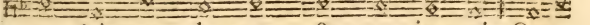
ineſtimables bienfaits Ne ſortent de notre



mémoire; Faiſons connoître ſes exploits,

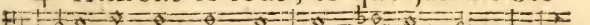


N'ayons point honte de ſa croix. Et ne

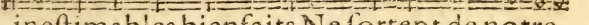


vivons que pour ſa gloire.

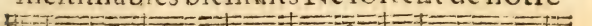
CANTIQUE IV. *Pſ.* 89.



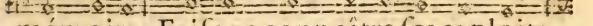
Entonnons dans ce jour un cantique



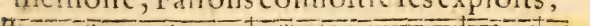
nouveau, A l'honneur de Jéſus qui ſort



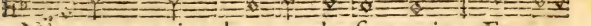
de ſon tombeau; Il a de notre Juge ap-



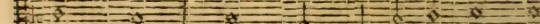
paiſé la colère; Il a fait notre paix avec



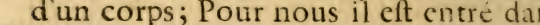
Dieu notre Père.



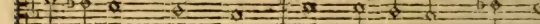
2. Pour nous ce Fils de Dieu s'eſt revêtu



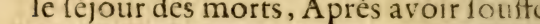
d'un corps; Pour nous il eſt entré dans



le ſéjour des morts, Après avoir ſouffert

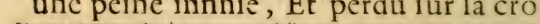


une peine infinie, Et perdu ſur la croix

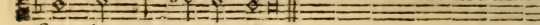


ſon innocente vie.

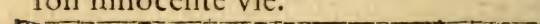
3. Publions ſon triomphe; il eſt reſſuſci-



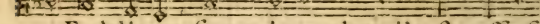
té; Il règne dans le ciel tout plein de ma-



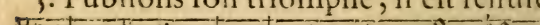
jeſté. Les eſprits bienheureux qui con-



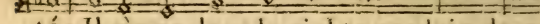
templent ſa gloire, Célèbrent ſes vertus,



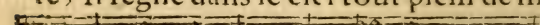
ſes combats, ſa victoire.



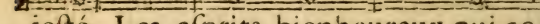
4. Reſſuſcitons, Chrétiens, avec notre



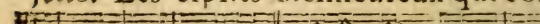
Sauveur, Suivons ce divin Chef, ce glo-



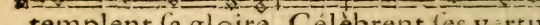
rieux vainqueur, Et détachons nos cœurs



des choſes de la terre, Dont la gloire &



les biens n'ont que l'éclat du verre.



5. Élevons nos eſprits vers les biens éter-

nels;

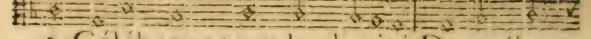
nels; Si nous sommes ici malheureux &
mortels, Sachons que notre vie avec
Christ est cachée Dans le sein du Très-
haut, qui nous l'a destinée.

6. Quand notre Rédempteur redescendra
des cieux, Nous paroîtrons alors avec lui
glorieux: Le voyant tel qu'il est, nous lui
serons semblables, Et nous célébrerons
ses bontés ineffables.

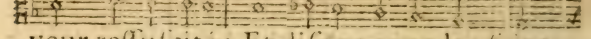
CANTIQUE V. *Ps.* 24.

A Celui qui nous a sauvés, Et dont
le sang nous a lavés, Soit empire & ma-
gnificence; D'esclaves il nous a fait Rois,
Rendons à ses divines Loix Une parfaite
obéissance.

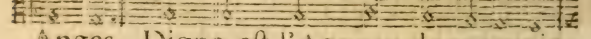
2. Célébrons



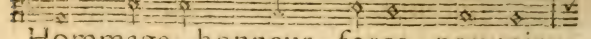
2. Célébrons tous la charité De ce Sau-



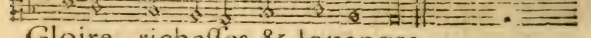
veur ressuscité ; Et disons avec les saints



Anges, Digne est l'Agneau de recevoir

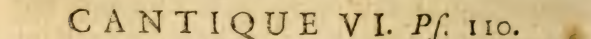


Hommage, honneur, force, pouvoir,

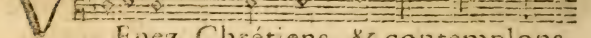


Gloire, richesses & louanges.

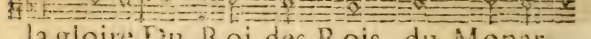
CANTIQUE VI. *Ps.* 110.



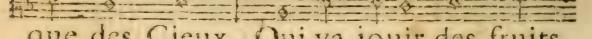
Venez, Chrétiens, & contemplons



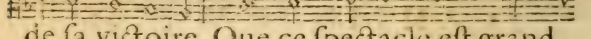
la gloire Du Roi des Rois, du Monar-



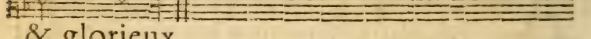
que des Cieux, Qui va jouir des fruits



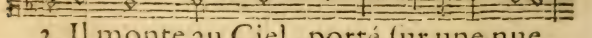
de sa victoire. Que ce spectacle est grand



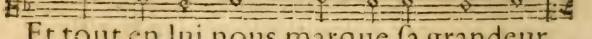
& glorieux.



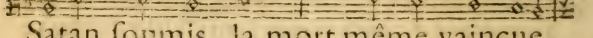
2. Il monte au Ciel porté sur une nue,



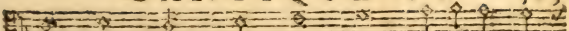
Et tout en lui nous marque sa grandeur.



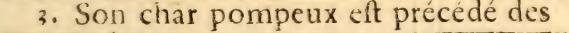
Satan soumis, la mort même vaincue,



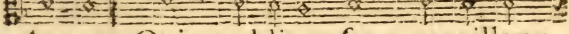
Sont les captifs qui suivent ce vainqueur.



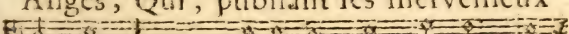
3. Son char pompeux eſt précédé des



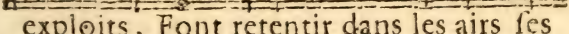
Anges, Qui, publiant ſes merveilleux



exploits, Font retentir dans les airs ſes

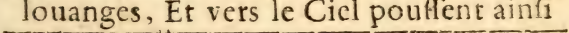


louanges, Et vers le Ciel pouſſent ainſi

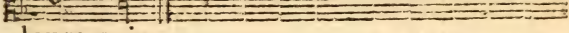


leurs voix.

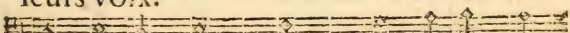
4. Ouvrez-vous, Cieux, Temple du Dieu



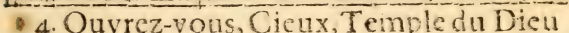
ſuprême, Pour recevoir le Roi de l'Uni-



vers; Le Saint des Saints, celui que le

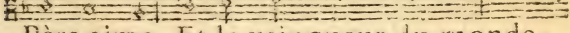


Père aime, Et le vainqueur du monde,

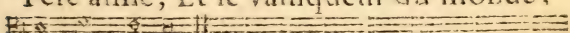


& des enfers.

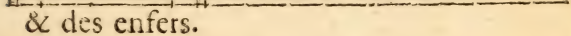
PAUSE.



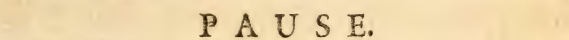
5. C'eſt donc au Ciel qu'eſt Jeſus notre



Frère, Notre Avocat, notre Chef, notre

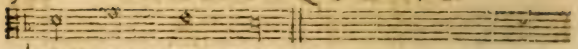


Epoux; Le Rédempteur en qui notre

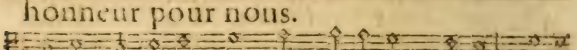


ame eſpère: Ah! quelle gloire & quel

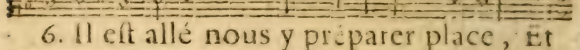
honneur



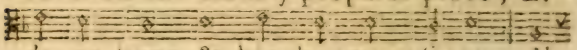
honneur pour nous.



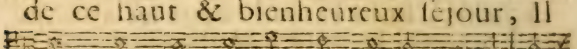
6. Il eſt allé nous y préparer place, Et



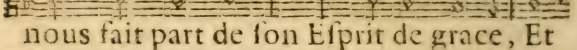
de ce haut & bienheureux ſejour, Il



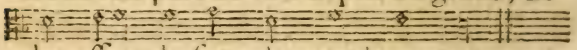
nous fait part de ſon Eſprit de grace, Et



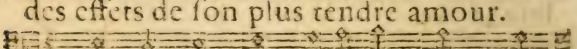
des effets de ſon plus tendre amour.



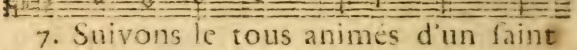
7. Suivons le tous animés d'un ſaint



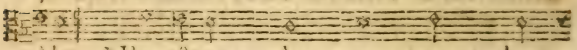
zèle, N'arrêtons plus nos cœurs dans



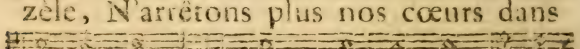
ces bas lieux; Ce doux Sauveur lui-même



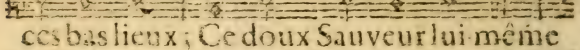
nous appelle, Et nos vrais biens ſont



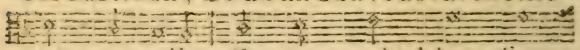
cachés dans les cieux.



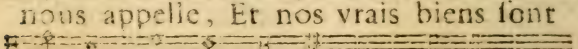
8. Un jour Jéſus, du trône de ſa gloire,



Viendra juger les vivans & les morts,

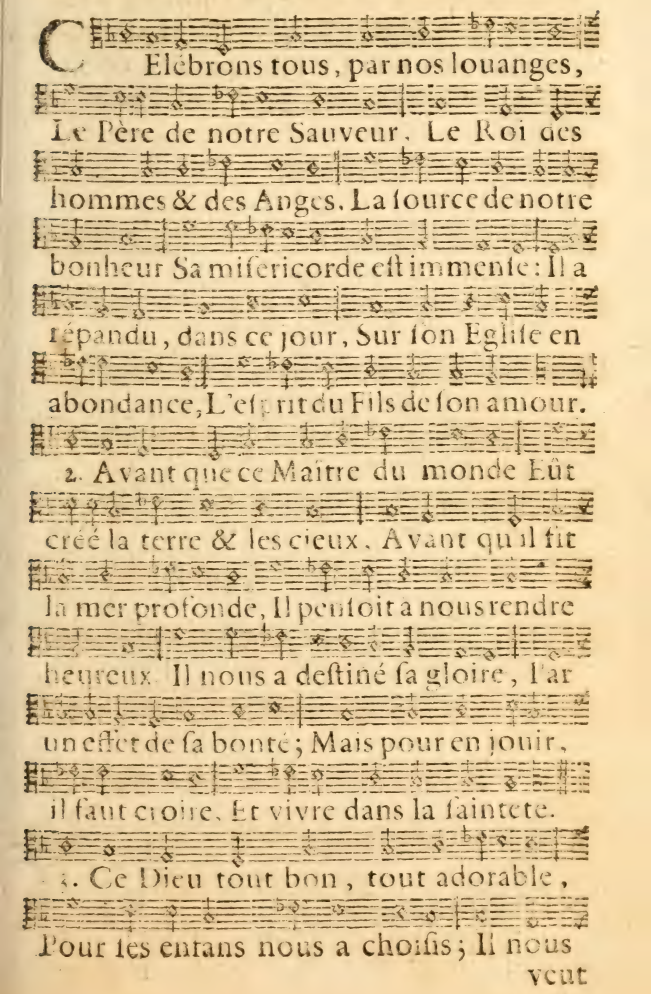


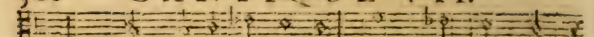
Et remporter ſa dernière victoire, En



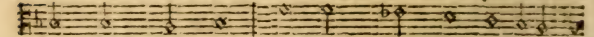
ranimant la poudre de nos corps.

CANTIQUE VII. *Pſ.* 118.

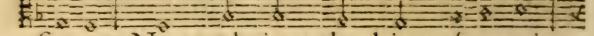




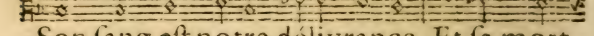
veut nourrir à ſa table, Et nous y don-



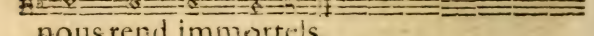
ner ſon cher Fils. Ce Fils, par ſon obéiſ-



ſance, Nous obtient des biens éternels,

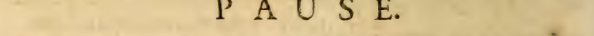


Son ſang eſt notre délivrance, Et ſa mort

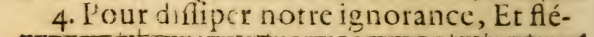


nous rend immortels.

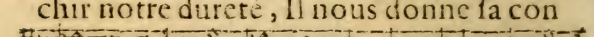
PAUSE.



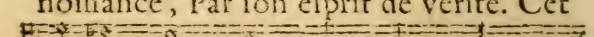
4. Pour diſſiper notre ignorance, Et flé-



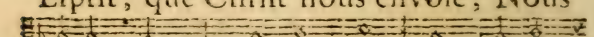
chir notre dureté, Il nous donne ſa con



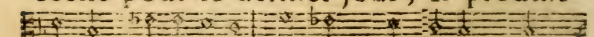
noiſſance, Par ſon eſprit de vérité. Cet



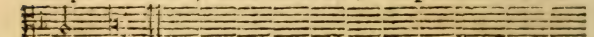
Eſprit, que Chriſt nous envoie, Nous



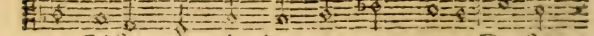
ſcelle pour le dernier jour, Il produit



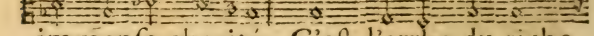
la paix & la joie, La foi, l'eſpérance, &



l'amour.

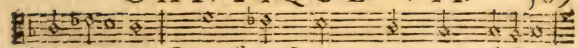


5. Jéſus nous le donne pour gage De ſon

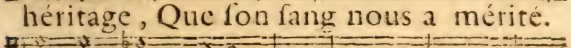


immenſe charité, C'eſt l'arrhe du riche

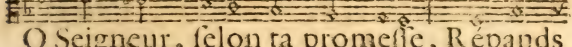
héritage,



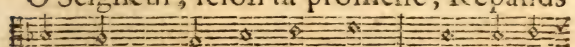
héritage, Que ſon ſang nous a mérité.



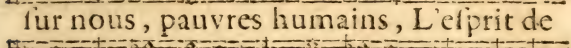
O Seigneur, ſelon ta promeſſe, Répands



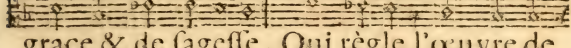
ſur nous, pauvres humains, L'eſprit de



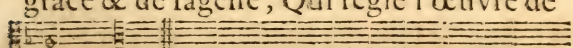
grace & de ſageſſe, Qui règle l'œuvre de



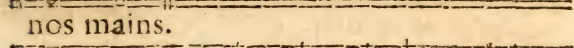
nos mains.



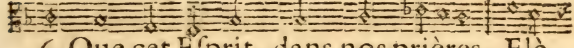
6. Que cet Eſprit, dans nos prières, Elè-



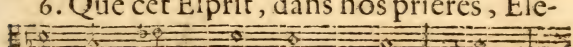
ve nos cœurs juſqu'aux cieux; Que par



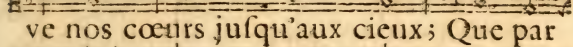
ſes divines lumières, Cet Eſprit éclaire



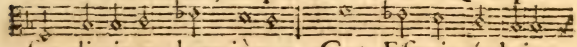
nos yeux. Alors avec tous les Fidèles



Nous comprendrons quels ſont les biens,

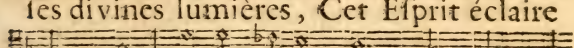


Et les richeſſes éternelles, Que ta bonté

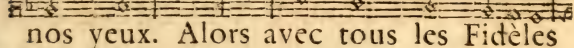


réſerve aux tiens.

CANTIQUE VIII. *Pſ.* 24.



UNiſſons nos cœurs & nos voix,



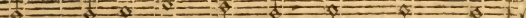
Pour célébrer le Roi des Rois; C'eſt une

source inépuisable ; Il nous fait des biens
infinis. En son Fils il nous a bénis, Et
nous a reçus à sa Table.

2. Chrétiens, ne contristons jamais
L'Esprit de lumière & de paix ; Consa-
crons toute notre vie Au Père, notre
Créateur, A son cher Fils, notre Sau-
veur, A l'Esprit qui nous sanctifie.

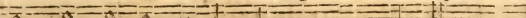
CANTIQUE IX. *Ps.* 32.

Peuple Chrétien, ton Sauveur cha-
ritable Vient aujourd'hui t'inviter à sa
Table : Ce bon Pasteur, par un excès d'a-
mour, Se donne à toi lui-même dans ce
jour ; Après avoir, par son grand sacrifice,
Du Tout-puissant satisfait la justice, Il
vient

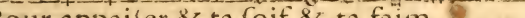


vient t'offrir & ſa coupe & ſon pain,

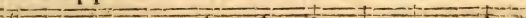
Pour appaiſer & ta ſoif & ta faim.



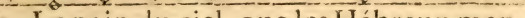
2. Le pain du ciel, que les Hébreux man-



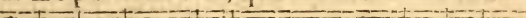
gèrent, Dont ces ingrats enfin ſe dégoû-



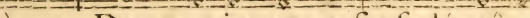
tèrent, Ne les pouvoit garantir de la



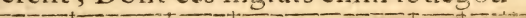
mort, Du genre humain l'inévitable ſort.



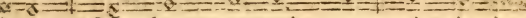
Notre Jeſus aujourd'hui nous préſente



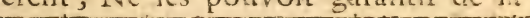
Un pain céleſte, une manne excellente:



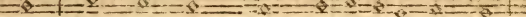
Qui le reçoit avec humilité, Peut s'aſ-



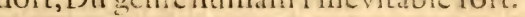
ſurer de l'immortalité.



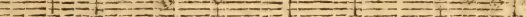
3. Ce doux Sauveur eſt le vrai pain de



vie, Qui nous nourrit & qui nous forti-

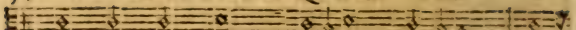


fie: Sa chair ſacrée eſt le ſeul aliment,

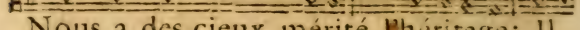


Qui donne à l'ame un vrai contentement.

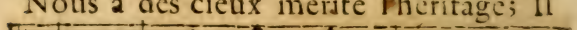
Son divin ſang, qu'il offre pour breuvage,



Nous a des cieux mérité l'héritage; Il

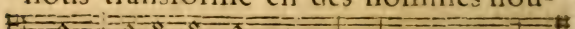


nous transforme en des hommes nou-

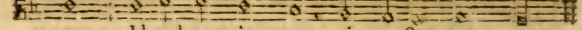


veaux, Il adoucit nos peines & nos maux.

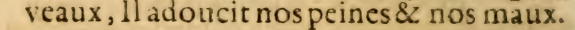
PAUSE.



4. Quiconque en boit, n'a plus l'ame al-

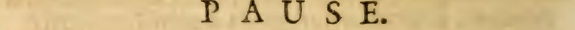


térée, Ni d'honneurs vains & de courte

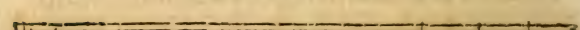


durée, Ni de trompeurs & criminels plai-

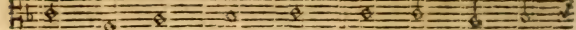
sirs: Il sait en Dieu borner tous ses de-



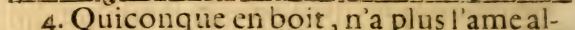
sirs; Il meurt au monde, il renonce à soi-



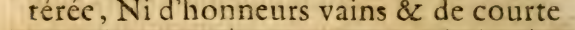
même, Il ne vit plus que pour Jesus qu'il



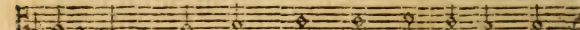
aime; Il est toujours prêt à sacrifier Ses



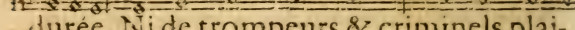
biens, ses jours, pour le glorifier.



5. Mais qui pourroit ainsi manger & boi-

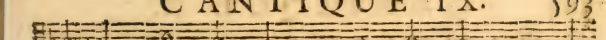


re Le corps sacré, le sang du Dieu de gloi-

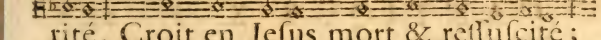


re? C'est le Chrétien, qui, plein de cha-

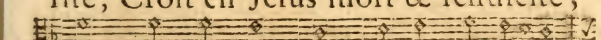
rité,



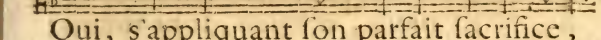
rité, Croit en Jesus mort & ressuscité;



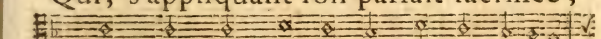
Qui, s'appliquant son parfait sacrifice,



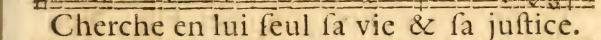
Cherche en lui seul sa vie & sa justice.



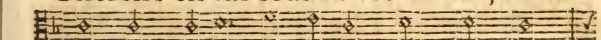
Heureux celui qui reçoit dans son cœur



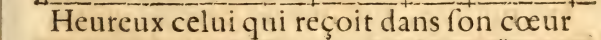
Ce glorieux & divin Rédempteur!



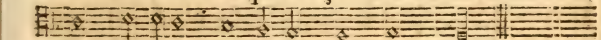
6. Heureux celui qui t'est toujours fidèle,



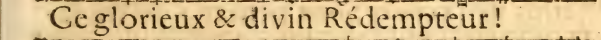
Seigneur Jesus, & qui brûlant de zèle,



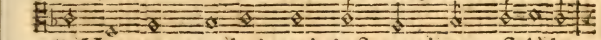
Te suit par-tout, t'embrasse par la foi!



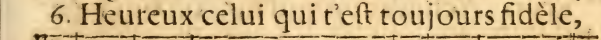
A qui peut-on, Seigneur, aller, qu'à toi?



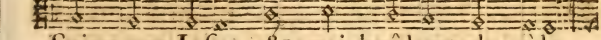
Tu nous promets une vie éternelle; Tu



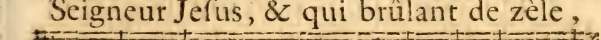
nous promets une gloire immortelle: Toi



seul nous peux faire entrer dans les



cieux; C'est vers toi seul que nous tour-



nons les yeux.

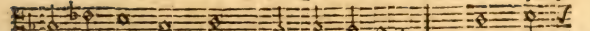
CANTIQUE X. *Pſ.* 24.

TEs biens, ô Dieu, ſont infinis;
Tu nous a donné ton cher Fils, Ton
Fils unique, ton image: Père de grâce,
tous nos cœurs Sont pénetrés de tes fa-
veurs; Achève aujourd'hui ton ouvrage.

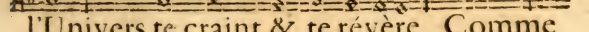
2. Enflamme nous d'amour pour toi;
Imprime dans nos cœurs ta Loi; Fais
que notre étude ordinaire Soit de médi-
ter tes bienfaits, Et que nous n'ayons dé-
ſormais D'autre deſir que de te plaire.

CANTIQUE XI. *Pſ.* 89.

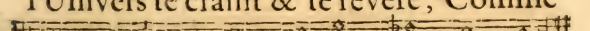
GRand Dieu, nous te louons, nous
t'adorons, Seigneur, Et nous voulons chan-
ter un hymne à ton honneur. Eternel,
l'Univers



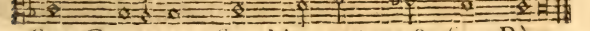
l'Univers te craint & te révère, Comme



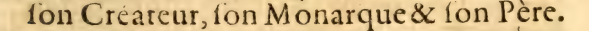
ſon Créateur, ſon Monarque & ſon Père.



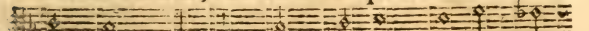
2. Les Trônes, les Vertus, les Eſprits



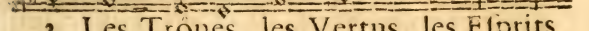
bienheureux, Qui ſont les ſpectateurs de



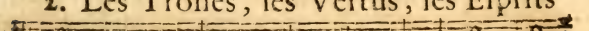
tes faits merveilleux, Le chœur des Séra-



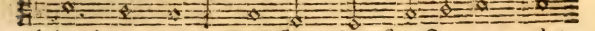
phins, des Chérubins, des Anges, Sans



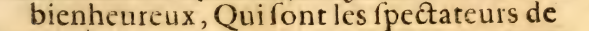
jamais ſe laſſer, célèbrent tes louanges.



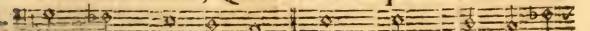
3. Saint, Saint, Saint, diſent ils, leurs



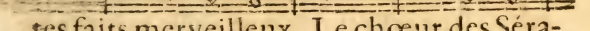
ſacrés concerts, Eſt le Dieu des combats, le



Roi de l'univers; Ta gloire & ta grandeur

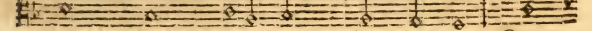


rempliſſent tout le monde; Tout marque

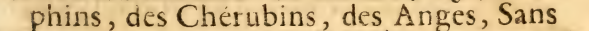


ton pouvoir, le ciel, la terre & l'onde.

PAUSE I.

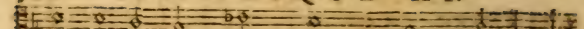


4. Tous prêchent ta puiſſance & ta ſidé-

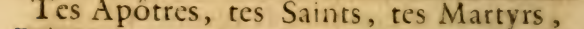


lité, Ta ſageſſe infinie & ta grande bonté,

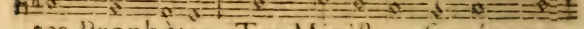
Tes



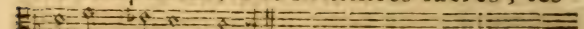
Tes Apôtres, tes Saints, tes Martyrs,



tes Prophètes, Tes Ministres sacrés, tes

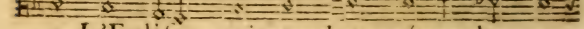


divins Interprètes.

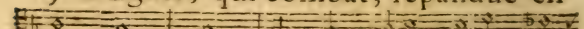


5. L'Eglise, qui combat, répandue en

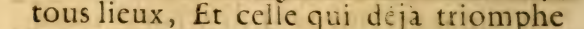
tous lieux, Et celle qui déja triomphe



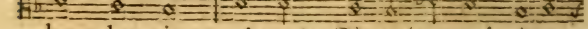
dans les cieux. A toi, Père éternel, à ta



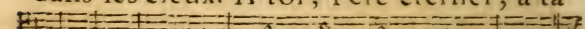
parfaite image, Ton fils, ton bien-aimé,



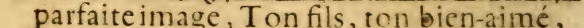
tous viennent rendre hommage.



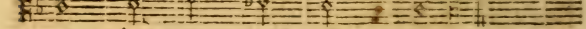
6. Tous célèbrent ton Nom, ô notre



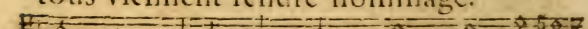
Rédempteur; Tous louent ton Esprit,



notre consolateur. O Jesus, Roi de gloi-

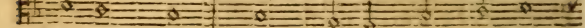


re, unique Fils du Père, Tu t'es fait no-



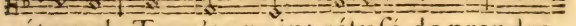
tre époux, notre chef, notre frère.

PAUSE II.

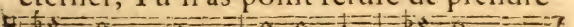


7. Pour nous faire jouir d'un bonheur éternel,

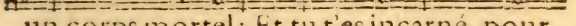
éternel, Tu n'as point rétusé de prendre



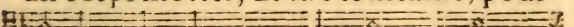
un corps mortel; Et tu t'es incarné, pour



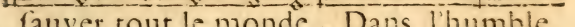
sauver tout le monde, Dans l'humble



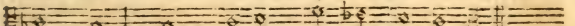
& chaste sein d'une Vierge féconde.



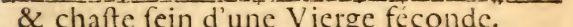
8. Tu t'es anéanti, toi, puissant Roi des



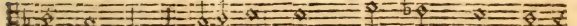
Rois, Jusqu'à souffrir la mort sur un in-



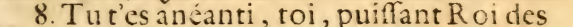
sâme bois; Mais brisant l'aiguillon de



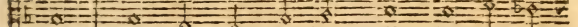
cette mort cruelle, Toi seul nous as ac-



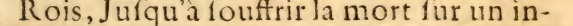
quis une gloire immortelle.



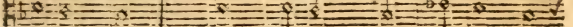
9. Toi seul nous as ouvert le Royaume



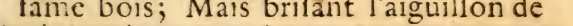
des cieux, Où tu règnes, Seigneur, assis



dans ces hauts lieux, Sur un trône écla-



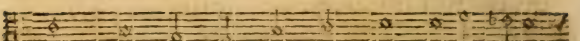
tant à la droite du Père, Toujours envi-



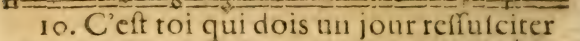
ronné des Anges de lumière.

PAUSE

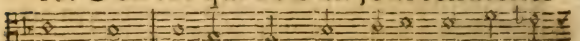
PAUSE III.



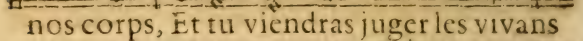
10. C'eſt toi qui dois un jour reſſuſciter



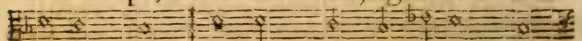
nos corps, Et tu viendras juger les vivans



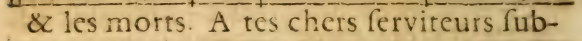
& les morts. A tes chers ſerviteurs ſub-



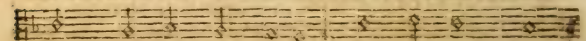
viens par ta clémence; Déploie en leur



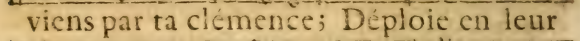
faveur ton bras & ta puiſſance.



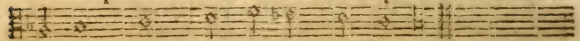
11. Tu les as rachetés par ton ſang pré-



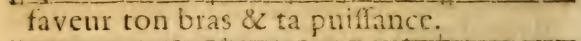
cieux, De tous leurs ennemis rends-les



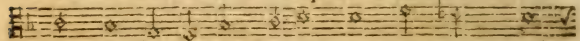
victorieux: Sauve ton peuple, ô Dieu,



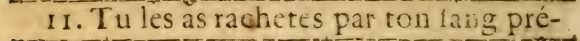
bénis ton héritage; Que ta gloire & ton



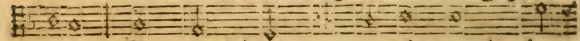
ciel ſoient un jour leur partage.



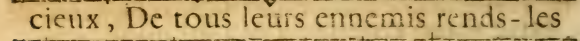
12. Seigneur, par ton Eſprit, conduis tes



chers enfans, Et répands ſur eux tous,

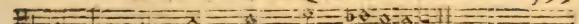


tes bienfaits en tout temps. Nous voulons

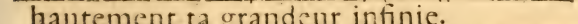


déſormais employer notre vie, A louer

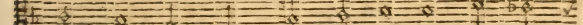
hautement



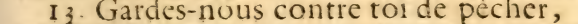
hautement ta grandeur infinie.



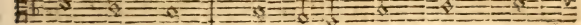
13. Gardes-nous contre toi de pécher,



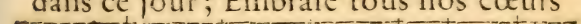
dans ce jour; Embrâſé tous nos cœurs



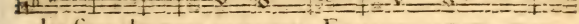
du feu de ton amour; Exauce-nous, par-



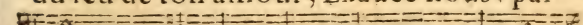
donne, Eternel, fais nous grace, Dans



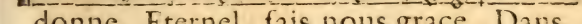
nos preſſans beſoins tourne ſur nous ta



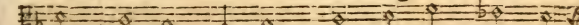
face.



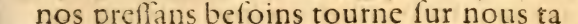
14. Nous n eſperons, ô Dieu, qu'en ta



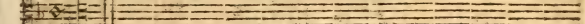
grande bonté: Toi ſeul peut nous aider



dans notre adverſité, Rendre nos jours



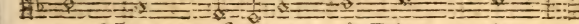
heureux, & notre ame contente; Nous



ne ſerons jamais confus dans notre attente.

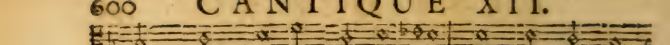
CANTIQUE XII. *Pſ.* 129.

O Notre Dieu, Père d'éternité, Qui

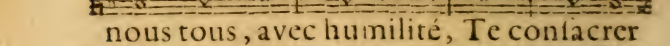


des mortels règles la deſtinée, Nous ve-

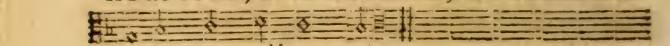
nons



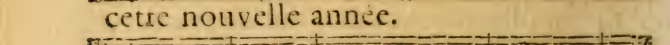
nous tous, avec humilité, Te consacrer



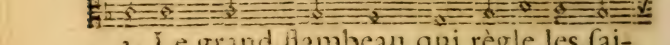
cette nouvelle année.



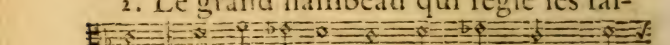
2. Le grand flambeau qui règle les sai-



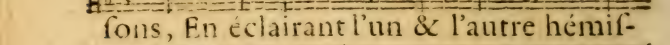
sons, En éclairant l'un & l'autre hémis-



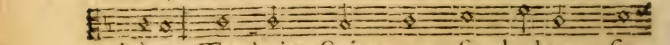
phère, Te dois, Seigneur, sa chaleur, ses



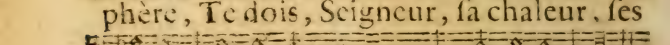
rayons, Et sa lumière à tous si salutaire.



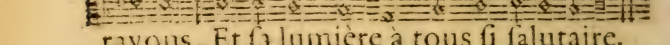
3. Le ciel, la terre, & tous ses habitans,



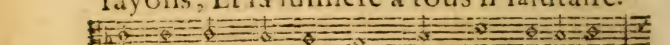
Prêchent par-tout ta puissance infinie:



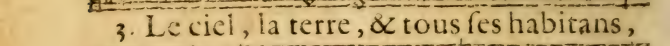
C'est de toi seul que dépendent nos ans,



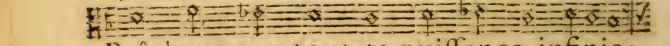
Nos mois, nos jours, nos momens,



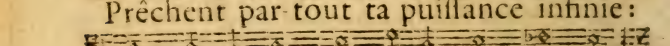
notre vie.



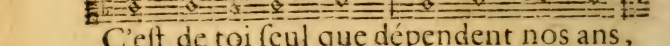
4. Dans un instant tu changes notre sort:



Dès que tu dis, rentrez dans la poussière,



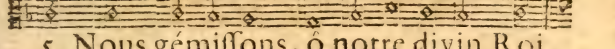
Enfans d'Adam, incontinent la mort



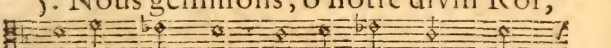
Nous saisissant, finit notre carrière.

PAUSE

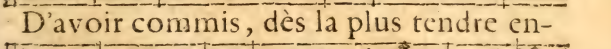
PAUSE I.



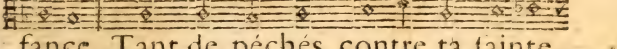
5. Nous gémiſſons, ô notre divin Roi,



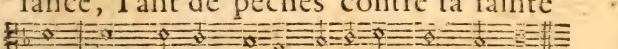
D'avoir commis, dès la plus tendre en-



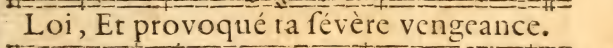
fance, Tant de péchés contre ta ſainte



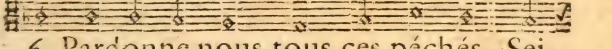
Loi, Et provoqué ta ſévère vengeance.



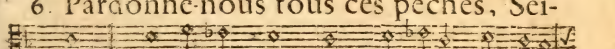
6. Pardonne-nous tous ces péchés, Sei-



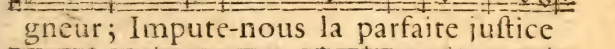
gneur; Impute-nous la parfaite juſtice



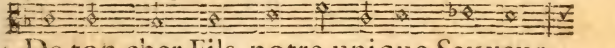
De ton cher Fils, notre unique Sauveur,



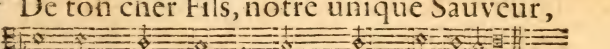
Et ſouviens-toi de ton grand ſacrifice.



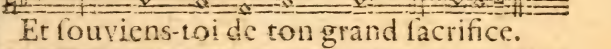
7. Nous te venons promettre, dans ce



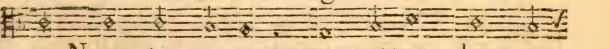
jour, Pour ton ſervice, une ardeur éter-



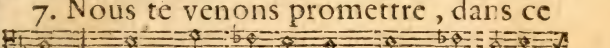
nelle; Un cœur nouveau, brûlant d'un



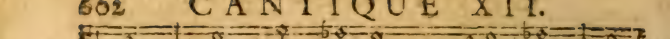
ſaint amour, Toujours ſoumis, zélé, pur



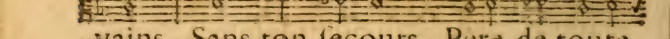
& fidèle.



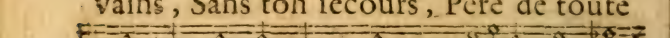
8. Mais nous ſavons que nos efforts ſont



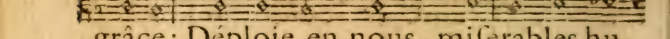
vains, Sans ton secours, Pere de toute



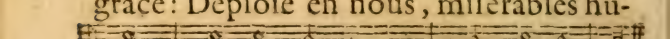
grâce: Déploie en nous, miserables hu-



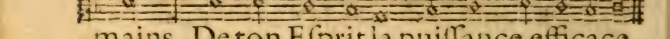
mains, De ton Esprit la puissance efficace.



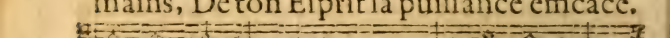
9. Que cet esprit, nous conduisant tou-



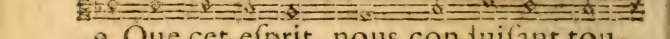
jours Pendant le cours de toutes nos



années, Règle nos mœurs, nos desirs,

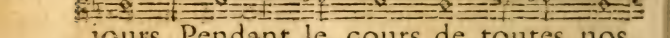


nos discours, Selon les loix que tu nous

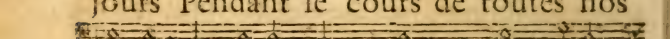


as données.

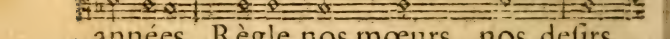
PAUSE II.



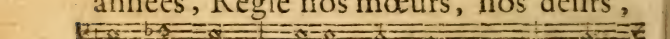
10. Enseigne-nous que tout est vanité,



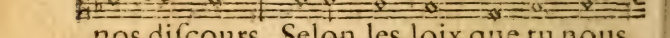
Et qu'il n'est rien ici-bas de durable;



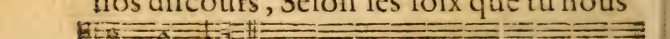
Que les grandeurs, les plaisirs, la beauté,



Tout passe enfin, & tout est périssable.



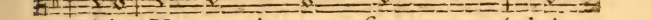
11. Fais-nous connoître & comprendre,



Seigneur, Que notre vie est un torrent

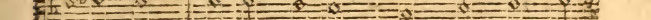
rapide,

rapide, Une ombre, un ſonge, un éclair,

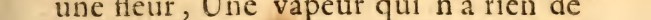


une fleur, Une vapeur qui n'a rien de

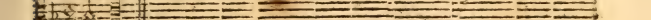
ſolide.



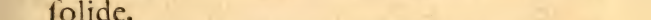
12. Rends cette année heureuſe à tes en-



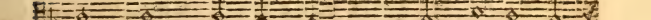
fans: De mille biens qu'elle ſoit couron-



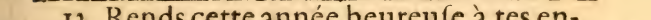
née; Que tes élus ſoient toujours triom-



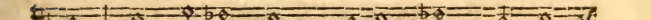
phans; Et réjouis ton Egliſe affligée.



13. Préſerve-nous de fâcheux accidens:



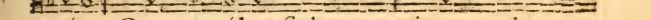
Mais ſi tu veux finir notre carrière, Et



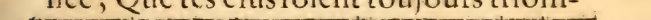
s'il te plaît de terminer nos ans, Prépare-

nous à notre heure dernière.

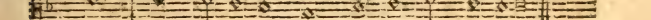
14. Fais que t'aimant, nous vivions ſainte-



ment Dans la juſtice & dans la tempé-

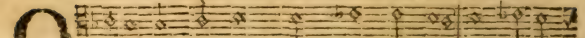


rance, En attendant l'heureux avénement

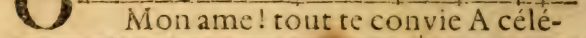


De ton cher Fils, notre unique eſpérance.

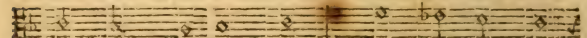
CANTIQUE XIII. *Les 6.*



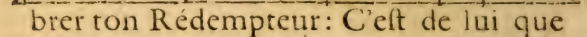
O Mon ame! tout te convie A célé-



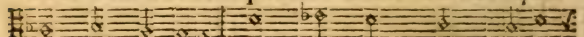
brer ton Rédempteur: C'eſt de lui que



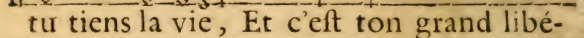
tu tiens la vie, Et c'eſt ton grand libé-



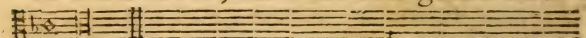
rateur.



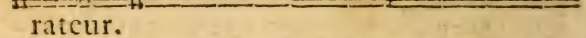
2. Pour racheter notre nature, Ce cher



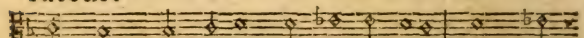
Fils du Père éternel, Dans le ſein de ſa



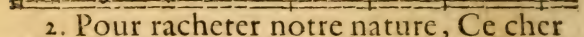
créature, S'eſt revêtu d'un corps mortel.



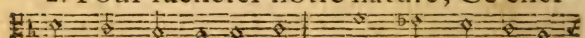
3. Pour finir la cruelle guerre Qui devoit



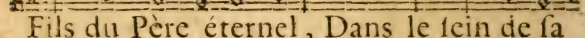
nous perdre à jamais, Il eſt deſcendu ſur



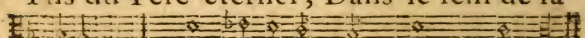
la terre, Et ſa mort a fait notre paix.



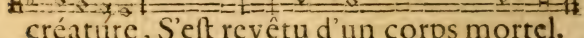
4. Ce fut ſous l'Empereur Auguſte, Et



ſous Hérode Iduméen, Que naquit ce

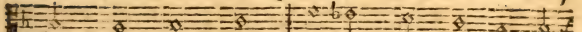


Saint & ce Juſte, Dans la petite Bétheléem.



5. Une céleſte intelligence Deſcendit du

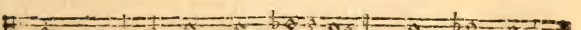
plus



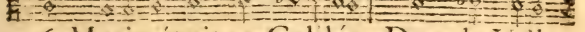
plus haut des cieux, Afin d'annoncer la

naissance De ce Rédempteur glorieux.

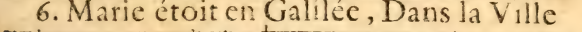
PAUSE I.



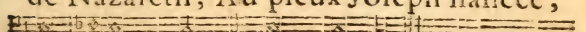
6. Marie étoit en Galilée, Dans la Ville



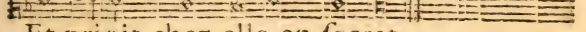
de Nazareth, Au pieux Joseph fiancée,



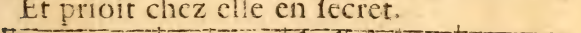
Et prioit chez elle en secret.



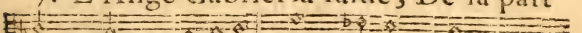
7. L'Ange Gabriel la salue, De la part



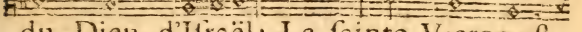
du Dieu d'Israël: La sainte Vierge est



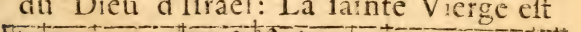
toute émue, D'ouir cet Esprit immortel.



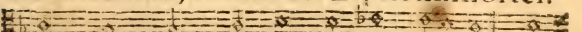
8. D'où vient, dit cet Heraut céleste, Que



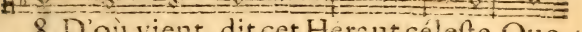
ton cœur est saisi d'effroi? Mon message



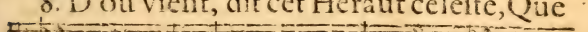
n'est point funeste, Et l'Eternel est avec toi.



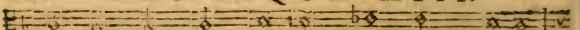
9. Le Seigneur t'a reçue en grace: Bannis



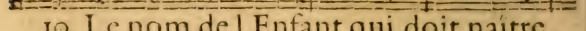
la crainte de ton cœur, Il a tourné sur toi



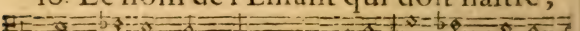
sa face; Tu concevras le Rédempteur.



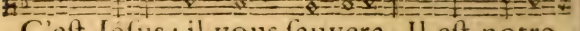
10. Le nom de l Enfant qui doit naître,



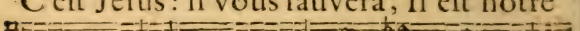
C'eſt Jeſus : il vous ſauvera, Il eſt notre



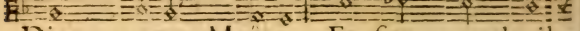
Dieu, notre Maître, Et ſon peuple il



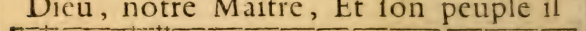
rachetera.



11. Sa grandeur ne ſe peut décrire, Il eſt



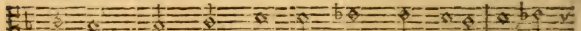
le Fils du Souverain : Rien ne bornera ſon



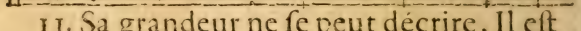
empire ; Son règne n'aura point de fin.

PAUSE II.

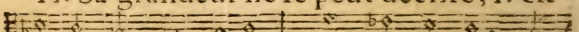
12. Que ce diſcours parut étrange, Dès



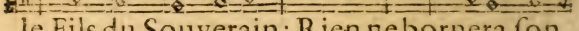
qu'il eut ceſſé de parler ! Ah ! comment,



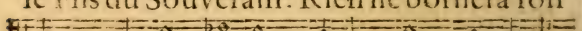
dit Marie à l'Ange, Pourrois-je, étant



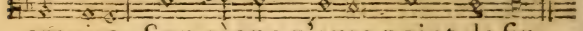
Vierge, enfanter ?



13. L'eſprit Saint, qui créa le monde,

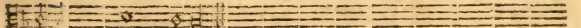


Lui dit l'Ange, en toi ſurviendra : C'eſt

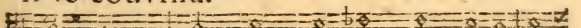


lui qui te rendra feconde ; De ſon ombre

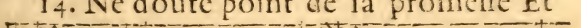
il



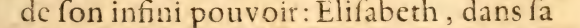
il te couvrira.



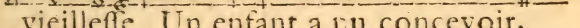
14. Ne doute point de ſa promeſſe Et



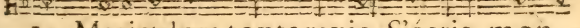
de ſon infini pouvoir: Eliſabeth, dans ſa



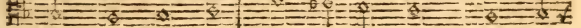
vieilleſſe, Un enfant a pu concevoir.



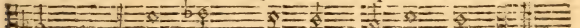
15. Marie alors toute ravie, S'écria, mon



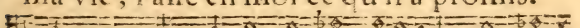
cœur eſt ſoumis. Que l'unique Auteur de



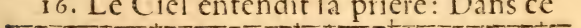
ma vie, Faſſe en moi ce qu'il a promis.



16. Le Ciel entendit ſa prière: Dans ce

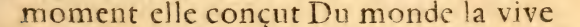


moment elle conçut Du monde la vive

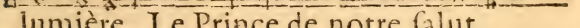


lumière, Le Prince de notre ſalut.

PAUSE III.

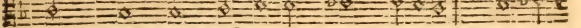


17. L'Ange diſparut, & Marie Quitta



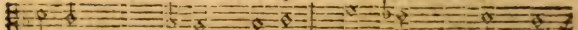
promptement Nazareth, Pour ſe rendre

chez Zacharie, Et viſiter Eliſabeth.

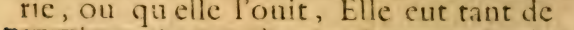


18. Dès que cette pieuſe femme Vit Ma-

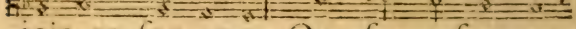
rie,



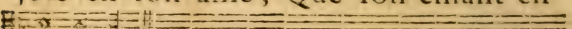
rie, ou qu'elle l'ouit, Elle eut tant de



joie en ſon ame, Que ſon enfant en

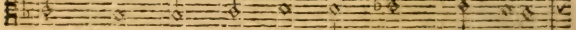


treſſaillit.

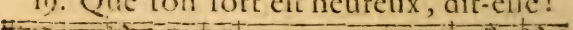


19. Que ton ſort eſt heureux, dit-elle!

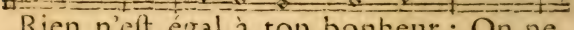
Rien n'eſt égal à ton bonheur : On ne



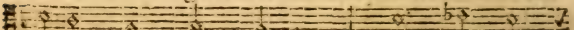
verra point de mortelle, Qui puiſſe at-



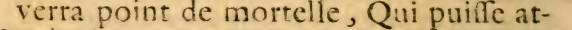
teindre ta grandeur.



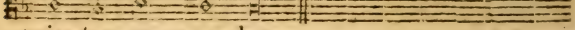
20. Tu portes le Sauveur du monde: Il



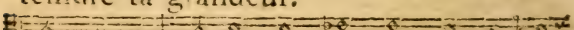
ſera beni à jamais; Par ſon humilité pro-



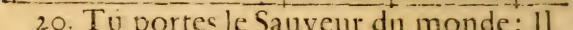
fonde, Il vient nous acquérir la paix.



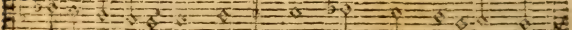
21. Et d'où vient ceci, que la Mère De



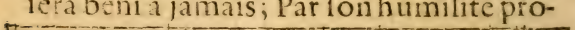
mon Sauveur & de mon Roi, En qui



tout Iſraël eſpere, Daigne venir ainſi

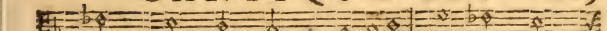


chez moi?

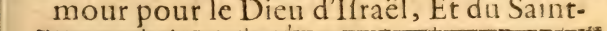


22. Marie alors, toute enflammée D'a-

mour

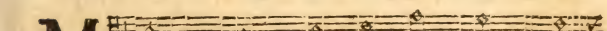


mour pour le Dieu d'Iſraël, Et du Saint-

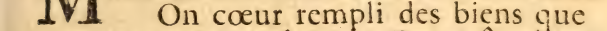


Eſprit animée, Fit ce cantique à l'Eternel.

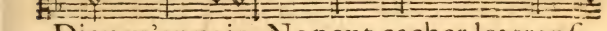
CANTIQUE XIV. *Pſ.* 6.



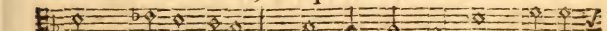
MOn cœur rempli des biens que



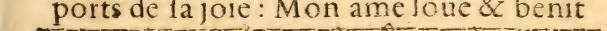
Dieu m'envoie, Ne peut cacher les tranſ-



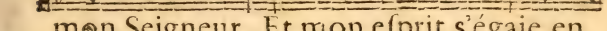
ports de ſa joie : Mon ame loue & bénit



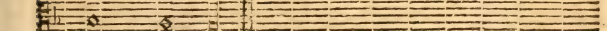
mon Seigneur, Et mon eſprit s'égaie en



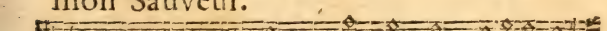
mon Sauveur.



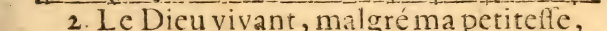
2. Le Dieu vivant, malgré ma petiteſſe,



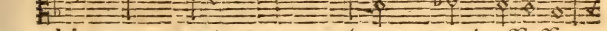
Ma pauvreté, mon néant, ma baſſeſſe,



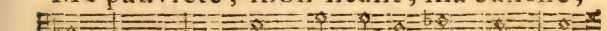
A bien voulu ſur moi jeter les yeux, Et



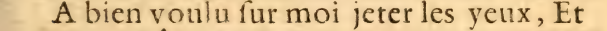
rend mon ſort pour toujours glorieux.



3. Il m'a comblé de graces infinies : Il

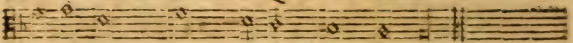


fait pour moi des choſes inouies; Tous



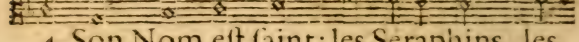
les humains vanteront mon bonheur, Et

bénironT

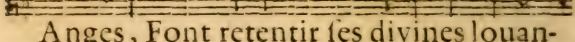


beniront mon divin bienfaiteur.

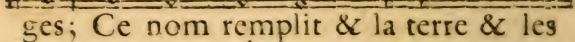
PAUSE I.



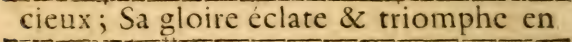
4 Son Nom eſt ſaint: les Seraphins, les



Anges, Font retentir ſes divines louan-

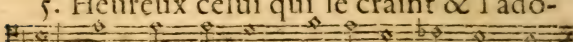


ges; Ce nom remplit & la terre & les

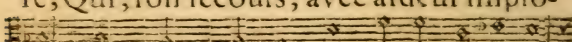


cieux; Sa gloire éclate & triomphe en

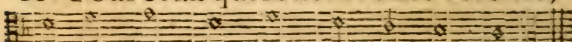
tous lieux.



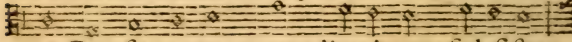
5. Heureux celui qui le craint & l'ado-



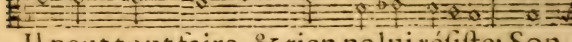
re, Qui, ſon ſecours, avec ardeur implo-



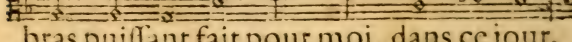
re! Tous ceux qui font ſa ſainte volonté,



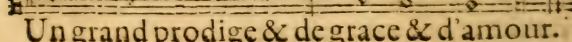
De ſiécle en ſiécle éprouvent ſa bonté.



6. Par ſa vertu, tout l'univers ſubſiſte:



Il peut tout faire, & rien ne lui réſiſte: Son

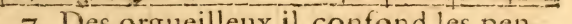


bras puiſſant fait pour moi, dans ce jour,

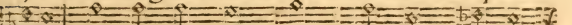
Un grand prodige & de grace & d'amour.

7. Des

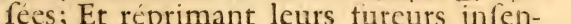
7. Des orgueilleux il confond les pen-



sées; Et réprimant leurs fureurs insen-

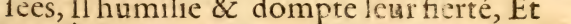


sées, Il humilie & dompte leur fierté, Et

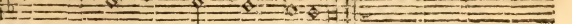


les punit de leur impiété.

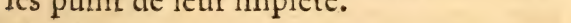
PAUSE II.



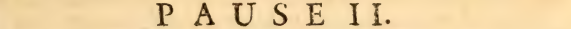
8. Il fait tomber, il frappe, de sa foudre,



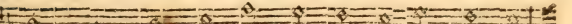
Les grands du monde : il les réduit en



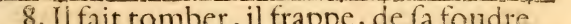
poudre; Mais des petits, il est le protec-



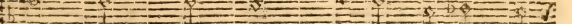
teur, Il les élève au comble de l'honneur.



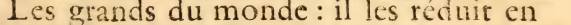
9. Il enrichit les pauvres qui le craignent;



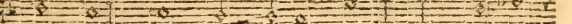
Il les entend aussi tôt qu'ils se plaignent,



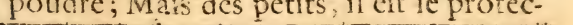
Il les nourrit quand ils sont affamés, Il les



soutient lorsqu'ils sont opprimés.

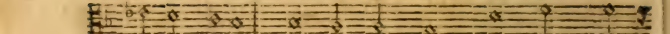


10. Couverts de honte, & confus, il ren-

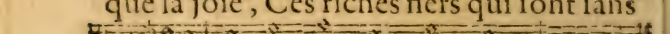


voie Tous ces mondains qui n'aiment

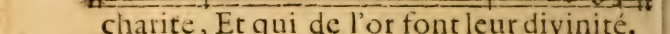
que



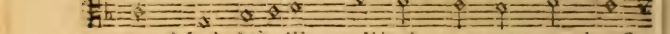
que la joie, Ces riches fiers qui ſont ſans



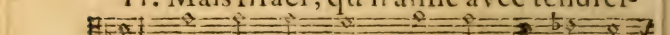
charité, Et qui de l'or font leur divinité.



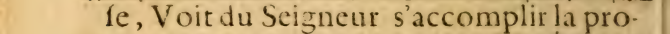
11. Mais Iſraël, qu'il aime avec tendreſ-



ſe, Voit du Seigneur s'accomplir la pro-

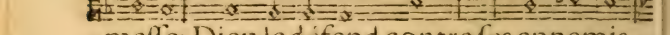


meſſe: Dieu le défend contre ſes ennemis,

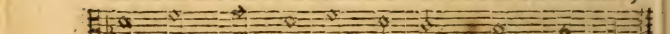


Et donne enfin le Rédempteur promis.

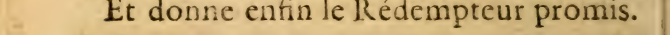
CANTIQUE XV. *Les C.*



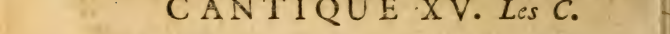
BEniſſons, dans nos Aſſemblées, Du



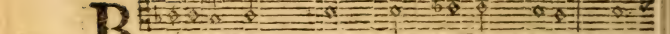
grand Dieu le Fils éternel; Et par pluſieurs



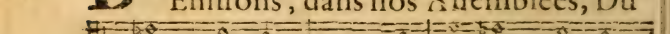
voix redoublées, Célébrons notre Emanuel.



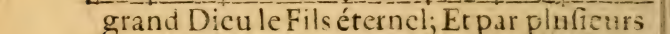
2. Au tems que Jeſus devoit naître,



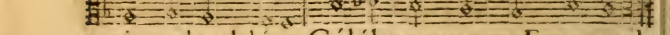
Auguſte, puiſſant Empereur, Eut un



grand deſir de connoître Tous ſes ſujets

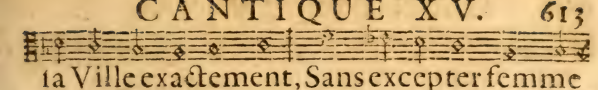


& ſa grandeur.

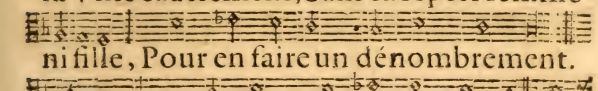


3. Il voulut que chaque famille Vint dans

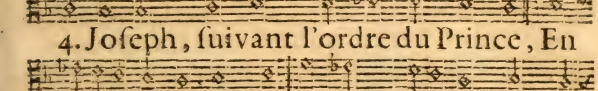
ſa



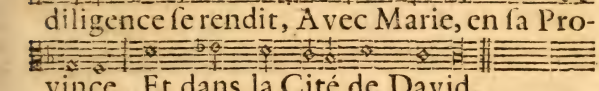
la Ville exactement, Sans excepter femme



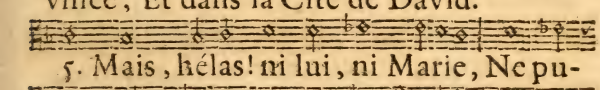
ni fille, Pour en faire un dénombrement.



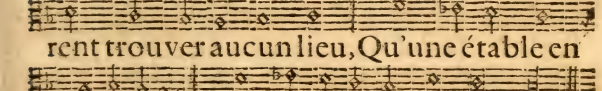
4. Joseph, suivant l'ordre du Prince, En



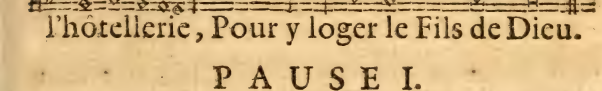
diligence se rendit, Avec Marie, en sa Pro-



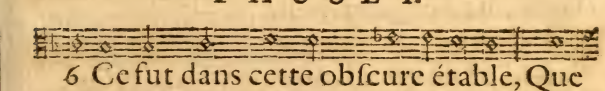
vince, Et dans la Cité de David.



5. Mais, hélas! ni lui, ni Marie, Ne pu-

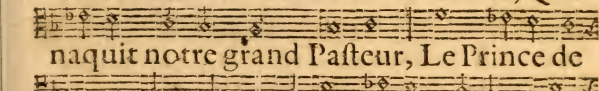


rent trouver aucun lieu, Qu'une étable en

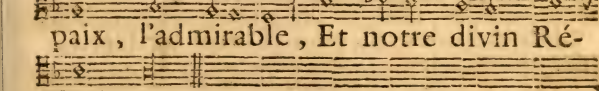


l'hôtellerie, Pour y loger le Fils de Dieu.

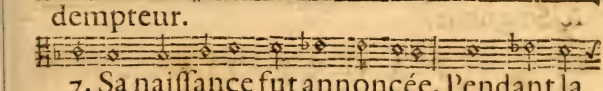
PAUSE I.



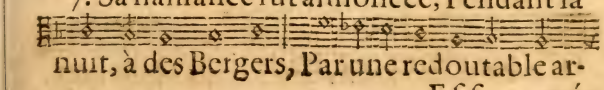
6 Ce fut dans cette obscure étable, Que



naquit notre grand Pasteur, Le Prince de



paix, l'admirable, Et notre divin Ré-



dempteur.

7. Sa naissance fut annoncée, Pendant la

mée, De prompts & divins messagers.

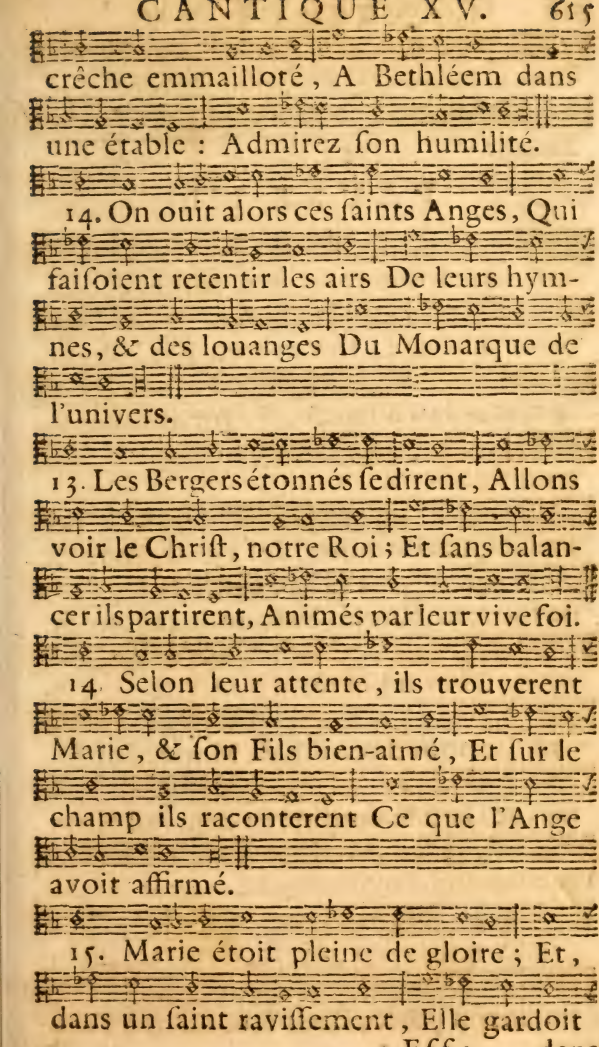
8. Leur forte voix parut étrange, Et ces Pasteurs en eurent peur. Cette troupe immortelle d'Anges, Les éblouit par sa splendeur.

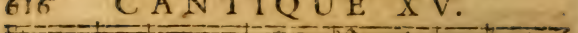
9. Bergers, le Seigneur nous envoie, Leur dit l'un d'eux, pour votre bien, Et pour remplir vos cœurs de joie, Rassurez-vous, ne craignez rien.

10. C'est en cette heureuse journée, Que vous est né votre Sauveur, Dans une ville de Judée: C'est le Christ de Dieu, Seigneur.

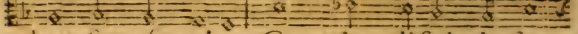
PAUSE II.

11. Vous verrez ce Fils adorable Dans une crêche


crêche emmailloté, A Bethléem dans
une étable : Admirez ſon humilité.
14. On ouit alors ces ſaints Anges, Qui
faiſoient retentir les airs De leurs hym-
nes, & des louanges Du Monarque de
l'univers.
13. Les Bergers étonnés ſe dirent, Allons
voir le Chriſt, notre Roi ; Et ſans balan-
cer ils partirent, Animés par leur vive foi.
14. Selon leur attente, ils trouverent
Marie, & ſon Fils bien-aimé, Et ſur le
champ ils raconterent Ce que l'Ange
avoit affirmé.
15. Marie étoit pleine de gloire ; Et,
dans un ſaint raviſſement, Elle gardoit

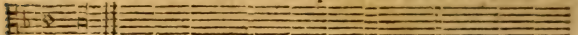


dans sa mémoire, Ce qu'on disoit de son



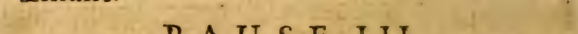
Enfant.

PAUSE III.

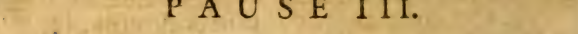


16. Huit jours après cette naissance, Le

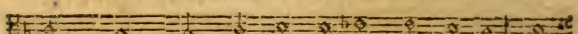
Saint de Dieu, son propre Fils, Reçut



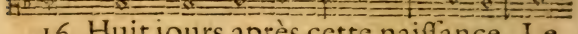
le sceau de l'alliance, Et fut lui-même



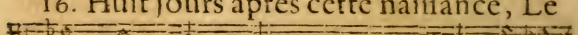
circoncis.



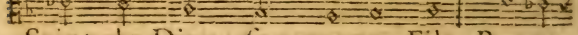
17. Ce Chef immortel de l'Eglise, Exempt



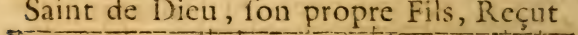
de toute impureté, Se soumit au joug de



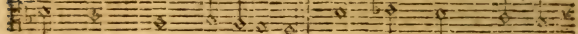
Moïse, Par un excès d'humilité.



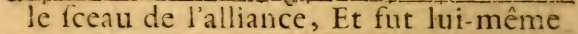
18. Le nom de ce Fils de Marie, Fut Je-



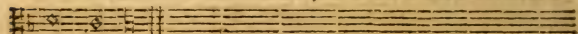
sus; & Dieu le voulut; Et ce grand Nom



nous signifie, Qu'il nous donneroit le salut.

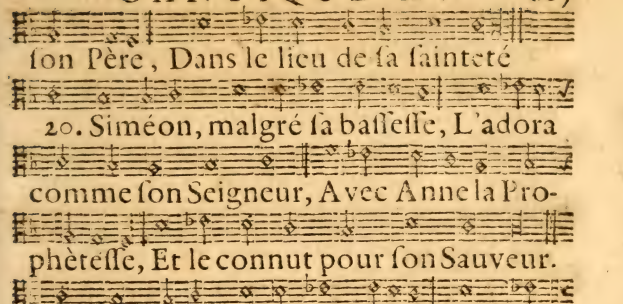


19. A Jerusalem, par sa Mère, Ce divin



Enfant fut porté, Pour être offert à Dieu

son



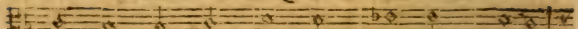
ſon Père, Dans le lieu de ſa ſainteté

20. Siméon, malgré ſa baſſeſſe, L'adora comme ſon Seigneur, Avec Anne la Prophèteſſe, Et le connut pour ſon Sauveur.

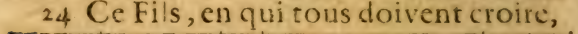
21. Son ame ſainte fut ravie, De pouvoir encor, de ſes yeux, Voir ſur la terre le Meſſie, Avant que d'entrer dans les cieux.

22. Il avoit reçu la promeſſe, Qu'avant de mourir il verroit Celui qu'il attendoit ſans ceſſe, Et qu'en ſes bras il le tiendroit.

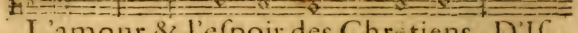
23. Ce vieillard ſage & vénérable, L'embraſſa, le prit dans ſes mains, Et bénit ce Fils adorable, Qui devoit ſauver les humains.



24 Ce Fils, en qui tous doivent croire,

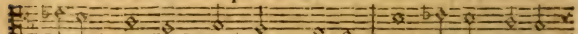


L'amour & l'espoir des Chrétiens, D'Israël l'attente & la gloire, Et la lumière

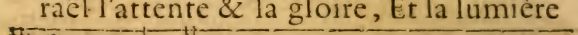


des Payens.

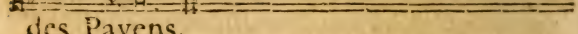
CANTIQUE XVI. *Ps.* 104.



Il faut, mon ame, il faut, avec ar-

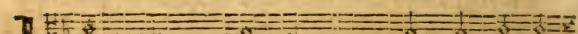


deur, De ton Sauveur, célébrer la gran-

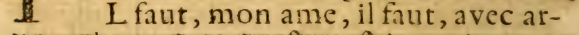


deur: Avant qu'on vit paroître les mon-

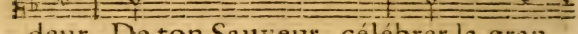
tagnes, Le Ciel & l'eau, la terre & ses



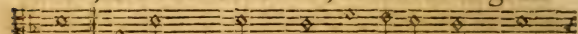
campagnes; Il étoit Dieu, tout puissant,



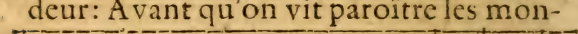
glorieux, Grand, juste, bon, miséricor-



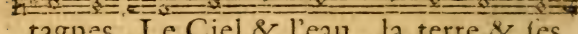
dieux, Et dans le sein de son Père adora-



ble. Il possédoit une gloire ineffable.

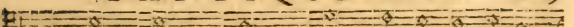


2. Il a créé tout ce vaste univers, Et les

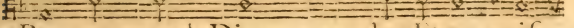


hauts cieux, & la terre, & les mers:

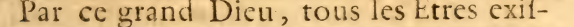
Par



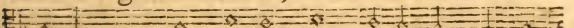
Par ce grand Dieu, tous les Etres exis-



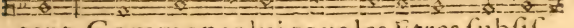
tent, Comme par lui tous les Etres subsis-



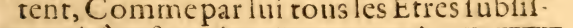
tent, Ils tiennent tous de lui le mouve-



ment, Et ce qu'ils ont d'être, de senti-

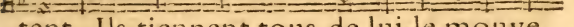


ment; Il a tout fait, c'est la cause premiè-

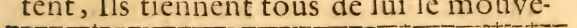


re: C'est notre vie, il est notre lumière.

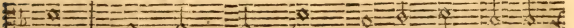
PAUSE I.



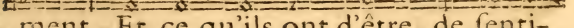
3. Dans l'Univers, d'un éclat sans pareil,



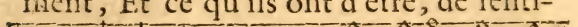
Brilloit par-tout ce grand & beau Soleil:



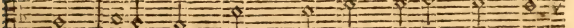
Tout ce que l'homme a d'esprit, de pru-



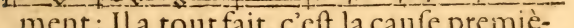
dence, D'adresse aux arts, de force, de



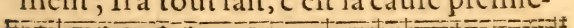
science, Il ne le tient que du Verbe éter-



nel. Voulant sauver le monde criminel,

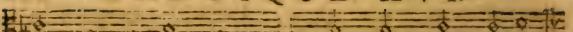


Il s'est fait chair, pour terminer la guerre

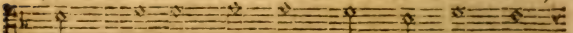


Qui divisoit le Ciel d'avec la terre.

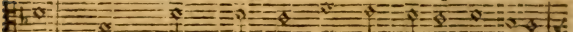
4. Parmi



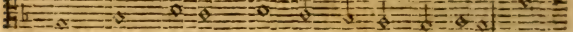
4 Parmi les siens, ce Sauveur est venu;



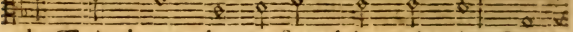
Mais, chose étrange! ils ne l'ont pas con-



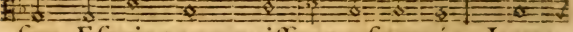
nu. Ceux qui, malgré son apparence vile,



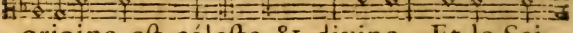
L'ont embrassé, croyant à l'Evangile, Sont



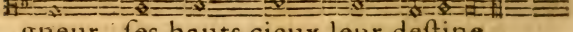
du Très-haut, les enfans bien-aimés, Que



son Esprit tout puissant a formés; Leur



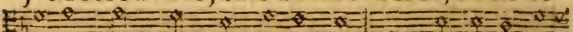
origine est céleste & divine, Et le Sei-



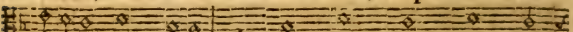
gneur, ses hauts cieux leur destine.

PAUSE II.

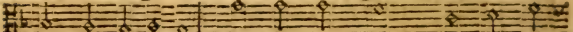
5. Moïse avoit jadis donné la Loi; Mais de



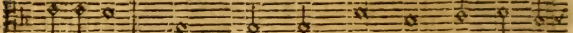
Jesus, le Chef de notre foi, A procédé la



vérité, la grace; Et c'est l'Agneau qui nos



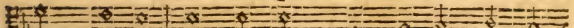
péchés efface. Nul n'a vu Dieu, que ce Fils



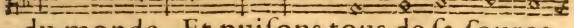
glorieux; Pour nous instruire, il est venu

des cieux; Prêtons l'oreille à ce Sauveur

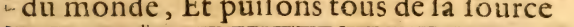
du



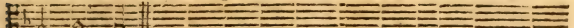
du monde, Et puiſons tous de ſa ſource



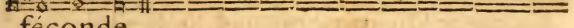
féconde.



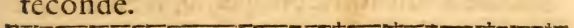
6. N'abuſons point de ſa grande bonté,



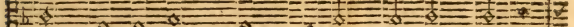
Tremblons plutôt devant ſa Majeſté;



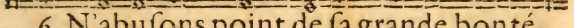
Pour les croyans, ſa douceur eſt immenſe,



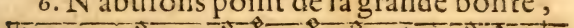
Il les maintient dans ſa ſainte alliance,



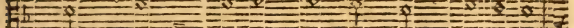
Sur eux toujours il répand ſes bienfaits,



Et dans leurs cœurs, & la joie & la paix.



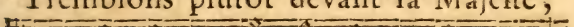
Mais des méchans le ſort eſt déplorable,



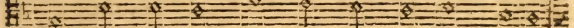
Il eſt pour eux un Juge inexorable.

CANTIQUE XVII. *Pſ.* 118.

JEſus eſt né, que l'allégreſſe Règne



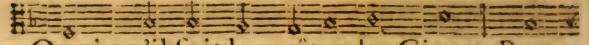
ici-bas dans ce beau jour; Admirons &



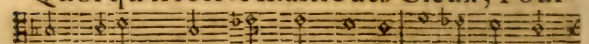
louons ſans ceſſe, Notre bonheur, & ſon

amour. Il eſt, hélas! dans une étable,

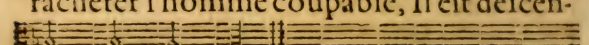
Quoi



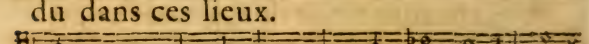
Quoi qu'il ſoit le maître des Cieux; Pour



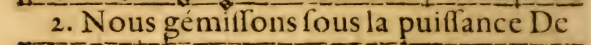
racheter l'homme coupable, Il eſt deſcen-



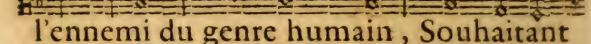
du dans ces lieux.



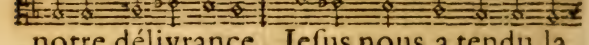
2. Nous gémiſſons ſous la puiſſance De



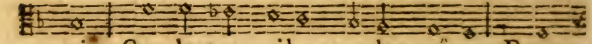
l'ennemi du genre humain, Souhaitant



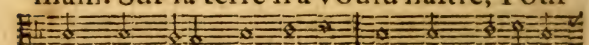
notre délivrance, Jeſus nous a tendu la



main. Sur la terre il a voulu naître, Pour

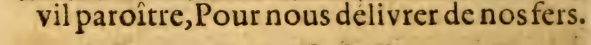


nous racheter des enfers, Et dans un état

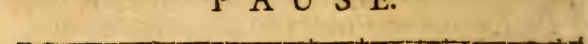


vil paroître, Pour nous délivrer de nos fers.

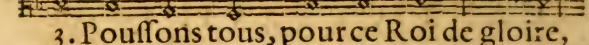
PAUSE.



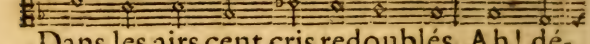
3. Pouſſons tous, pour ce Roi de gloire,



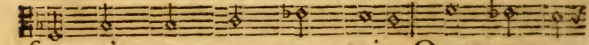
Dans les airs cent cris redoublés. Ah! dé-



formais nous pouvons croire Que tous nos

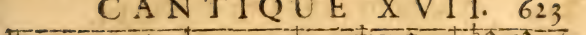


vœux ſeront comblés; Faiſons notre bon-

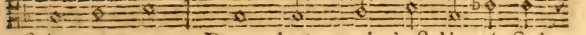


heur ſuprême Des doux tranſports d'un

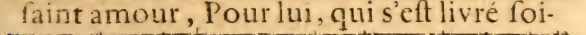
ſaint



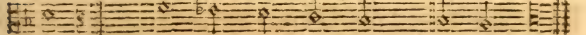
saint amour, Pour lui, qui s'est livré soi-



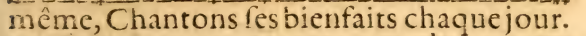
même, Chantons ses bienfaits chaque jour.



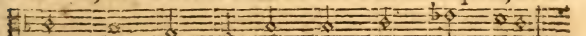
4. Pour sa gloire ayons un vrai zèle,



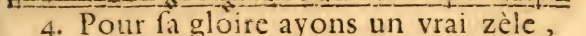
Ecoutons avec soin sa voix, Imitons son



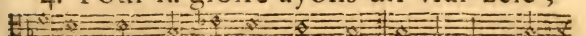
parfait modèle, Et soumettons nous à ses



loix. S'il est couché dans une crêche, Par

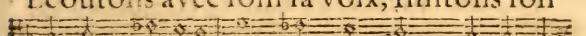


un excès de sa bonté, Dans cette bassesse

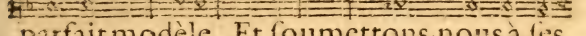


il nous prêche D'imiter son humilité.

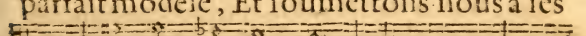
CANTIQUE XVIII. *Ps.* 110.



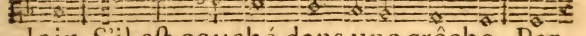
Eni soit Dieu, tous nos vœux s'ac-



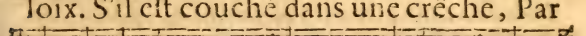
complissent, Le Ciel nous donne un divin



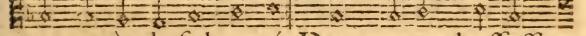
Rédempteur; Que donc les Cieux à la



terre s'unissent, Pour célebrer notre Li-

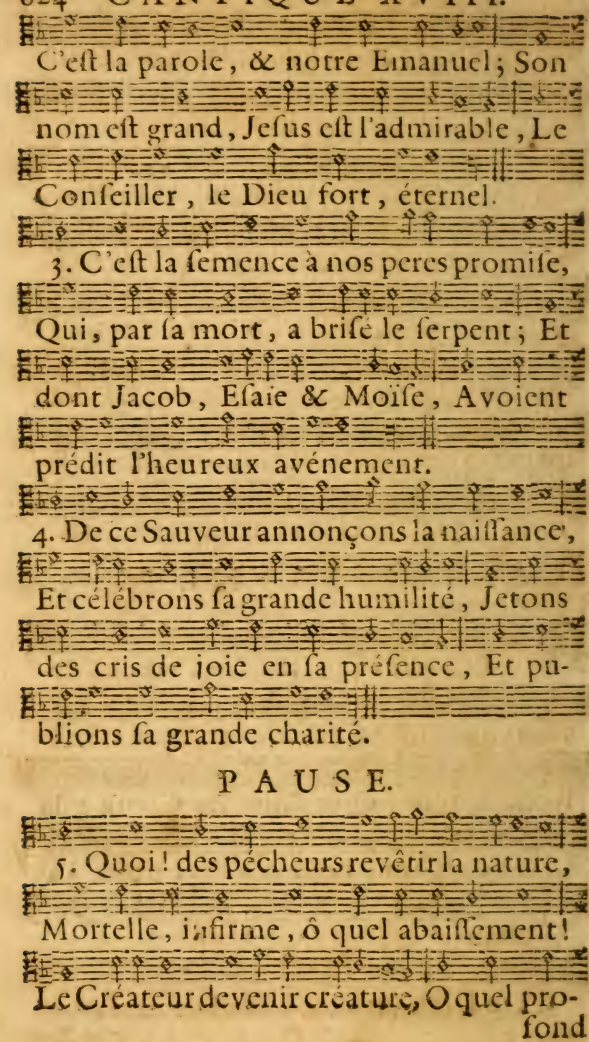


bérateur.



2. Du Dieu vivant c'est le Fils adorable,

C'est


C'eſt la parole, & notre Emanuel; Son
nom eſt grand, Jeſus eſt l'admirable, Le
Conſeiller, le Dieu fort, éternel.
3. C'eſt la ſemence à nos peres promiſe,
Qui, par ſa mort, a briſé le ſerpent; Et
dont Jacob, Eſaie & Moïſe, Avoient
prédit l'heureux avénement.
4. De ce Sauveur annonçons la naiſſance,
Et célébrons ſa grande humilité, Jetons
des cris de joie en ſa préſence, Et pu-
blions ſa grande charité.
PAUSE.
5. Quoi! des pécheurs revêtir la nature,
Mortelle, infirme, ô quel abaiſſement!
Le Créateur devenir créature, O quel pro-
fond

fond anéantiſſement!

6. Dans ce néant que chacun le contemple,

En s'approchant de ſon abject berceau,

Et que chacun apprenne à ſon exemple,

Pour être heureux, à naître de nouveau.

7. Eſprit divin, qui conçus dans Marie

De Jeſus Chriſt, le corps immaculé,

Produis en nous une nouvelle vie, Un

eſprit pur, un cœur renouvellé.

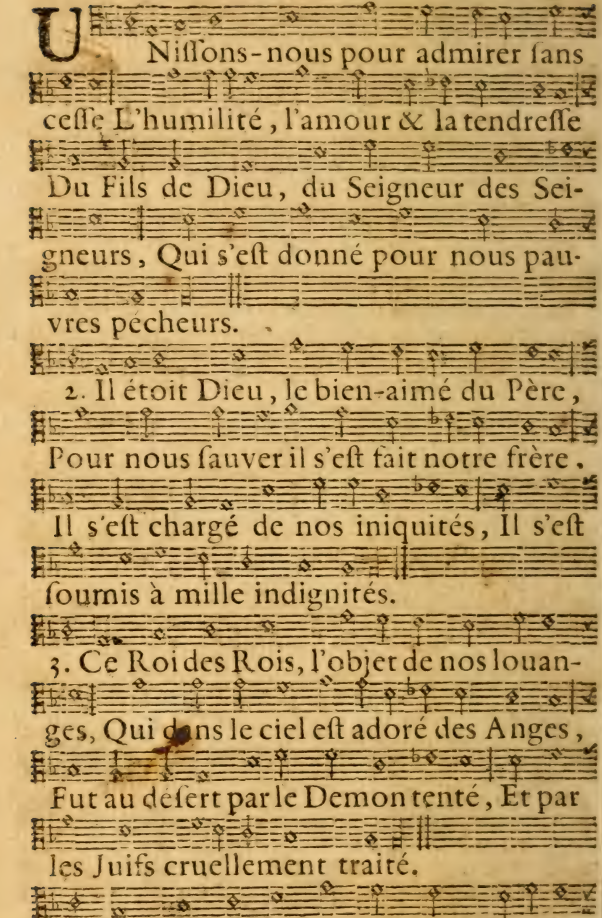
8. Et toi Soleil de grace & de juſtice,

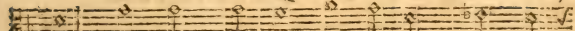
Qui te revêts de notre humanité, Sur les

mortels jette un regard propice, Et ſur

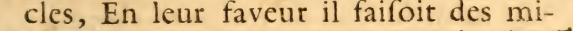
nous tous, fais luire ta clarté.

CANTIQUE XIX. *Pſ.* 8.

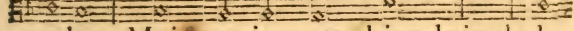




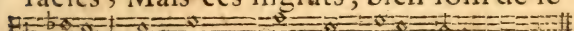
cles, En leur faveur il faiſoit des mi-



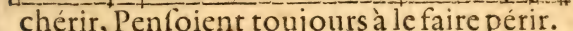
racles ; Mais ces ingrats, bien loin de le



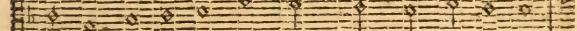
chérir, Penſoient toujours à le faire périr.



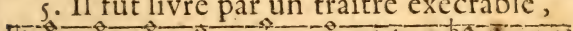
5. Il fut livré par un traître exécrable,



Par l'un de ceux qui mangeoient à ſa ta-

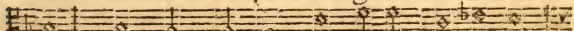


ble; Pour de l'argent ce lâche déſerteur,

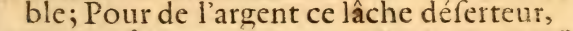


Trahit ſon Roi, ſon Dieu, ſon bienfaiteur.

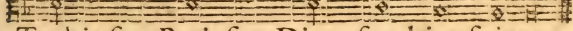
PAUSE I.



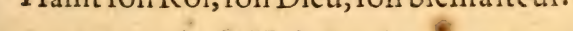
6. Jeſus ſavoit de ce traître, la haine,



Après qu'il eut inſtitué ſa Cène, Il ſe ren-

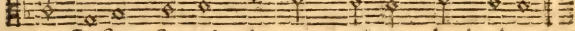


dit, des onze accompagné, Dans un

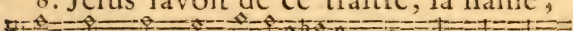


jardin nommé Gethſemané.

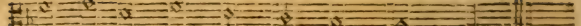
7. Alors preſſé d'une douleur amère, Il



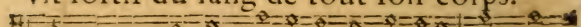
invoqua, juſqu'à trois fois, ſon Père, Et



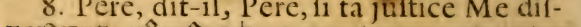
ſon eſprit fit de ſi grands efforts, Qu'on



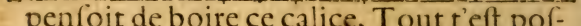
vit ſortir du ſang de tout ſon corps.



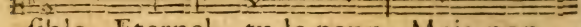
8. Père, dit-il, Père, ſi ta juſtice Me diſ-



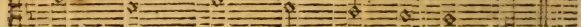
penſoit de boire ce calice, Tout t'eſt poſ-



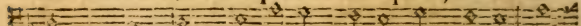
ſible, Eternel, tu le peux, Mais non,



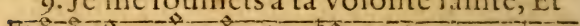
mon Dieu, non point ce que je veux.



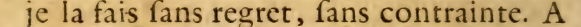
9. Je me ſoumets à ta volonté ſainte, Et



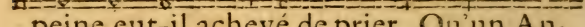
je la fais ſans regret, ſans contrainte. A



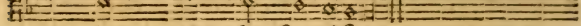
peine eut-il achevé de prier, Qu'un An-



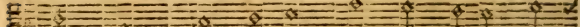
ge vint pour le fortifier.



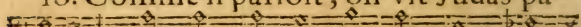
10. Comme il parloit, on vit Judas pa-



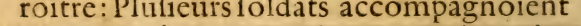
roître: Pluſieurs ſoldats accompagnoient



ce traître, Qui vers Jeſus, à grands pas



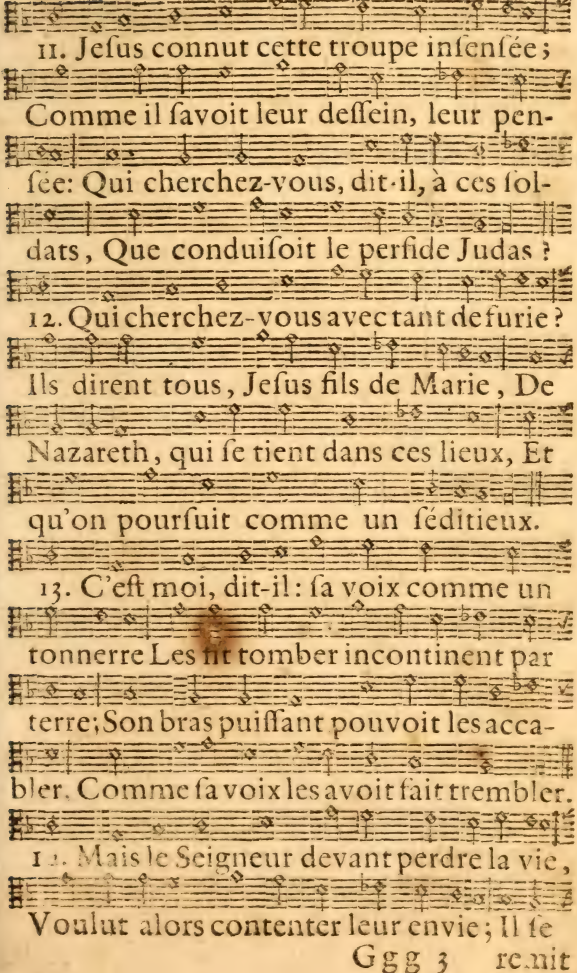
s'avançoient, Et qui par-tout avec ſoin



le cherchoient.

PAUSE

PAUSE II.


11. Jesus connut cette troupe insensée;
Comme il savoit leur dessein, leur pen-
sée: Qui cherchez-vous, dit-il, à ces sol-
dats, Que conduisoit le perfide Judas?
12. Qui cherchez-vous avec tant de furie?
Ils dirent tous, Jesus fils de Marie, De
Nazareth, qui se tient dans ces lieux, Et
qu'on poursuit comme un séditieux.
13. C'est moi, dit-il: sa voix comme un
tonnerre Les fit tomber incontinent par
terre; Son bras puissant pouvoit les acca-
bler. Comme sa voix les avoit fait trembler.
14. Mais le Seigneur devant perdre la vie,
Voulut alors contenter leur envie; Il se

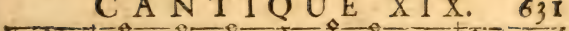
remit lui-même entre les mains Et de
Judas & des soldats Romains.

15. Notre Sauveur fut conduit vers Caï-
phe; (C'étoit le grand & Souverain Pon-
tife) Dans son Conseil ce Sacrificateur
Interrogea le divin Rédempteur:

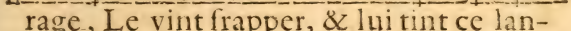
16. Il demanda son nom, son origine,
Ses sectateurs, ses amis, sa doctrine;
Jesus lui dit, j'ai prêché hautement, Au
Temple même, & sans déguisement.

17. Je suis connu dans toute la Judée,
Et j'ai vécu long-tems en Galilée: Infor-
mes toi de tous mes auditeurs, Quels ont
été mes discours & mes mœurs.

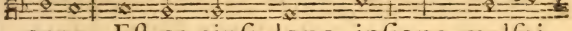
18. Dans cet instant, un sergent plein de
rage



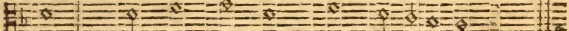
rage, Le vint frapper, & lui tint ce lan-



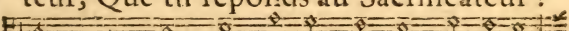
gage: Eſt-ce ainſi donc, inſigne malfai-



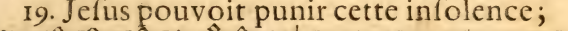
teur, Que tu réponds au Sacrificateur?



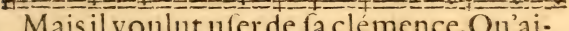
19. Jeſus pouvoit punir cette inſolence;



Mais il voulut uſer de ſa clémence. Qu'ai-

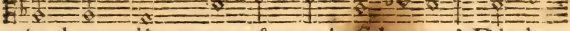


je donc dit, pour être ainſi battu? Dit le

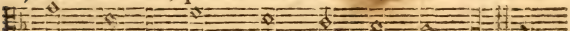


Seigneur: Pourquoi me frappes-tu?

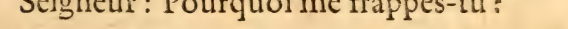
PAUSE III.



20. Deux ſcélérats alors ſe préſentèrent,

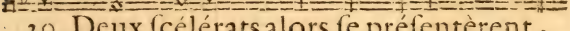


Qui, contre lui, fauſſement dépoſèrent:

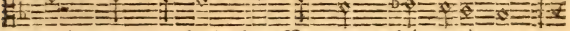


Jeſus ſe tut par un juſte mépris; Le ſou-

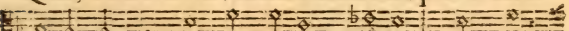
verain Pontife en fut ſurpris.



21. Pourquoi, dit il, gardes-tu le ſilen-

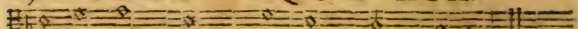


ce? Si tu nous peux prouver ton innocen-

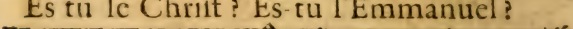


ce, Déclare-nous, par le Dieu d'Iſraël,

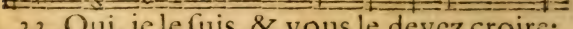
Es-tu



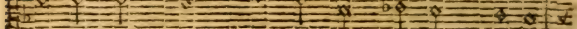
Es tu le Christ ? Es-tu l'Emmanuel ?



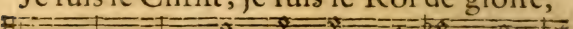
22. Oui, je le suis, & vous le devez croire;



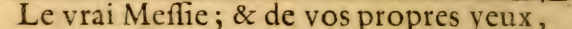
Je suis le Christ, je suis le Roi de gloire,



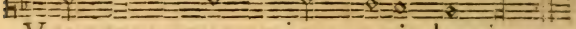
Le vrai Messie ; & de vos propres yeux,



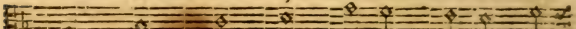
Vous me verrez un jour venir des cieux.



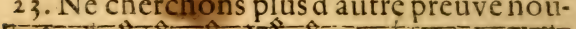
23. Ne cherchons plus d'autre preuve nou-



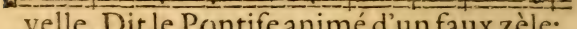
velle, Dit le Pontife animé d'un faux zèle:



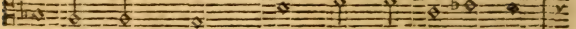
Il ne faut point d'autre éclaircissement,



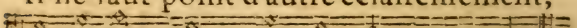
Et sur le champ rompit son vêtement.



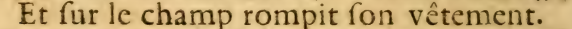
24. Ce criminel se condamne lui-même :



Vous entendez son horrible blasphême.

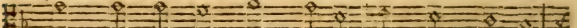


Incontinent, tout d'un commun accord,



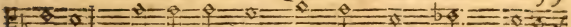
Le grand Conseil le condamne à la mort.

PAUSE IV.

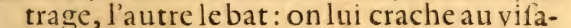


25. Dans ce moment, l'un le charge d'ou-

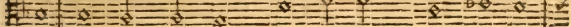
trage,



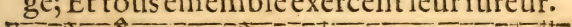
trage, l'autre le bat : on lui crache au visa-



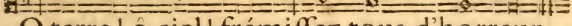
ge; Et tous ensemble exercent leur fureur.



O terre ! ô ciel ! frémissez tous d'horreur.

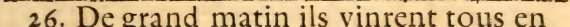


26. De grand matin ils vinrent tous en

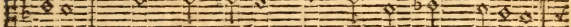


hâte, Vers le Palais où se tenoit Pilate.

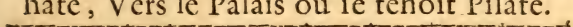
Nous t'amenons, dirent ces furieux, Le



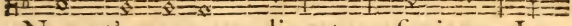
plus méchant de tous les factieux ;



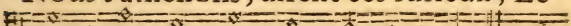
27. Un séducteur plein de ruse & d'auda-



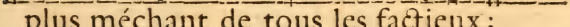
ce, Et qui surprend toute la populace; Un



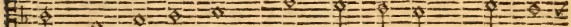
faux Prophête, un insigne imposteur, Qui



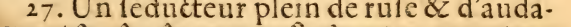
se fait Roi, malgré notre Empereur.



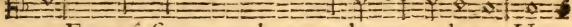
28 Le Gouverneur entra dans le Prétoire



Avec Jesus, & lui dit : dois-je croire Ce

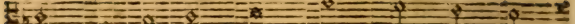


que ces gens dépofent contre toi ? Quel

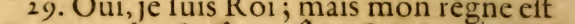


est ton crime, & te fais-tu donc Roi ?

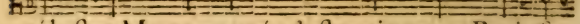
29. Oui



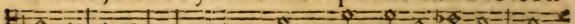
29. Oui, je ſuis Roi ; mais mon règne eſt



céleſte; Ma royauté n'eſt point aux Rois fu-

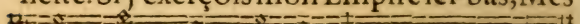


neſte. Si j'exerçois mon Empire ici-bas, Mes

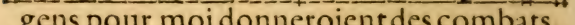


gens pour moi donneroient des combats.

PAUSE V.

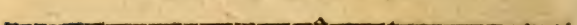


30. Je ſuis né Roi, pour rendre témoi-



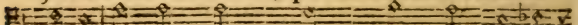
gnage A ce grand Dieu, dont je porte

l'image : Je ſuis venu prêcher ſa vérité,



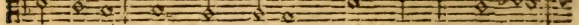
Et je l'annonce avec autorité.

31. Le Gouverneur, qui, Payen d'origi-

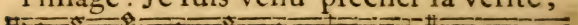


ne, Ne comprit point du Sauveur la doc-

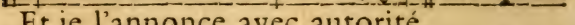
trine, Quitta Jéſus, comme le mépriſant,



Et dit aux Juifs, cet homme eſt innocent.

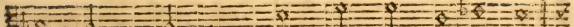


32. Je ne vois rien qui le rende coupable:

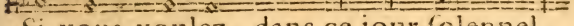


Il ne doit point vous être redoutable.

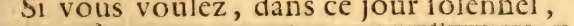
Si



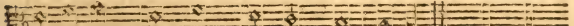
Si vous voulez, dans ce jour solennel,



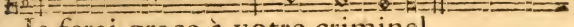
Je ferai grace à votre criminel.



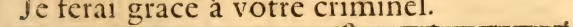
33. Non, dirent-ils, mais qu'il perde



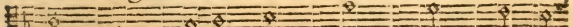
la vie; Il doit mourir, & qu'on le cru-



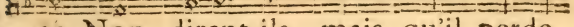
cifie. Relâche nous le brigand Barrabas;



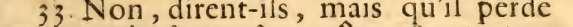
Garantis-le, par grace, du trépas.



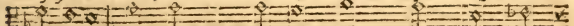
34. Le Gouverneur étonné de leur rage,



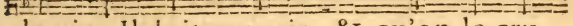
Pour détourner de Jésus cet orage, S'ima-



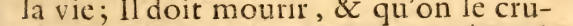
gina qu'en le faisant fouetter, Il les pour-



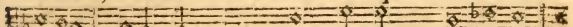
roit peut-être contenter.



35. Alors on vit, ô fureur exécrable! Le

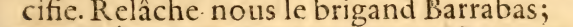


Fils de Dieu, le Sauveur adorable, Fouet-



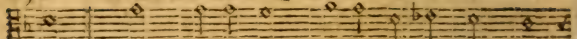
té, battu par d'indignes mortels, Pour

nous sauver des tourmens éternels.

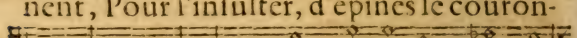


36. Tous ces soldats cruels qui l'environ-

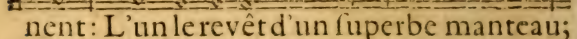
nent,



nent, Pour l'insulter, d'épines le couron-

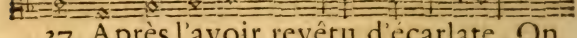


nent: L'un le revêt d'un superbe manteau;

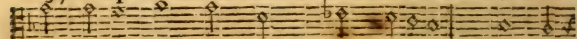


L'autre lui met dans la main un roseau.

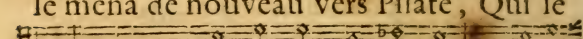
PAUSE VI.



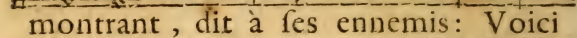
37. Après l'avoir revêtu d'écarlate, On



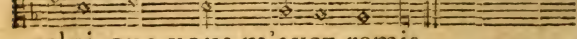
le mena de nouveau vers Pilate, Qui le



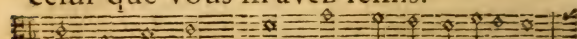
montrant, dit à ses ennemis: Voici



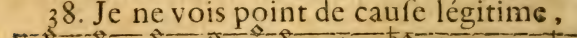
celui que vous m'avez remis.



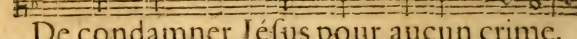
38. Je ne vois point de cause légitime,



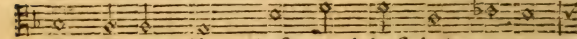
De condamner Jésus pour aucun crime.



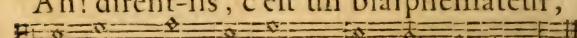
Ah! dirent-ils, c'est un blasphémateur,



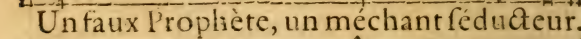
Un faux Prophète, un méchant séducteur.



39. Notre Loi veut qu'un tel homme

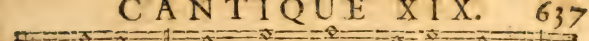


périsse: Nous demandons qu'on nous

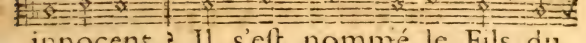


fasse justice. Comment peux-tu l'appeler

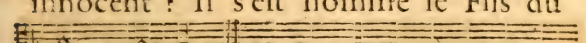
innocent



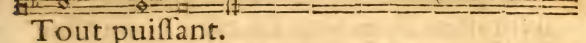
innocent ? Il s'eſt nommé le Fils du



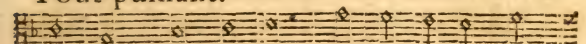
Tout puiſſant.



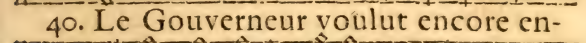
40. Le Gouverneur voulut encore en-



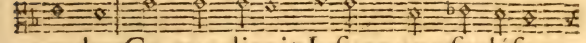
tendre Ce que diroit Jeſus pour ſe défen-



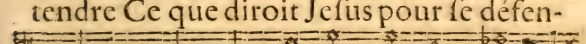
dre. De quel pays es-tu, dit ce Payen ?



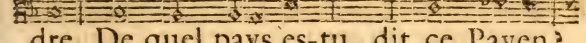
Mais le Sauveur ne lui répondit rien.



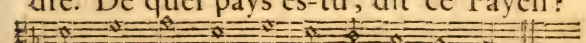
41. Pilate fut ſurpris de ſon ſilence.



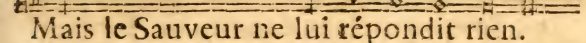
Quoi ! lui dit-il, connois-tu ma puiſſance ?



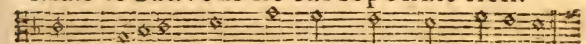
C'eſt moi qui puis diſpoſer de ton ſort,



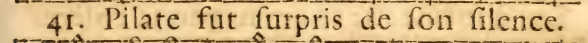
Et j'ai ſur toi droit de vie & de mort.



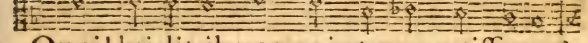
42. Tu ne peux rien, dit Jéſus, ſur ma



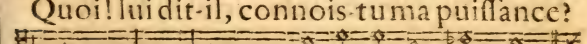
vie, Toi, ni les Juifs, qu'une cruelle



envie Rend contre moi, ſans ſujet, fu-

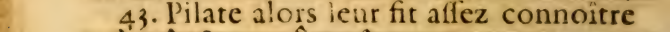


rieux, S'il ne t'étoit donné du Dieu des

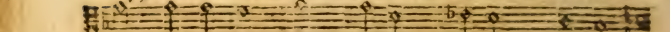


cieux.

PAUSE VII.

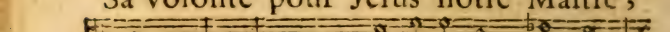


43. Pilate alors leur fit assez connoître

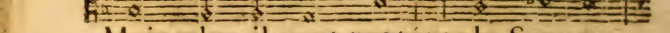


Sa volonté pour Jésus notre Maître ;

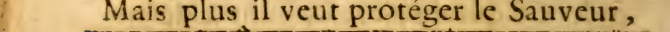
Mais plus il veut protéger le Sauveur,



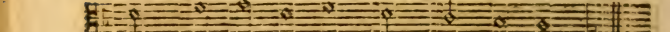
Plus contre lui les Juifs ont de fureur.



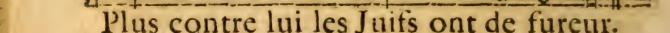
44. Serois-tu donc ennemi de Tibère ?



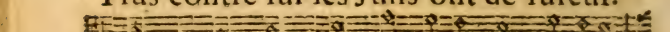
Lui disoient-ils : tu crains peu sa colère.



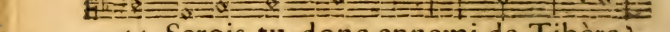
Quoi ! tu défends Jésus, qui se fait Roi !



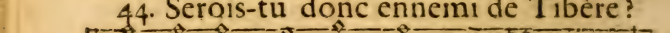
Il doit mourir, & selon notre Loi.



45. Alors sa lâche & basse complaisan-

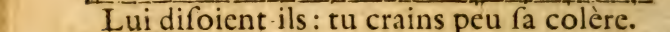


ce Lui fit livrer Jésus à leur vengeance ;

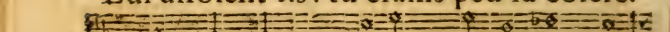


Mais détestant leurs actes inhumains, En

leur présence il se lava les mains.

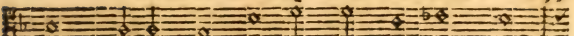


46. Si je vous faits, dit-il, ce sacrifice,

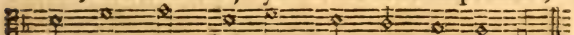


Vous serez tous chargés de l'injustice.

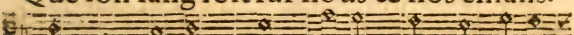
Oui,



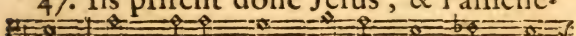
Oui, dirent-ils joyeux & triomphans,



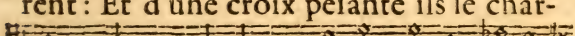
Que ſon ſang ſoit ſur nous & nos enfans.



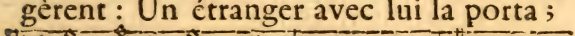
47. Ils prirent donc Jéſus, & l'amenè-



rent: Et d'une croix peſante ils le char-

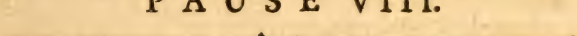


gèrent: Un étranger avec lui la porta;

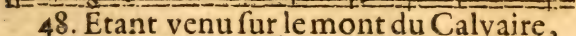


Il fut ainſi conduit en Golgotha.

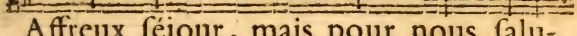
PAUSE VIII.



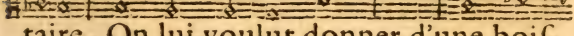
48. Etant venu ſur le mont du Calvaire,



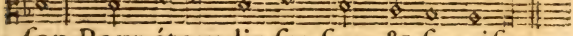
Affreux ſéjour, mais pour nous ſalu-



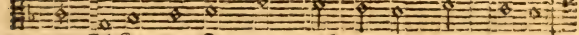
taire, On lui voulut donner d'une boiſ-



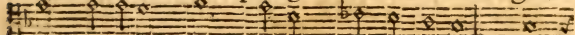
ſon Pour étourdir ſes ſens & ſa raiſon.



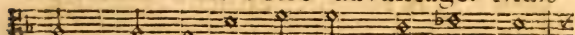
49. Jéſus ne fit que goûter ce breuvage,



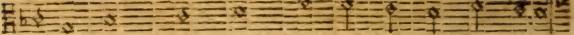
Et refuſa d'en boire davantage. Mais



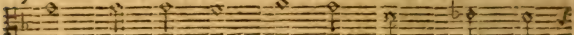
bien qu'il fût le puiſſant Roi des Rois,



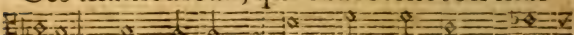
Il ſe laiſſa clouer ſur une croix.



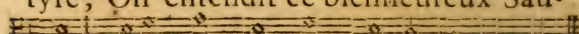
50. Alors, bien loin d'accabler, de détruire



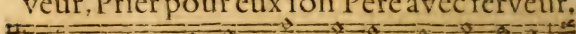
Ces malheureux, qui causoient son mar-



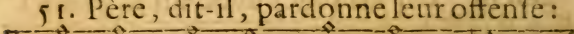
tyre, On entendit ce bienheureux Sau-



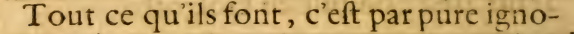
veur, Prier pour eux son Père avec ferveur.



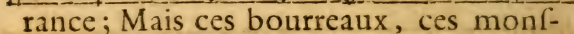
51. Père, dit-il, pardonne leur offense:



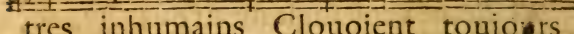
Tout ce qu'ils font, c'est par pure igno-



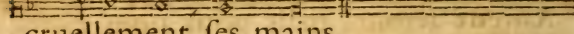
rance; Mais ces bourreaux, ces monst-



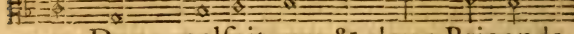
tres inhumains Clouoient toujours



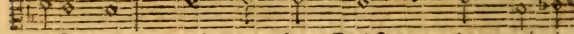
cruellement ses mains.



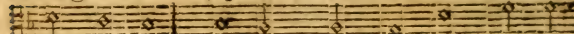
52. Deux malfaiteurs & deux Brigands



insignes, Qui par les Juifs avoient été

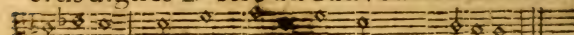


crus dignes D'être au Sauveur du monde



associés, A ses côtés étoient crucifiés.

PAUSE IX.



53. L'un d'eux connut la parfaite inno-

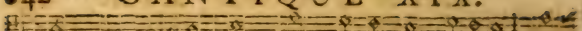
cence

cence Du Rédempteur, dont il prit la dé-
fense; Il découvrit, par les yeux de sa foi,
Que ce Jésus qu'il voyoit, étoit Roi.

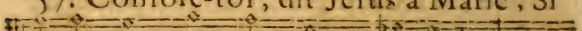
54. Et tout rempli d'une sainte assuran-
ce, Seigneur, dit il, daigne, par ta clé-
mence, Quand tu seras dans ton règne
éternel, Te souvenir d'un pauvre criminel.

55. Puisque sur moi tout ton espoir se
fonde, Lui répondit le Rédempteur du
monde, Aujourd'hui même avec moi, je te
dis Que tu seras dans mon saint Paradis.

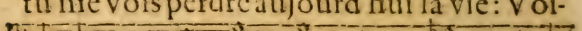
56. Près de sa croix il apperçut sa Mère,
Qui ressentoit une douleur amère De voir
mourir ainsi cruellement Son divin Fils,
qu'elle aimoit tendrement.



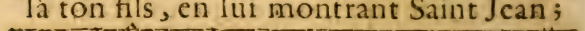
57. Console-toi, dit Jesus à Marie, Si



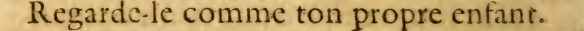
tu me vois perdre aujourd'hui la vie: Voi-



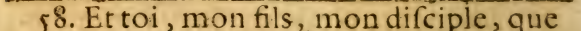
là ton fils, en lui montrant Saint Jean;



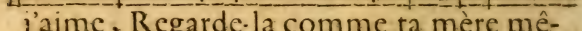
Regarde-le comme ton propre enfant.



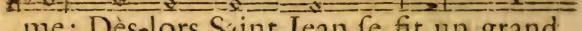
58. Et toi, mon fils, mon disciple, que



j'aime, Regarde-la comme ta mère mê-

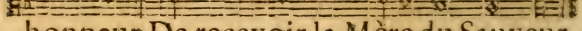


me: Dès-lors Saint Jean se fit un grand

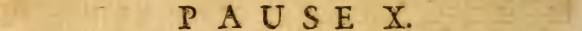


honneur De recevoir la Mère du Sauveur.

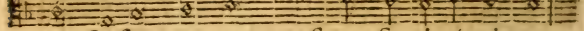
PAUSE X.



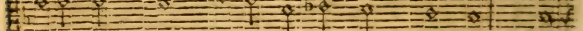
59. Jésus voyant presque sa vie éteinte,



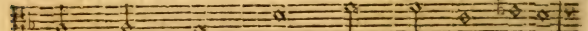
Fit à son Dieu cette triste complainte: Mon



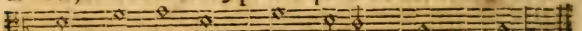
Dieu, mon Dieu, pourquoi m'as-tu laissé,



Loin de secours, de mille maux pressé?

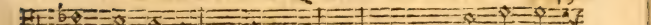


60. L'astre du jour, le plus grand lumi-

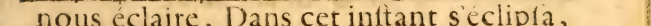


naire, Ce beau flambeau des cieux qui

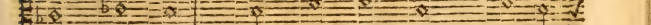
nous



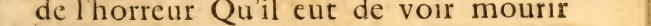
nous éclaire, Dans cet instant s'éclipsa,



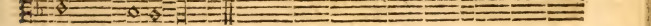
de l'horreur Qu'il eut de voir mourir



son Créateur.

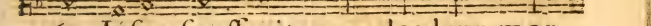


61. Jésus souffroit une douleur mor-

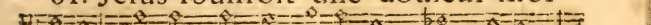


telle, Que lui causoit une soif très-cruelle:

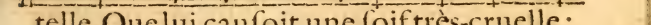
J'ai soif, dit-il, & quelqu'un accourut,



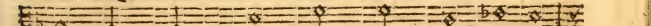
Qui lui porta du vinaigre: il en but.



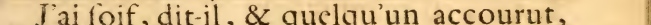
62. Dès qu'il eut pris un peu de ce breu-



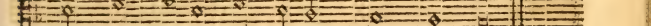
vage, Père, dit-il, j'ai consommé l'ouvra-



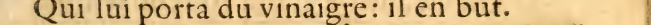
ge Que je devois accomplir dans ce jour:



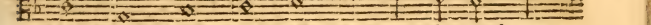
Reçois l'esprit du Fils de ton amour.



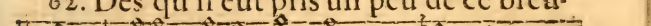
63. Après ces mots, en inclinant sa



tête, Notre Sauveur, notre divin Pro-



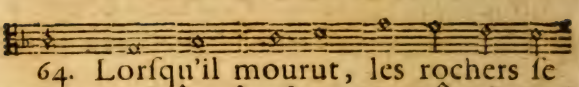
phète, Rendit l'esprit, qui faisant un ef-



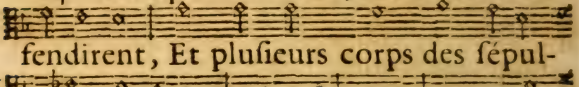
fort, Laissa son corps en dépôt à la mort.

PAUSE

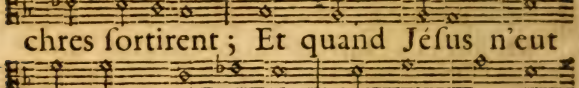
PAUSE XI.



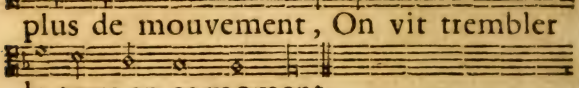
64. Lorſqu'il mourut, les rochers ſe



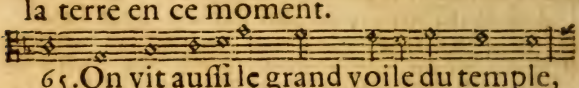
fendirent, Et pluſieurs corps des ſépul-



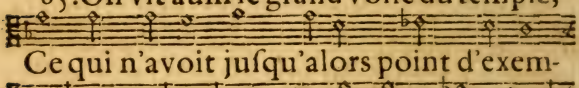
chres ſortirent ; Et quand Jéſus n'eut



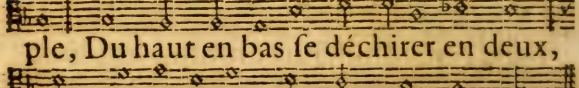
plus de mouvement, On vit trembler



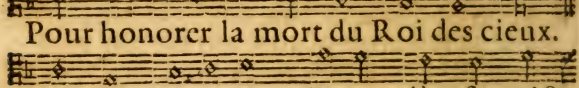
la terre en ce moment.



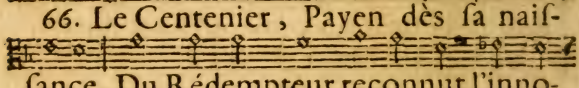
65. On vit auſſi le grand voile du temple,



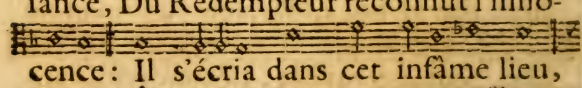
Ce qui n'avoit juſqu'alors point d'exem-



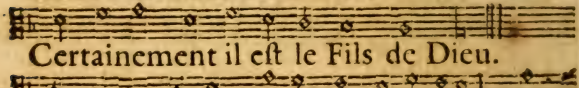
ple, Du haut en bas ſe déchirer en deux,



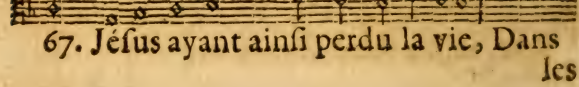
Pour honorer la mort du Roi des cieux.



66. Le Centenier, Payen dès ſa naiſ-

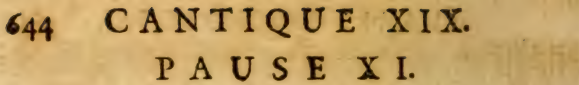


ſance, Du Rédempteur reconnut l'inno-



cence : Il s'écria dans cet infâme lieu,

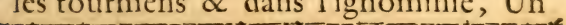
Certainement il eſt le Fils de Dieu.



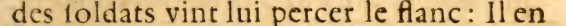
67. Jéſus ayant ainſi perdu la vie, Dans

les

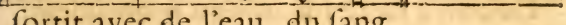
les tourmens & dans l'ignominie, Un



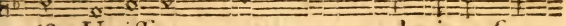
des ſoldats vint lui percer le flanc: Il en



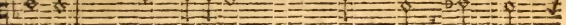
ſortit avec de l'eau, du ſang.



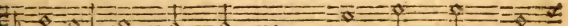
68. Uniſſons-nous pour admirer ſans



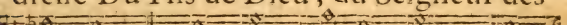
ceſſe L'humilité, l'amour & la ten-



dreſſe Du Fils de Dieu, du Seigneur des

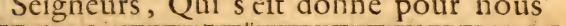


Seigneurs, Qui s'eſt donné pour nous



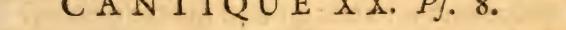
pauvres pécheurs.

CANTIQUE XX. *Pſ.* 8.

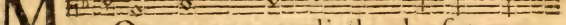


M On cœur rempli de choſes ma-

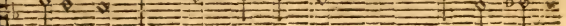
gnifiques, Veut ſe répandre en de ſacrés



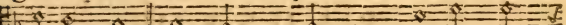
cantiques. Je veux chanter, de la bou-



che & du cœur, Mon glorieux & divin



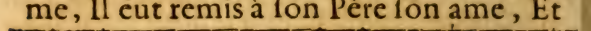
Rédempteur.



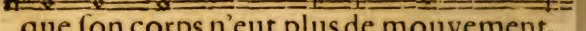
2. Lorſque mourant ſur une croix infa-

me,

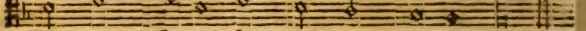
me, Il eut remis à ſon Père ſon ame, Et



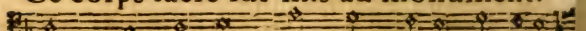
que ſon corps n'eut plus de mouvement,



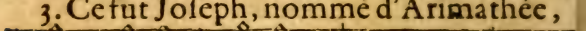
Ce corps ſacré fut mis au monument.



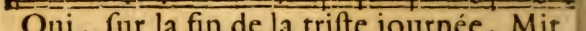
3. Ce fut Joſeph, nommé d'Arimathée,



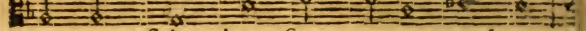
Qui, ſur la fin de la triſte journée, Mit



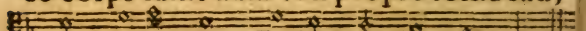
ce corps ſaint dans ſon propre tombeau,



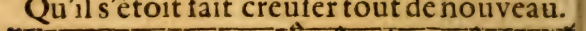
Qu'il s'étoit fait creuſer tout de nouveau.



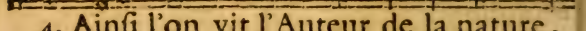
4. Ainſi l'on vit l'Auteur de la nature,



Couché ſans vie en une grotte obſcure:

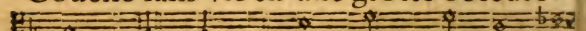


Mais quoiqu'il eut des grands pécheurs le

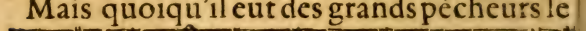


ſort, Il fut pourtant diſtingué dans ſa mort.

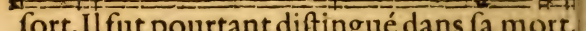
PAUSE I.



5. Ses ennemis toujours remplis d'envie,



Et non contens qu'il eut perdu la vie,



Vinrent trouver Pilate, Gouverneur, Et

firent

firent voir leur crainte & leur fureur.

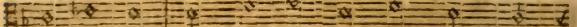
6. Il nous souvient, lui dirent ils encore,
Que ce Jésus, que notre peuple abhore,
Avoit prédit qu'en effet il mourroit, Et
que bientôt il ressusciteroit.

7. Nous craignons donc que sa troupe
fidèle, Pleine pour lui d'ardeur & de faux
zèle, N'ôte son corps, & n'aille publiant
Que ce Jésus n'est plus mort, mais vivant.

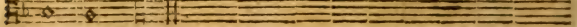
8. Pour empêcher une telle imposture,
Nous te prions qu'une garde bien sûre
S'aille poster près de son monument,
Pour le garder, & très-exactement.

9. Le Gouverneur donna les mains, sans
peine, Aux vains desirs de la troupe in-
humaine,

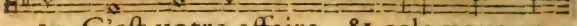
humaine: Faites, dit il, ce que vous



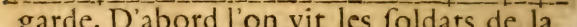
demandez, Et gardez-le comme vous



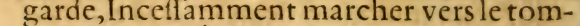
l'entendez.



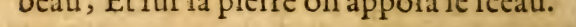
10. C'eſt votre affaire, & cela vous re-



garde. D'abord l'on vit les ſoldats de la

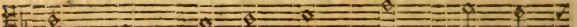


garde, Inceſſamment marcher vers le tom-

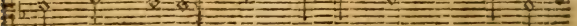


beau, Et ſur la pierre on appoſa le ſceau.

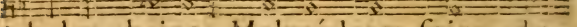
PAUSE II.



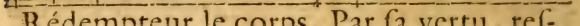
11. Mais c'eſt en vain qu'ils prennent



tant de peine, Pour étouffer cet objet



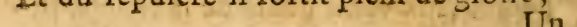
de leur haine: Malgré leurs ſoins, du



Rédempteur le corps, Par ſa vertu, reſ-

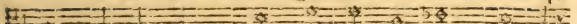
ſuſcita des morts.

12. Il remporta ſur la mort la victoire,

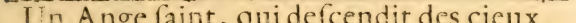


Et du ſépulcre il ſortit plein de gloire;

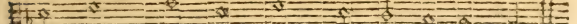
Un



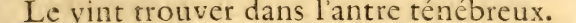
Un Ange ſaint, qui deſcendit des cieux,



Le vint trouver dans l'antre ténébreux.

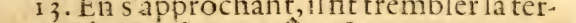


13. En s'approchant, il fit trembler la ter-

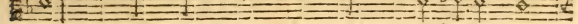


re, Et du tombeau ſa main roula la pier-

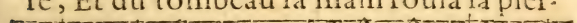
re; Et le Seigneur, par un divin effort,



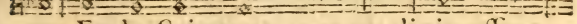
Sortit vainqueur des priſons de la mort.



14. Il fut trois jours dans ſa demeure

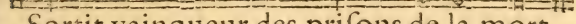


obſcure, Sans reſſentir aucune pourri-

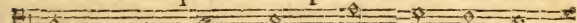


ture, Comme Jonas, grand Prophète

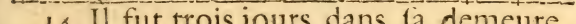
des Juifs, Dans un poiſſon fut trois



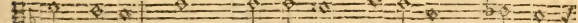
jours & trois nuits.



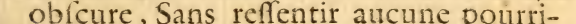
15. Dans le premier des jours de la ſe-



maine, On vit la mort, cette affreuſe ba-

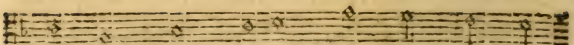


leine, Rendre le corps du Roi de l'uni-

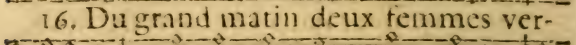


vers, Malgré Satan, le Prince des Enfers.

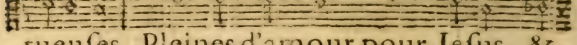
PAUSE III.



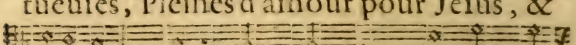
16. Du grand matin deux femmes ver-



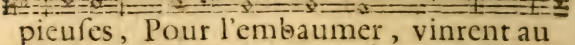
tueuſes, Pleines d'amour pour Jeſus, &



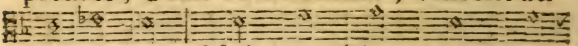
pieuſes, Pour l'embaumer, vinrent au



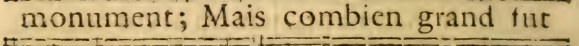
monument; Mais combien grand fut



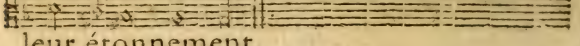
leur étonnement.



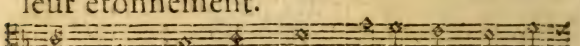
17. Lorſqu'à leurs yeux parut l'un de ces



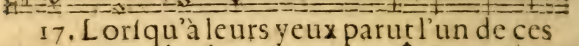
Anges, Qui du Très-haut célèbrent les



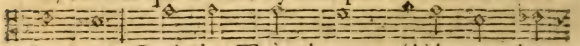
louanges; A ſon aſpect une grande frayeur



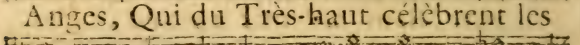
Incontinent s'empara de leur cœur.



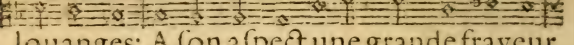
18. Ne craignez rien de triſte & de fu-



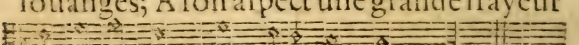
neſte, Leur dit alors le meſſager céleſte:



Ne cherchez plus Jéſus entre les morts;

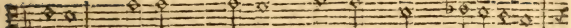


Voyez l'endroit où repoſoit ſon corps.

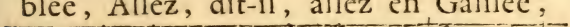


19. Et comme il vit leur ame encor trou-

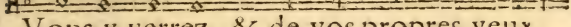
blée,



blée, Allez, dit-il, allez en Galilée,

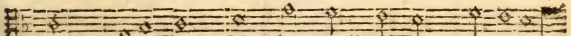


Vous y verrez, & de vos propres yeux,

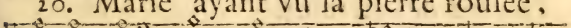


Votre Sauveur vivant & glorieux.

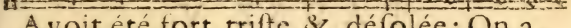
PAUSE IV.



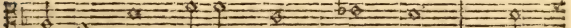
20. Marie ayant vu la pierre roulée,



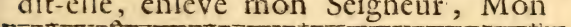
Avoit été fort triſte & déſolée: On a,



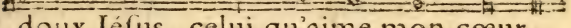
dit-elle, enlevé mon Seigneur, Mon



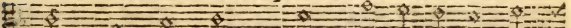
doux Jéſus, celui qu'aime mon cœur.



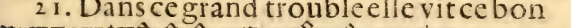
21. Dans ce grand trouble elle vit ce bon



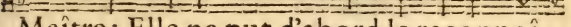
Maître; Elle ne put d'abord le reconnoî-



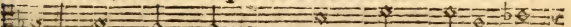
tre. Femme, dit-il, pourquoi t'affliges-



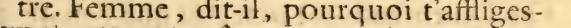
tu? Quel mal te rend le viſage abattu?



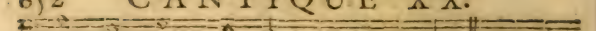
22. Une aventure affligeante & cruelle,



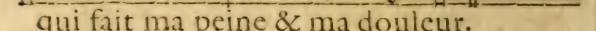
On a ravi, hélas! s'écria-t-elle, Le corps



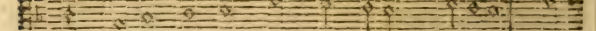
ſacré de mon doux bienfaiteur; C'eſt ce



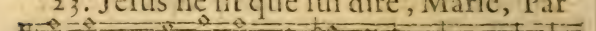
qui fait ma peine & ma douleur.



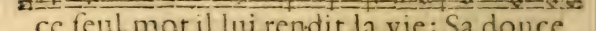
23. Jésus ne fit que lui dire, Marie, Par



ce seul mot il lui rendit la vie; Sa douce

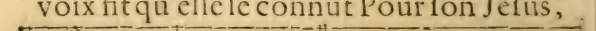


voix fit qu'elle le connut Pour son Jésus,

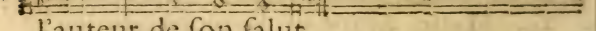


l'auteur de son salut.

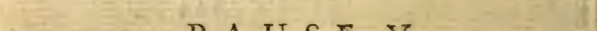
PAUSE V.



24. De ce Sauveur une seule parole Ta-

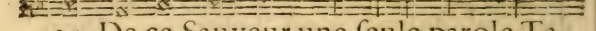


rit ses pleurs, la soutient, la console; Et

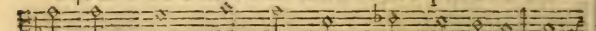


contemplant ce vainqueur de la mort,

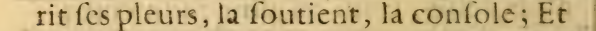
Dans ce moment elle eut un saint transport.



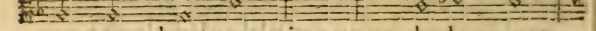
25. Qu'entends-je? ô ciel! & que vois-je



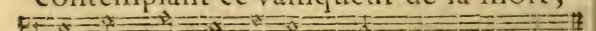
paroître? Mon doux Jésus, mon Sei-



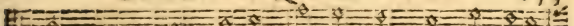
gneur & mon Maître? Elle voulut de



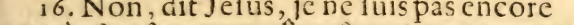
plus près s'approcher, Et de ses mains



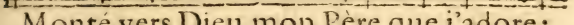
son propre corps toucher.



16. Non, dit Jésus, je ne suis pas encore

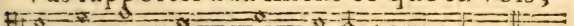


Monté vers Dieu mon Père que j'adore:

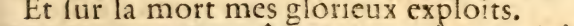


Vas rapporter aux miens ce que tu vois,

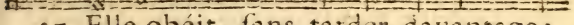
Et sur la mort mes glorieux exploits.



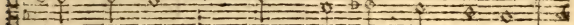
17. Elle obéit, sans tarder davantage:



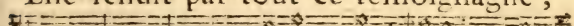
Elle rendit par-tout ce témoignagne,



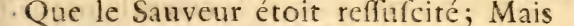
Que le Sauveur étoit ressuscité; Mais



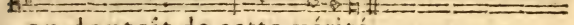
on doutoit de cette vérité.



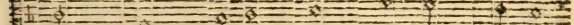
18. Deux néanmoins de la troupe



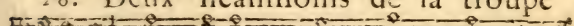
fidelle, Pour Jésus-Christ pleins d'amour



& de zèle, Céphas & Jean vinrent au

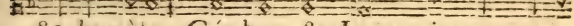


monument: L'un d'eux ne vit que les

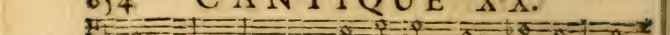


draps seulement.

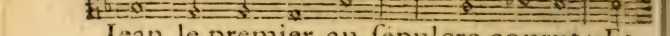
19 Saint Pierre y vit de Jésus le suaire,



Et près de-là quelque drap mortuaire.

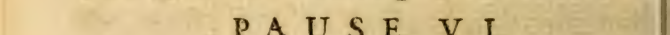


Jean le premier au sépulcre courut; Et

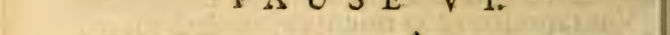


dès qu'il eut vu ses linges, il crut.

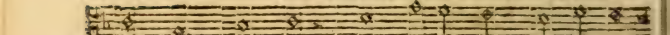
PAUSE VI.



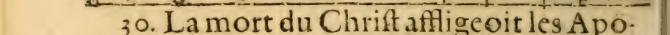
30. La mort du Christ affligeoit les Apo-



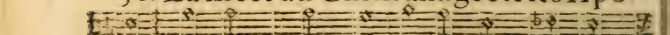
tres; Elle en troubloit avec eux plusieurs



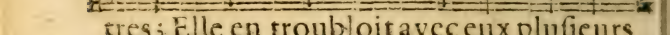
autres; Deux de ceux-ci, (l'un nommé



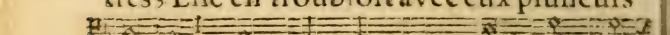
Cléophas) Vers Emaüs avancèrent leurs pas.



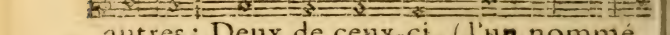
31. Comme ils marchoient, le Seigneur



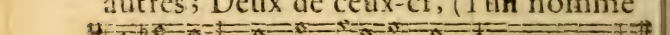
plein de vie, s'approcha d'eux, & leur



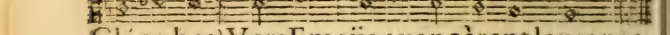
fit compagnie; Mais aucun d'eux ne



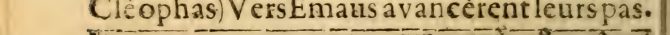
connut le Sauveur, Quoique lui seul fit



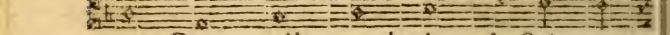
toute leur douleur.



32. Le port, la voix de leur Seigneur &



Maître, Ne le leur put point faire recon-



noître. Jésus voyant leur consternation,

S'informa

S'informa d'eux de leur affliction.

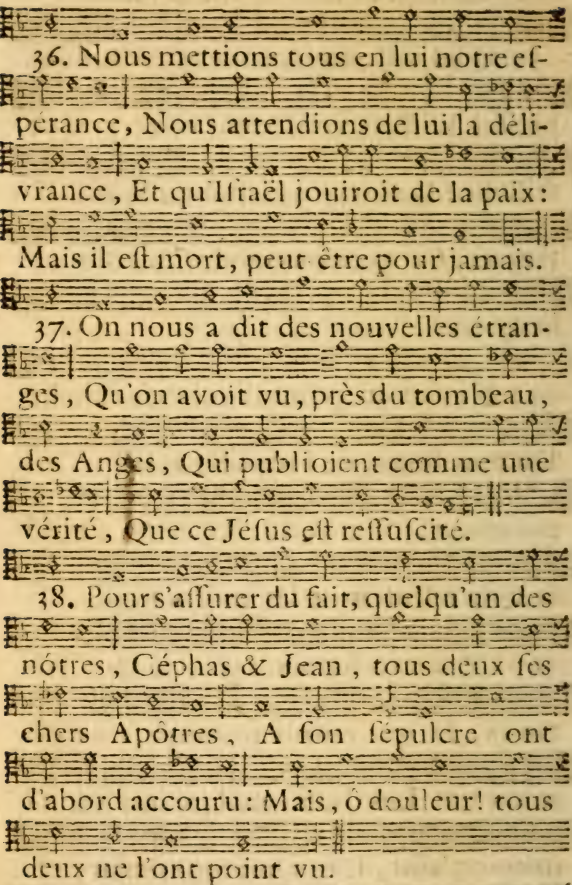
33. Quel mal, dit il, vous afflige & vous
preſſe? Et d'où vous vient cette grande
triſteſſe? Ignores-tu, répondit l'un d'en-
tre eux, Ce qui nous rend triſtes & mal-
heureux?

34. Ne ſais-tu point l'aventure funeſte
Du bon Jéſus, ce Prophète céleſte, Qui
guériſſoit, par ſa vertu, les corps, Et par
ſa voix reſſuſcitoit les morts?

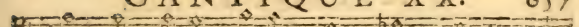
35. Dont les diſcours étoient autant d'o-
racles, Et qui faiſoit toujours tant de
miracles? Les Juifs, malgré ces éton-
nans exploits, L'ont fait mourir ſur une
infâme croix.

PAUSE

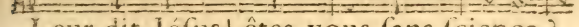
PAUSE VII.



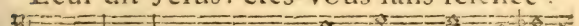
Leur



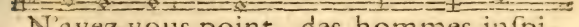
Leur dit Jésus! êtes-vous sans science ?



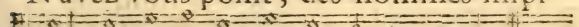
N'avez-vous point, des hommes inspi-



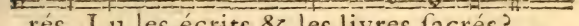
rés, Lu les écrits & les livres sacrés?



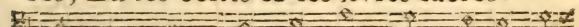
40. Ils nous ont dit, & vous devez le



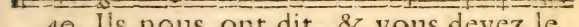
croire, Que, par la mort, le Christ vien-



droit en gloire; Qu'auparavant ce Ré-

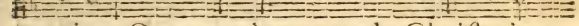


dempteur mourroit, Mais que des morts

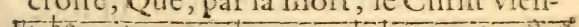


il ressuscitéroit.

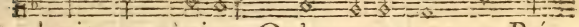
PAUSE VIII.



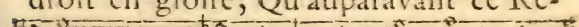
41. Il allégua premièrement Moïse, Ce



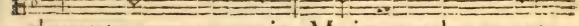
grand Prophète & Docteur de l'Eglise;



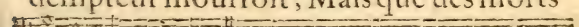
Puis il cita, pour confirmer leur foi, Les



saints Auteurs qui vivoient sous la Loi.



42. En discourant, ils vinrent au village,



Où se devoit terminer leur voyage. Jésus

faisant

faiſant ſemblant d'aller plus loin, De

l'arrêter ils prirent un grand ſoin.

43. Avec eux deux Jéſus ſe mit à table,

Il prit le pain, ce Sauveur adorable, Et

le bénit, levant au ciel les yeux, Et tout

d'un coup il fut connu par eux.

44. Il diſparut auſſitôt à leur vue, Com-

me l'éclair, lorſqu'il ſort de la nue: Il

les laiſſa remplis d'étonnement, D'avoir

été dans cet aveuglement.

45. Quoi! dirent-ils, nous n'avons pu

connoître Notre Jéſus, notre Sauveur

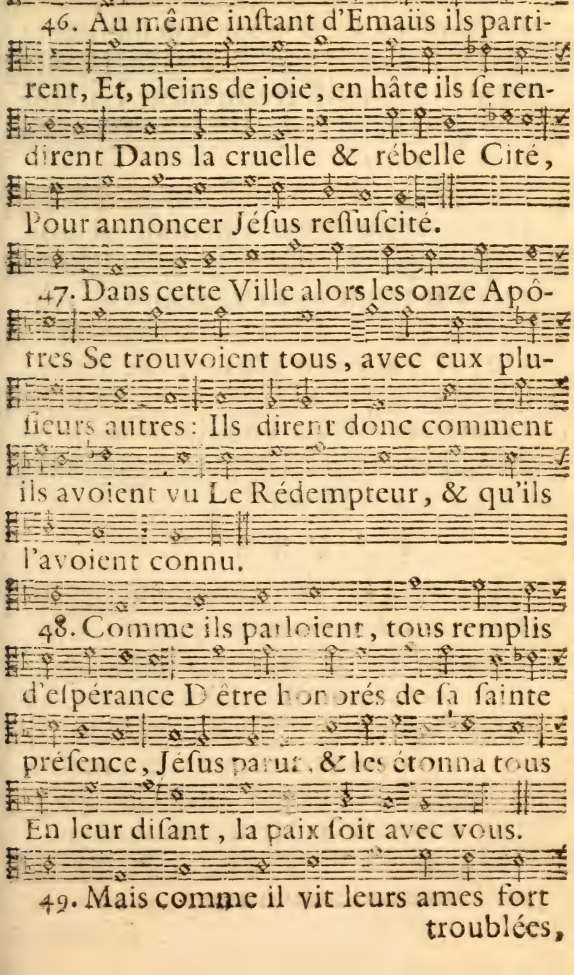
& Maître! Quand il parloit, nous ſen-

tions dans le cœur Un feu divin, une

ſainte ferveur.

PAUSE

PAUSE IX.


46. Au même instant d'Emaüs ils parti-
rent, Et, pleins de joie, en hâte ils se ren-
dirent Dans la cruelle & rébelle Cité,
Pour annoncer Jésus ressuscité.
47. Dans cette Ville alors les onze Apô-
tres Se trouvoient tous, avec eux plu-
sieurs autres: Ils dirent donc comment
ils avoient vu Le Rédempteur, & qu'ils
l'avoient connu.
48. Comme ils parloient, tous remplis
d'espérance D'être honorés de sa sainte
présence, Jésus parut, & les étonna tous
En leur disant, la paix soit avec vous.
49. Mais comme il vit leurs ames fort
troublées,

troublées, Et qu'il lisoit dans leurs cœurs
leurs pensées, Ce bon Sauveur lui-même
leur apprit Qu'ils se trompoient, croyant
voir un Esprit.

50. Ah! votre erreur, leur dit-il, est grossière: Un Esprit pur est exempt de matière, Il n'a point d'os, ni de chair, comme moi: D'où vous vient donc ce trouble & cet effroi?

PAUSE X.

51. Je suis Jésus, votre unique espérance, Dont le côté fut ouvert d'une lance: Contemplez le; voyez mes pieds, mes mains, Je suis Jésus, le Sauveur des humains.

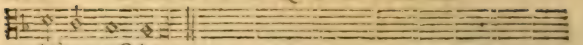
52. Comme ils doutoient, bien que pleins

pleins d'allégresse, Jesus ayant pitié de
leur foiblesse, Leur dit, voyant leur
grand étonnement, N'avez-vous rien à
manger maintenant?

53. Incontinent ces gens lui présentè-
rent Et du poisson, & du miel qu'ils man-
gèrent: Il en mangea, non par nécessité,
Mais pour guerir leur incrédulité.

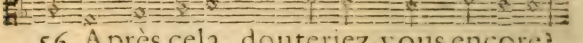
54. Avant que perdre honteusement la
vie, Leur disoit-il, ô ma troupe choisie,
Vous souvient-il que souvent je disois,
Qu'après ma mort je ressusciterois?

55. Je vous citois Daniel, Haïe, Le Roi
David, Moïse & Jérémie. Ils ont prédit
ma mort, ma passion: Ils ont prédit ma

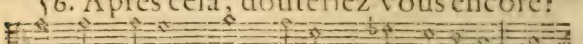


résurrection.

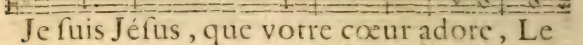
PAUSE XI.



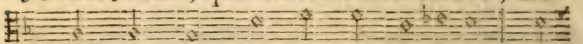
56. Après cela, douteriez vous encore?



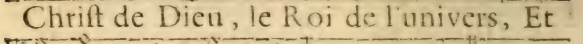
Je suis Jésus, que votre cœur adore, Le



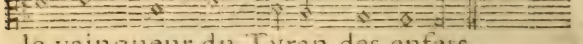
Christ de Dieu, le Roi de l'univers, Et



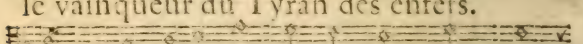
le vainqueur du Tyran des enfers.



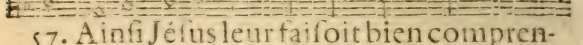
57. Ainsi Jésus leur faisoit bien compren-



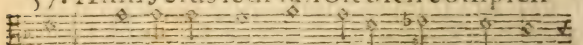
dre, Qu'il avoit dû premièrement descen-



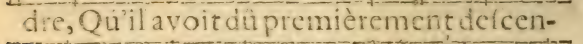
dre Dans un profond anéantissement,



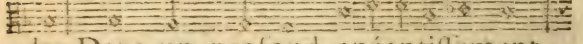
Etre couché trois jours au monument.



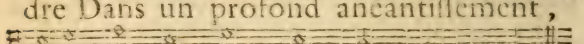
58. Mais qu'il devoit, de cette tombe noi-



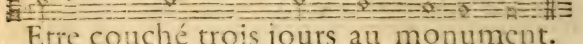
re, Sortir bientôt tout rayonnant de gloi-



re. Ce bon Sauveur éclairoit leurs es-

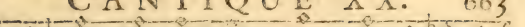


prits, Les consolant par les sacrés écrits.

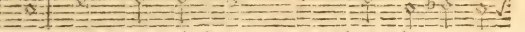


59. Vous prêcherez, leur dit-il, ma clé-

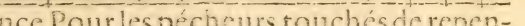
mence



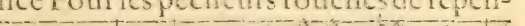
mence Pour les pécheurs touchés de repen-



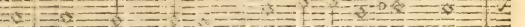
tance; Et vous ſerez mes fidèles témoins,



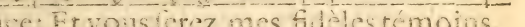
Le cher objet de mes plus tendres ſoins.



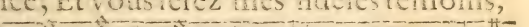
60. Vous recevrez du Père la promeſſe,



L'Eſprit divin de grace & de ſageſſe; Et

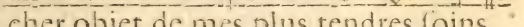


ſur le champ ſoufflant ſur eux, il dit,

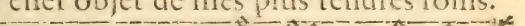


Recevez tous maintenant mon Eſprit.

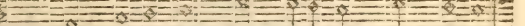
PAUSE XII.



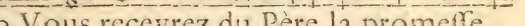
61. Tous ceux de qui vous retiendrez



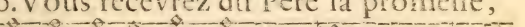
les crimes, Seront un jour des enfers les



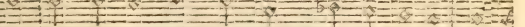
victimes. Si de quelqu'un vous quittez les



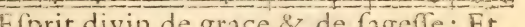
pechés, Ils lui ſeront pardonnés & cachés.



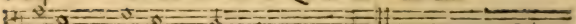
62. Il diſparut auſſitot a leur vue; Et



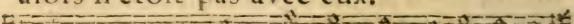
ſon depart fut comme ſa venue: Il les



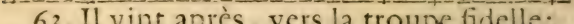
laiſſa fort ſurpris & joyeux. Thomas



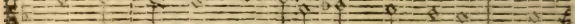
alors n'étoit pas avec eux.



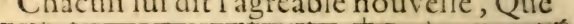
63. Il vint après, vers la troupe fidelle:



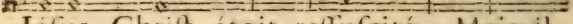
Chacun lui dit l'agréable nouvelle, Que



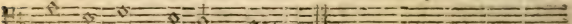
Jésus-Christ étoit resſuscité, Mais il



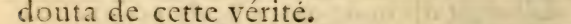
douta de cette vérité.



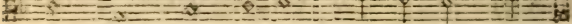
64. Non, leur dit-il, je ne saurois com-



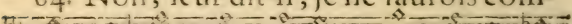
prendre, Ce qu'à présent vous venez de



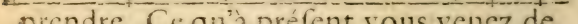
m'apprendre: Je ne crois point, si je



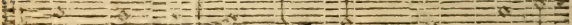
n'entends sa voix, Si je ne mets à son



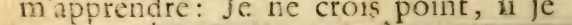
côté mes doigts.



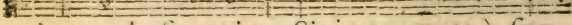
65. Huit jours après, comme ils sont



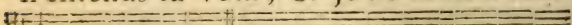
tous ensemble, Jésus paroît, & Thomas



le contemple: A mon côté mets ton



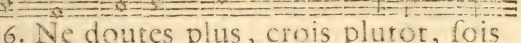
doigt; vois mes mains, Lui dit d'abord



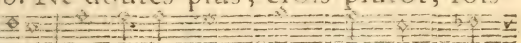
le Sauveur des humains.

PAUSE

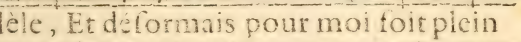
PAUSE XIII.



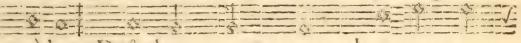
66. Ne doutes plus, crois plutot, fois



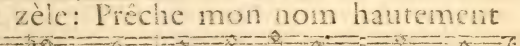
fidèle, Et déformais pour moi foit plein



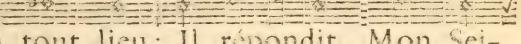
de zèle: Préche mon nom hautement



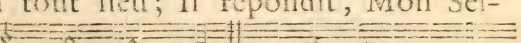
en tout lieu; Il répondit, Mon Sei-



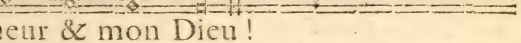
gneur & mon Dieu!



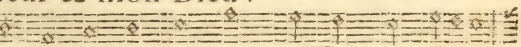
67. Je reconnois ta puiſſance infinie:



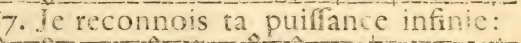
Tu crois, Thomas, dit le Prince de vie;



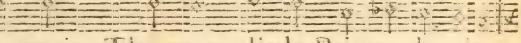
Mais tu ſerois dans l'incrédulité, Si tu



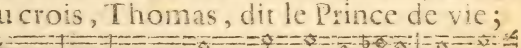
n'avois vu mes mains, mon côté.



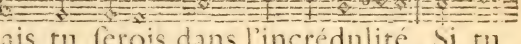
68. Reconnois donc de ta foi la foi-



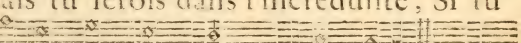
bleſſe: Mais vois combien j'ai pour toi



de tendreſſe: Heureux celui qui croit

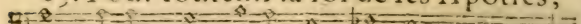


ſans m'avoir vu; Mais malheureux ce-

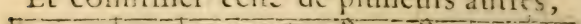


lui qui n'a point cru.

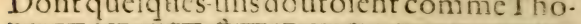
69. Pour soutenir la foi de ses Apôtres,



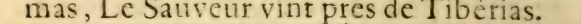
Et confirmer celle de plusieurs autres,



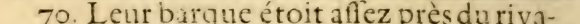
Dont quelques-uns doutoient comme Tho-



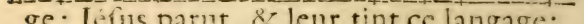
mas, Le Sauveur vint près de Tibérias.



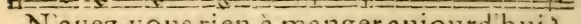
70. Leur barque étoit assez près du riva-



ge: Jésus parut, & leur tint ce langage;

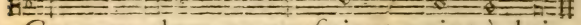


N'avez-vous rien à manger aujourd'hui?



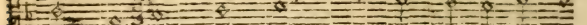
Ces gens alors ne pensoient point à lui.

PAUSE XIV.

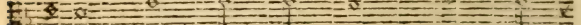


71. Aucun d'entre eux ne put le recon-

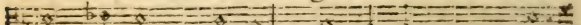
noître Pour leur Seigneur, leur Doc-



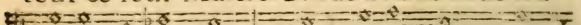
teur & leur Maître. Nous avons tous tra-



vaillé cette nuit, Lui dirent-ils; mais



hélas! c'est sans fruit.



72. Vous qui n'avez aujourd'hui pu rien

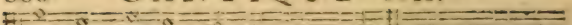
prendre,

prendre, Jetez encor vos filets, ſans at-
tendre. On obéit, & l'on jeta dans l'eau,
De gros filets à droite du vaiſſeau.

73. Dès que le plomb fut enfoncé dans
l'onde, Par le ſecours du Rédempteur
du monde, Tant de poiſſons ſe prirent
dans les rets, Qu'on crut d'abord qu'ils
romproient les filets.

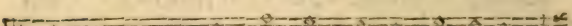
74. Le cher diſciple étonné du ſpecta-
cle, Connut bientôt que c'étoit un mira-
cle, Et dit alors, tout joyeux à Céphas,
C'eſt le Seigneur, ne le connois-tu pas?

75. Pierre auſſi-tot emporté par ſon zèle,
Fort empreſſé ſortit de ſa nacelle, Et de
nager faiſant un grand effort; Heureu-
ſement

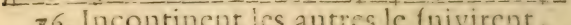


lement il se rendit au port.

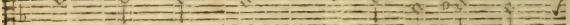
PAUSE XV.



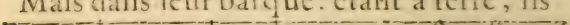
76. Incontinent les autres le suivirent,



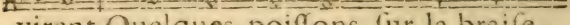
Mais dans leur barque: étant a terre, ils



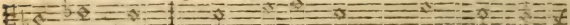
virent Quelques poissons sur la braise,



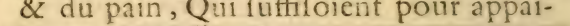
& du pain, Qui suffisoient pour appai-



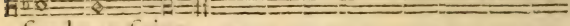
ser leur faim.



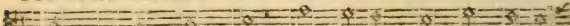
77. Jesus leur dit d'amener sur la terre



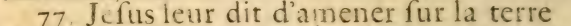
Tous leurs poissons; & dans cet instant



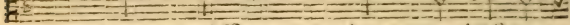
Pierre Exécuta, plein d'une sainte ar-



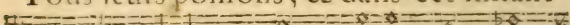
deur, La volonté de Jesus son Seigneur.



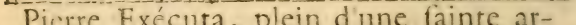
78. Ils avoient tous une joie ineffable De



voir vivant leur Sauveur adorable: Mais



aucun d'eux n'osoit l'interroger; Ils l'ad-



miroient, mais ils n'osoient parler.

79. Il

79. Il leur donna du pain, dont ils mangèrent, Et des poissons qu'ils se distribuèrent. Après qu'on eut achevé le repas : M'aimes-tu bien, dit Jésus à Céphas ?

80. Oui, mon Sauveur, lui répondit Saint Pierre, Toi qui vois tout dans le Ciel, sur la terre, Toi qui connois les replis de mon cœur, Tu sais combien je t'aime, mon Seigneur.

PAUSE XVI.

81. Saint Pierre avoit renoncé son cher Maître, Jusqu'à trois fois, niant de le connoître : Il dit aussi par trois fois hautement, Tu sais, Seigneur, que je t'aime ardemment.

82. Jesus lui dit, Simon, pais mon Egli-
se, Que je me suis, par mon pur sang,
acquise: Mais exerçant ton Saint Apostо-
lat, Tu soutiendras un furieux combat.

83 Pour établir mon glorieux empire,
prépare toi pour souffrir le martyre: Je
te prédis qu'une cruelle mort, Dans
quelque temps terminera ton sort.

84. Dans les beaux jours du printems de
ton âge, Tu ne savois ce qu'etoit l'es-
clavage; Mais on te doit faire étendre les
bras; Tu marcheras où tu ne voudras pas.

85. Suis moi, Simon; sois-moi toujours
fidèle, Et vas par-tout où ton devoir t'ap-
pelle. Je te promets mon salut dans les
cieux,

cieux, Où tu seras avec moi glorieux.

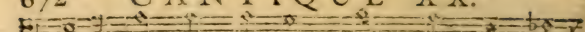
PAUSE XVII.

86. Jésus voulant s'en retourner au Père, Fit assembler sa troupe élue & chère, Et leur apprit sa sainte volonté: Ne quittez point, leur dit il, la Cité.

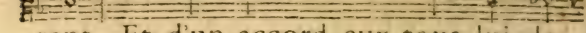
87. Attendez y du Père la promesse, Savoir l'Esprit de grace & de sagesse: Jean baptisoit seulement avec l'eau; Je vous promets un baptême nouveau.

88. C'est l'Esprit Saint, de lumière & de vie, L'Esprit qui seul convertit, sanctifie, Qui vous rendra sages, justes & bons, Vous recevrez dans peu de jours ses dons.

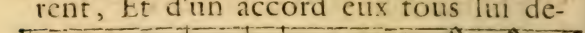
89. Du Rédempteur alors ils s'approchèrent,



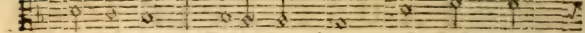
rent, Et d'un accord eux tous lui de-



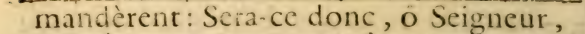
mandèrent: Sera-ce donc, ô Seigneur,



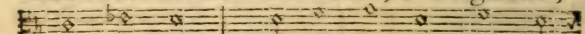
dans ce temps, Que tu rendras tous nos



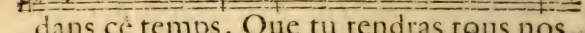
esprits contens?



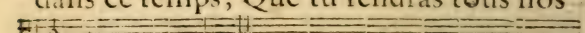
90. Et que ton bras rétablira l'Empire Du



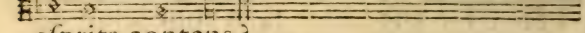
peuple Hebreu, qui maintenant soupire?



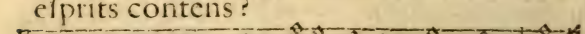
Dieu, leur dit il, dispose des momens,



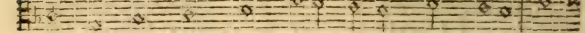
Et dans ses mains sont les événemens.



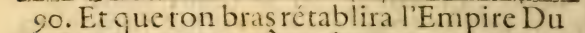
91. Mais vous aurez mon Esprit de lu-



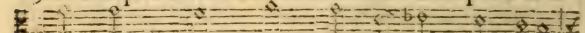
mière, Cet Esprit Saint qui procède



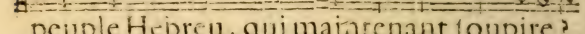
du Père: Vous me serez témoins dans



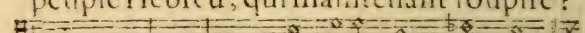
l'univers; Vous confondrez le monde &



les enfers.

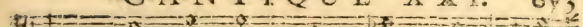


92. Comme il parloit, aussi-tôt une nue

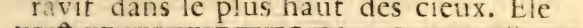


Vint enlever le Sauveur à leur vue, Et le

ravit

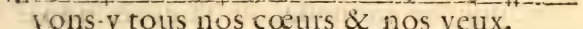


ravit dans le plus haut des cieux. Ele-

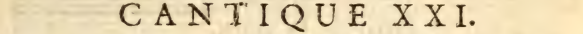


vons-y tous nos cœurs & nos yeux.

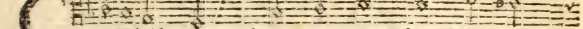
CANTIQUE XXI.



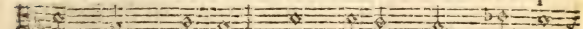
Célébrons hautement le Rédemp-



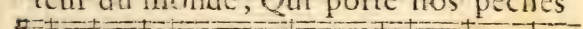
teur du monde, Qui porte nos péchés



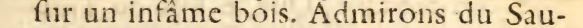
sur un infâme bois. Admirons du Sau-



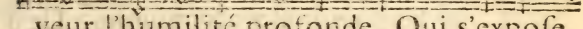
veur l'humilité profonde, Qui s'expose



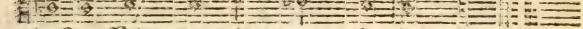
à souffrir tant de maux sur la croix.



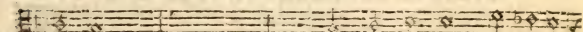
2. Il meurt pour appaiser la divine



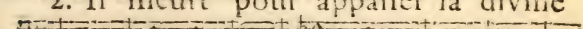
justice, Et désarmer le bras du Dieu de



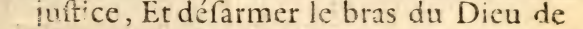
l'univers; Il meurt pour nous donner



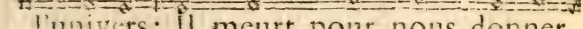
de l'horreur pour le vice, Et pour nous



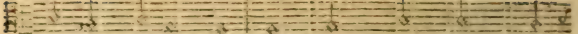
garantir des peines des enfers.



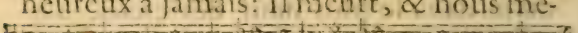
3. Sa honte nous acquiert une gloire im-



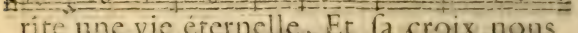
mortelle; Sa souffrance nous rend bien-



heureux à jamais: Il meurt, & nous mé-

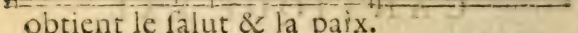


rite une vie éternelle. Et ſa croix nous

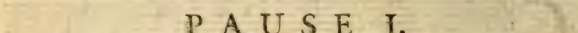


obtient le ſalut & la paix.

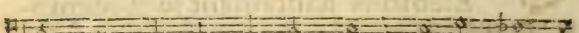
PAUSE I.



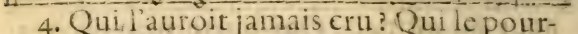
4. Qui l'auroit jamais cru? Qui le pour-



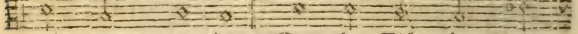
roit comprendre, Que le Fils du Très-



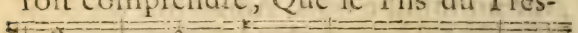
haut, le Seigneur des Seigneurs, Le



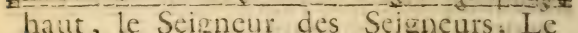
Monarque du Ciel, eut bien voulu ré-



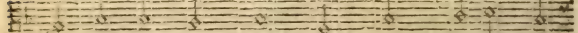
pandre Son ſang ſi précieux pour d'in-



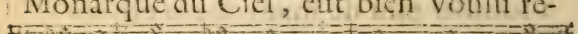
dignes pécheurs?



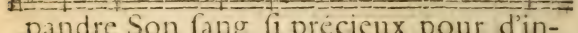
5. Quoi! le Seigneur de gloire eſt dans



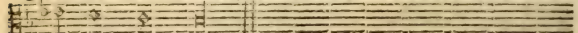
l'ignominie! Il meurt ſur une croix!



Profonde humilité! Et c'eſt pour des



m chans, qu'il a perdu la vie, Pour ſes



ennemis même: immenſe charité!

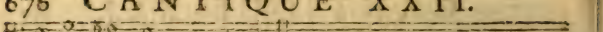
6. Nous

6. Nous ne craindrons donc plus, ni Satan, ni le monde: Christ les a, par la mort, & vaincus & soumis; Le Sauveur, en qui seul tout notre espoir se fonde, Nous rend plus que vainqueurs de tous nos ennemis.

PAUSE II.

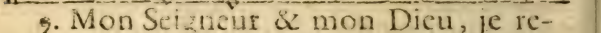
7. Qui nous condamneroit? C'est Dieu qui justifie: Notre Jésus est mort; il est ressuscité; Il règne dans les cieux; pour nous sans cesse il prie. Qui pourroit nous priver de la félicité?

8. Qui nous sépareroit de Jesus notre frère? Le présent, l'avenir, l'épée ou le péril, Les Anges, les Démons, les grandeurs, la misère, La vie ou le trépas,

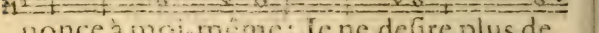


la famine ou l'exil?

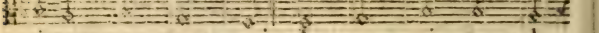
5. Mon Seigneur & mon Dieu, je re-



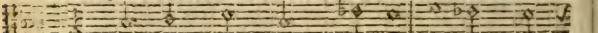
nonce à moi-même; Je ne desire plus de



vivre que pour toi; Je veux vivre en la

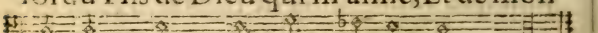


foi du Fils de Dieu qui m'aime, Et de mon

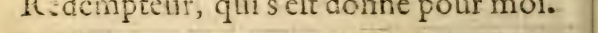


Redempteur, qui s'est donné pour moi.

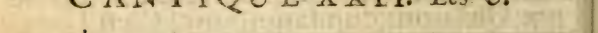
CANTIQUE XXII. *Les C.*



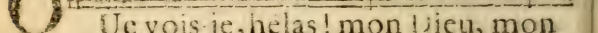
QUe vois-je, helas! mon Dieu, mon



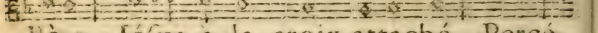
Père, Jésus à la croix attaché, Percé



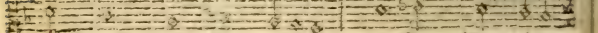
des traits de ta colère, Afin d'expier



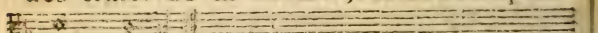
mon peché?



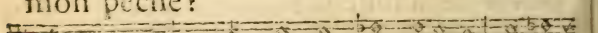
2. Pourquoi faut-il que ta justice Fasse



souffrir à ton cher Fils, De la croix le



cruel supplice, Destiné pour tes ennemis?



3. Helas! que je suis miserable, D'avoir

causé

causé tant de douleurs, A mon Ré-

dempteur adorable, Qui m'a comblé

de ses faveurs.

4. Pour le juste prix de nos crimes, Tu

devois nous détruire tous, Et nous

faire autant de victimes De ton plus

horrible courroux.

PAUSE.

5. Béni sois-tu, Père céleste, Qui par un

excès de bonté, As détourné le coup

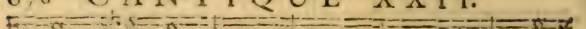
funeste Que nous avions tous mérité.

6. Béni soit l'Agneau sans souillure, Qui

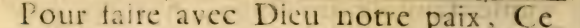
s'est immolé sur la croix, Pour racheter

sa créature, Bien qu'elle eût violé ses loix.

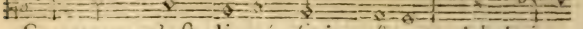
7. Son amour pour nous est extrême;



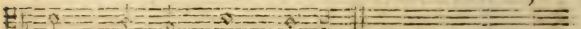
Pour faire avec Dieu notre paix, Ce



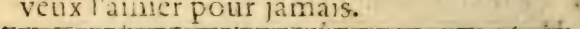
Sauveur s'eſt livré ſoi-même: Ah! je



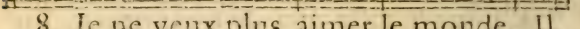
veux l'aimer pour jamais.



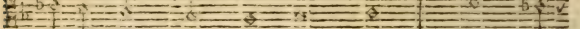
8. Je ne veux plus aimer le monde, Il



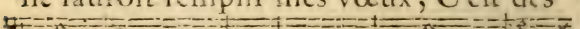
ne ſauroit remplir mes vœux; C'eſt des



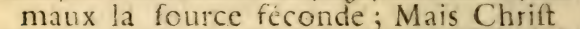
maux la ſource féconde; Mais Chriſt



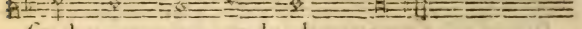
ſeul peut me rendre heureux.



9. Je veux l'imiter & le ſuivre, Et m'aſſu-

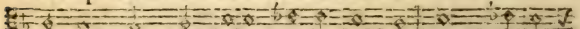


jettir à ſes loix, Pour lui ſeul & mourir

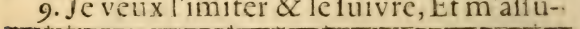


& vivre, Et chercher ma gloire en ſa croix.

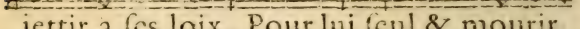
CANTIQUE XXIII. *Pſ.* 24.



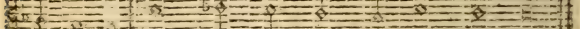
Lorſque Jéſus victorieux Fut élevé



ſur tous les cieux, Et qu'il eut été, par ſon

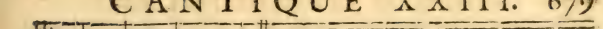


Père, Couronné de gloire & d'honneur,

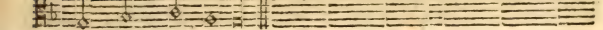


Ce charitable Rédempteur Envoya l'Eſ-

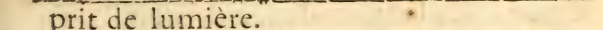
prit



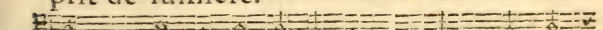
prit de lumière.



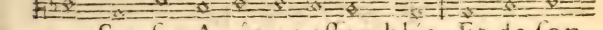
2. Sur ſes Apôtres aſſemblés, Et de ſon



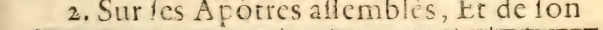
abſence accablés, Il commença de le ré-



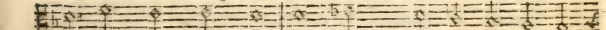
pandre: Ils reçurent tous, dans ce jour,



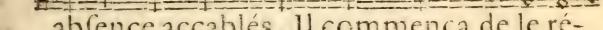
La plus grande marque d'amour, Qu'ils



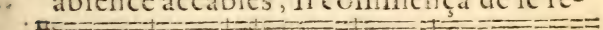
euſſent pû jamais attendre.



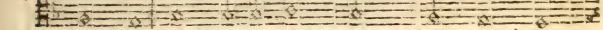
3. Ce jour, que tous d'un même cœur,



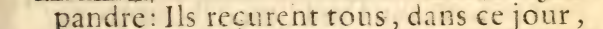
Attendant le Conſolateur, Dans une



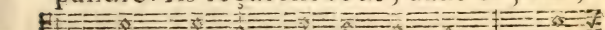
ſainte impatience, Ils invoquoient le



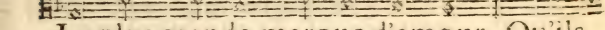
Dieu vivant; Tout d'un coup on ouït



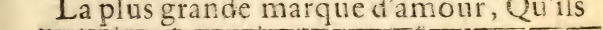
un vent, Qui ſouffloit avec véhémence.



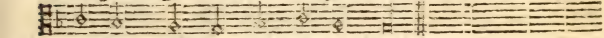
4. Quoi qu'ils attendiſſent l'Eſprit, Cet



événement les ſurprit: Ils avoient diver-

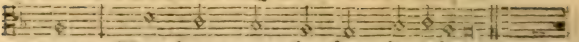


ſes penſées, Lorſqu'on vit ſe poſer ſur



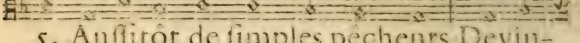
eux, Dans le temps qu'ils offroient leurs

vœux,

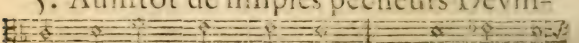


vœux, Des langues de feu divisées.

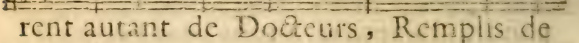
PAUSE I.



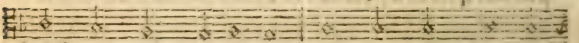
5. Aussitôt de simples pêcheurs Devin-



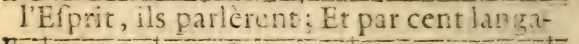
rent autant de Docteurs, Remplis de



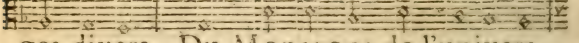
l'Esprit, ils parlèrent; Et par cent langa-



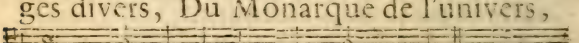
ges divers, Du Monarque de l'univers,



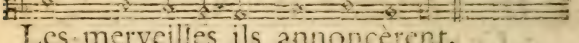
Les merveilles ils annoncèrent.



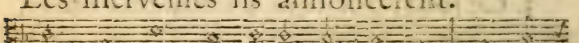
6. Plusieurs insensés en rioient, Et ces



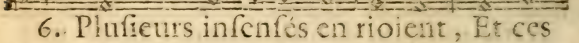
profanes ajoutoient A leurs mépris la



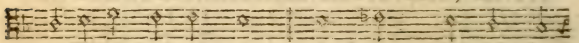
calomnie; Mais Pierre en arrêta le



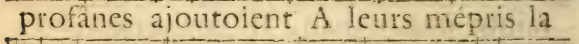
cours, Et confondit leurs vains dis-



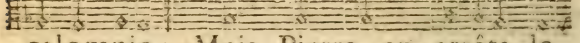
cours, Par cette forte apologie.



7. Hommes Juifs, qui nous insultez, Et

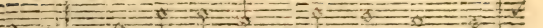


vous, qui ces lieux habitez, Ce qui cause

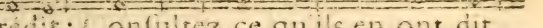


votre surprise, Par les Prophètes est

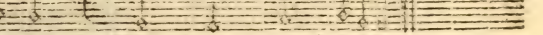
prédit;



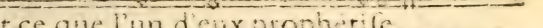
prédit : Consultez ce qu'ils en ont dit,



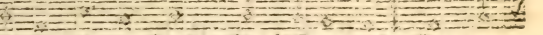
Et ce que l'un d'eux prophetise.



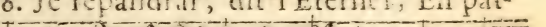
8. Je répandrai, dit l'Eternel, En par-



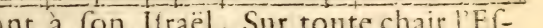
lant à son Israël, Sur toute chair l'Es-



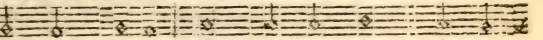
prit de grace; Et quiconque m'invo-



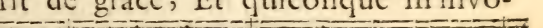
quera, Et de tout son cœur m'aimera,



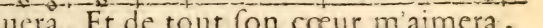
Un jour contemplera ma face.



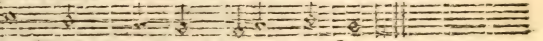
9. Cet admirable événement, Et si digne



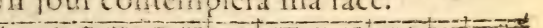
d'étonnement, Est l'effet de cette pro-



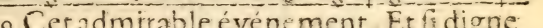
messe. Le Seigneur, dans cet heureux



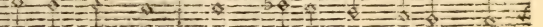
jour, Nous a, par un excès d'amour,



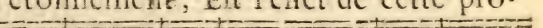
Remplis de l'Esprit de sagesse.



10. Jésus, l'objet de vos mépris, Que

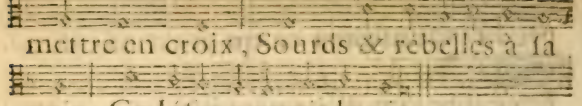


vous avez vous-même pris, Outragé,



livré par envie, Que vous avez fait

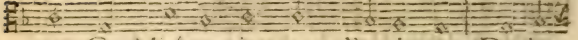
mettre



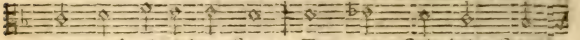
mettre en croix, Sourds & rebelles à ſa

voix, Ce Jéſus a repris la vie.

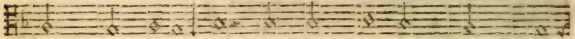
PAUSE II.



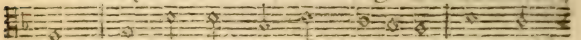
11. Ce Maître de tout l'univers, De la



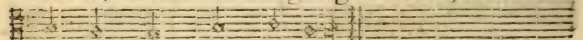
mort a briſé les fers, Et tout fléchit ſous



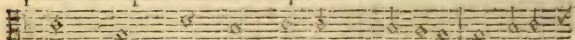
ſon empire: Il vit & règne dans les



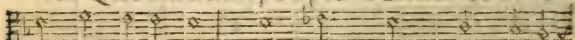
cieux, Avec ſes Anges glorieux; Et c'eſt



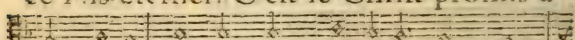
par lui que tout reſpire.



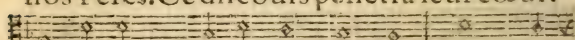
12. Que tout le peuple d'Iſraël Adore



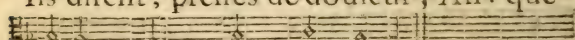
ce Fils éternel: C'eſt le Chriſt promis à



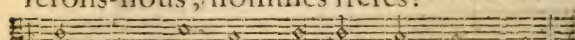
nos Pères. Ce diſcours pénétra leur cœur:



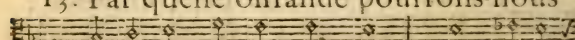
Ils dirent, preſſés de douleur, Ah! que



ferons-nous, hommes frères?



13. Par quelle offrande pourrons-nous



Appaiſer du Ciel le courroux? Pierre alors

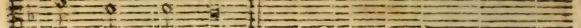
rempli

rempli d'un saint zele, Leur dit, les voyant si touches, Repentez-vous de vos pechés; Suivez Jesus qui vous appelle.

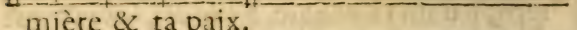
14. Soyez en son nom baptisés, Vos pechés seront effacés, A vous est faite la promesse: Son Esprit sur vous descendra; De ses dons il vous remplira, Et vous l'en bénirez sans cesse.

CANTIQUE XXIV. *Ps.* 103.

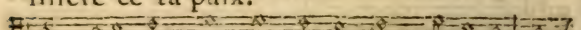
DE tous les biens source pure & féconde, Esprit divin, viens remplir tout le monde, Et daigne nous combler de tes bienfaits: Sur cette Eglise hâte-toi de descendre, Et dans nos cœurs veuille aujourd'hui répandre Ta sainteté, ta lumière,



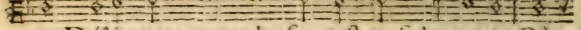
mière & ta paix.



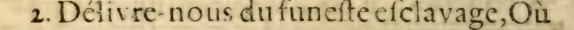
2. Délivre-nous du funeſte eſclavage, Où



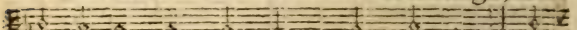
le péché tous les jours nous engage: Ne



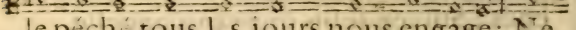
tarde point, & briſe tous nos fers; Fais-



nous comprendre, Eſprit Saint, que le cri-

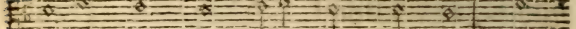


me Nous fait perir, & d'abime en abime,

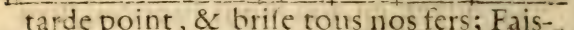


Nous précipite enfin dans les enfers.

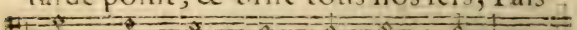
PAUSE.



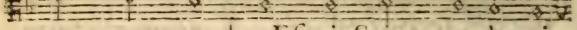
3. Enſeigne-nous toujours ce qu'il faut



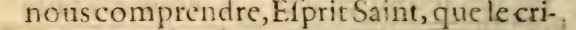
faire: Inſpire-nous tout ce qui peut te



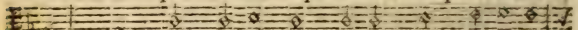
plaire: Rends-nous pieux, humbles, ſa-



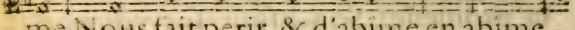
ges & ſaints; Ne permets pas que, quand



nous voulons vivre, Selon tes loix, les



pratiquer, les ſuivre, La chair, le monde



empêchent nos deſſeins.

4. Si

4. Si notre cœur eſt leger & volage, Fais déſormais que, ſans aucun partage, Il ſe dévoue à ſon divin Sauveur; Si pour ta gloire il eſt froid & de glace, Echauffe-le par le feu de ta grace, Et viens régner pour toujours dans ce cœur.

5. Toi qui remplis de tes dons les Apôtres, Qui de ces dons en as rempli tant d'autres, Anime-nous, pour pouvoir annoncer Tes grands exploits, ta ſageſſe ineffable, Et ta vertu puiſſante, inexprimable: Entends nos vœux; daigne les exaucer.

CANTIQUE XXV. *Pſ.* 84.

ESprit Saint, notre Créateur Et notre grand Conſolateur, Rends-toi le maître

tre de nos ames: Esprit du Dieu de véri-

té, Eclaire-nous par ta clarté, Et nous

embrâses de tes flammes; Esprit de Jesus

notre Roi, Augmente notre foible foi.

2. Humilies & change nos cœurs; Règle notre vie & nos mœurs; Produis dans

nous la repentance, Une parfaite humi-

lité, Une sincère charité, Une constante

patience; Opère dans nous puissam-

ment, Et fais-nous vivre saintement.

3. Nous ne pouvons rien que par toi:

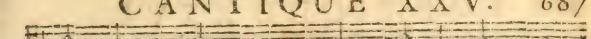
Soumets-nous à ta sainte Loi, Et préser-

ve-nous de tout vice. De luxure & de

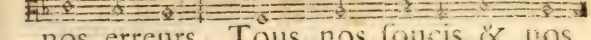
vanité, De blasphême & d'impiété, D'or-

gueil, d'envie & d'avarice: Dissipe toutes

nos

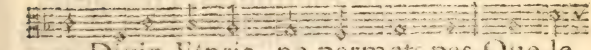


nos erreurs, Tous nos soucis & nos

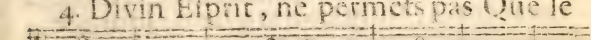


frayeurs.

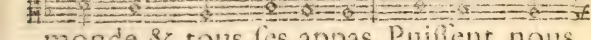
PAUSE.



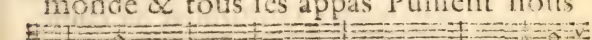
4. Divin Esprit, ne permets pas Que le



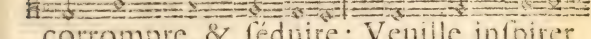
monde & tous ses appas Puissent nous



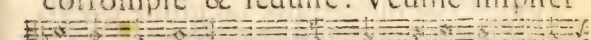
corrompre & séduire: Veuille inspirer



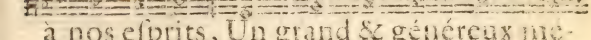
à nos esprits, Un grand & généreux me-



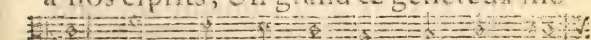
pris Pour tout ce que la chair admire;



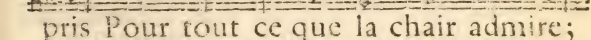
Fais-nous penser incessamment A notre



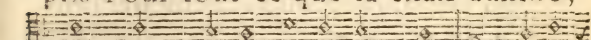
mort, au jugement.



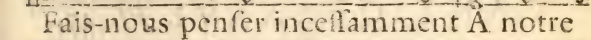
5. Répands dans nos ames ta paix, Et



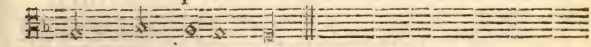
bénis nos justes projets: Imprime en nos



cœurs ta parole; Triomphe de nos pas-



sions; Dans toutes nos afflictions, Exau-



ce-nous, & nous console; Soutiens nous

dans tous nos combats; Adresse & con-

duis tous nos pas.

6. Subviens à nos infirmités; Protége les

persécutés, Jusques à la grande journée,

Que Jesus viendra couronner Sa chère

Epouse, & lui donner La gloire qu'il a

destinée A ceux qui, l'aimant constam-

ment, Attendent son avénement.

CANTIQUE XXVI. *Ps.* 45.

Beni soit Dieu, dont la grace infi-

nie Produit en nous une nouvelle vie.

Par l'Esprit Saint que nous a merité Jésus,

son Fils, mort & ressuscité, Il nous trans-

forme à sa divine image, Pour obtenir

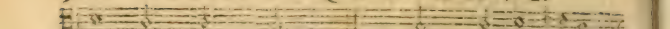
son céleste heritage, Où régnera la justice

&

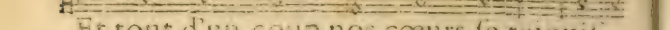
& la paix, Et pour y vivre avec lui pour jamais.

2. Des siens il est le bouclier, la défense, Et sous sa main ils sont pleins d'assurance. Rien ne pourra les empêcher un jour, D'être élevés dans l'éternel séjour. Il les soutient dans toutes leurs alarmes; Il les munit d'impénétrables armes; Il les défend dans leurs rudes combats; Il en prend soin dans leurs divers états.

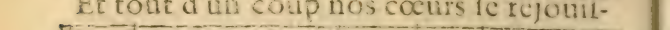
3. Nos cœurs en sont tout remplis d'allégresse: Si quelquefois ils sont dans la tristesse. Quand le Seigneur notre souverain Roi, Veut éprouver & sonder notre foi, Par sa bonté nos souffrances finissent,



Et tout d'un coup nos cœurs se rejouis-

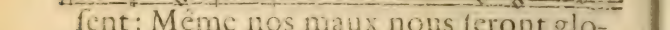


sent: Même nos maux nous feront glo-

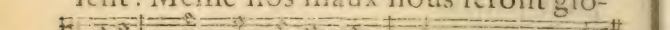


rieux, Lorsque Jésus redescendra des cieux.

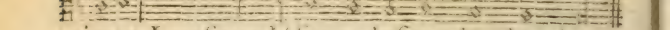
PAUSE I.



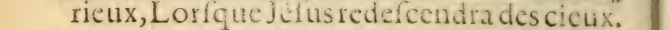
4. Ce doux Sauveur, en qui nous devons



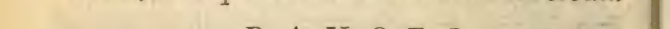
croire, Offre sa grace, & promeut sa gloire:



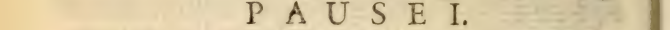
Espérons-la, mais ayant les reins ceints,



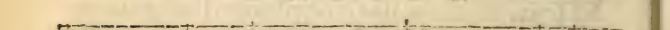
Et travaillons avec soin d'être saints;



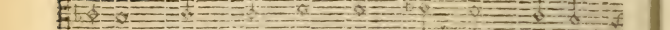
Imitons tous celui qui nous appelle.



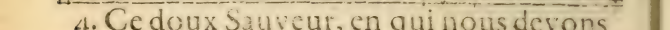
Conformons-nous à ce parfait modèle;



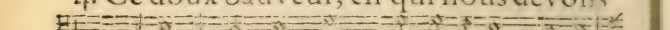
Mortifions toujours nos passions, Et



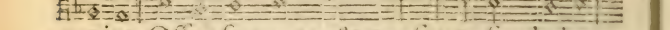
sur ses Loix réglons nos actions.



5. Nous invoquons l'Eternel comme Père,

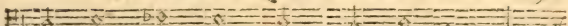


Mais c'est un Juge & terrible & sévère:

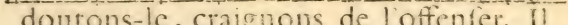


Il sait punir, il sait récompenser. Re-

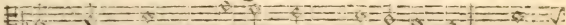
doutons-



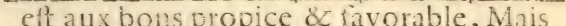
doutons-le, craignons de l'offenſer. Il



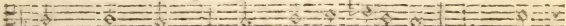
eſt aux bons propice & favorable, Mais



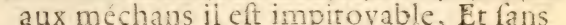
aux méchans il eſt impitoyable, Et ſans



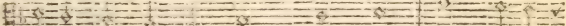
avoir égard à leur grandeur, Ils ſenti-



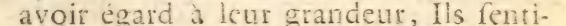
ront de ſon courroux l'ardeur.



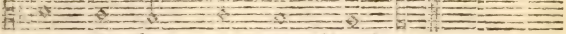
6. De le ſervir que ce ſoit notre étude;



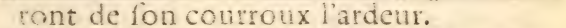
Souvenons-nous de notre ſervitude, Où



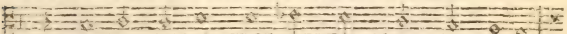
nous étions charges d'iniquités. Béni ſoit



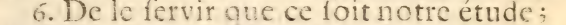
Dieu qui nous a rachetés, Non point par



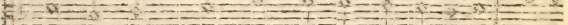
or, ni choſe periſſable, Mais par un ſang



d'un prix ineſtimable, Le propre ſang

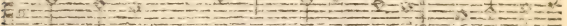


du cher Fils du Très haut, Et de l'A-



gneau ſans tache & ſans défaut.

PAUSE II.



7. Avant que Dieu eut créé ce grand mon-

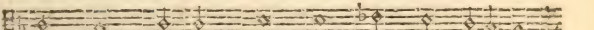
de,

de, Et qu'il eut fait le ciel, la terre & l'onde, Il nous l'avoit deſtiné pour Sauveur. Au peuple ancien ce divin Rédempteur, Fut annoncé ſous la vieille alliance: Sous la nouvelle ayant par ſa puiſſance, Vaincu Satan, triomphé de la mort, Il rend heureux pour jamais notre ſort.

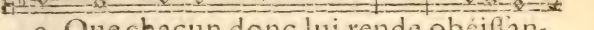
8. Aux derniers temps, l'amour qui le conſomme, L'a fait venir ici-bas ſe faire homme; Et quoique tout fléchiſſe ſous ſes loix, Il a voulu mourir ſur une croix. Trois jours après ſa mort, ſa ſepulture, Son ſacré corps exempt de pourriture, Fut par le Père enfin reſſuſcité, Puis dans le Ciel hautement exalté.

PAUSE

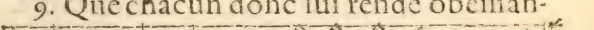
PAUSE III.



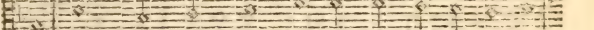
9. Que chacun donc lui rende obéiſſan-



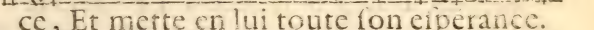
ce, Et mette en lui toute ſon eſperance.



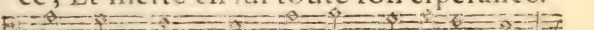
Aimons-nous tous, & ſans déguiſement,



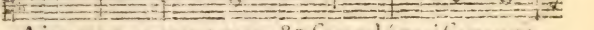
D'une ame pure, & fraternellement, Et



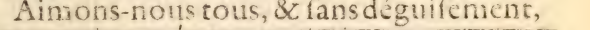
recevons dans nos cœurs l'Evangile,



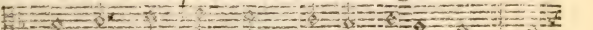
Lui ſeul nous peut rendre l'ame tran-



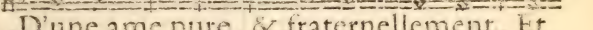
quille, Nous convertir & nous régéne-



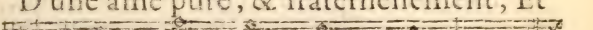
rer: Lui ſeul nous peut faire perſévérer.



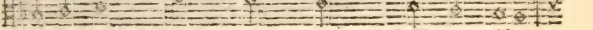
10. Tous les mortels reſſemblent à de



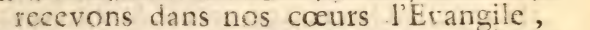
l'herbe, Ils ne ſont rien, & leur éclat ſu-



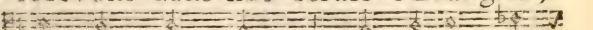
perbe N'eſt qu'un beau ſonge, ou plutôt



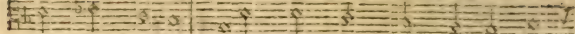
qu'une fleur, Qui dans un jour perd toute



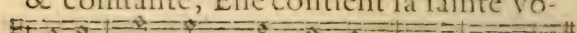
ſa couleur. Mais du grand Dieu la parole



vivante, Qu'on nous annonce, eſt ſolide

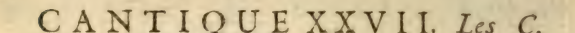


& constante, Elle contient sa sainte vo-

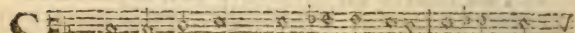


lonté, Et nous conduit à l'immortalité.

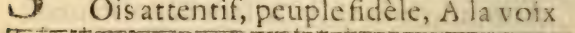
CANTIQUE XXVII. *Les C.*



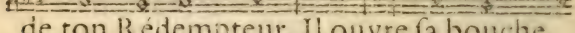
SOis attentif, peuple fidèle, A la voix



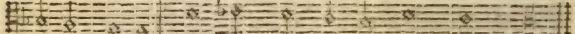
de ton Rédempteur, Il ouvre sa bouche,



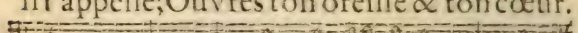
il t'appelle; Ouvres ton oreille & ton cœur.



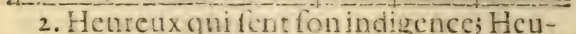
2. Heureux qui sent son indigence; Heu-



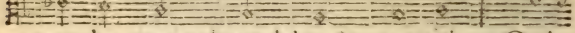
reux le cœur humble & contrit, Qui



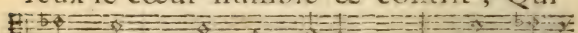
n'a qu'en Dieu sa confiance; Heureux



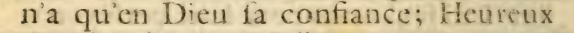
les pauvres en esprit.



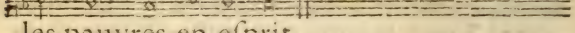
3. Un jour ils verront couronnée Leur



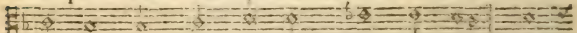
humilité dans les cieux; La gloire leur



sera donnée, Et le Paradis est pour eux.

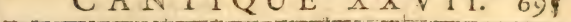


4. Heureux qui reçoit sa misère Et la

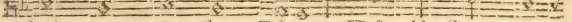


souffre sans murmurer, Aimant son

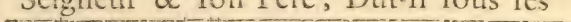
Seigneur



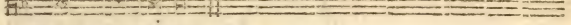
Seigneur & ſon Pere, Dût-il ſous ſes



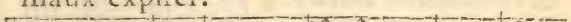
maux expirer.



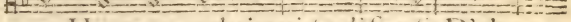
5. Heureux celui qui ſe diſpoſe D'aban-



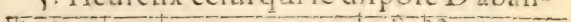
donner pour ſon Sauveur, Parens, amis,



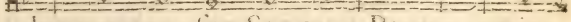
biens, toute choſe, Et qui lui donne



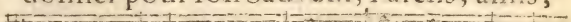
tout ſon cœur.



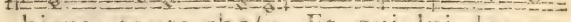
6. Heureux le fidèle qui pleure, Le Sei-



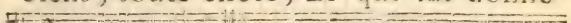
gneur le conſolera, Et dans ſa céleſte



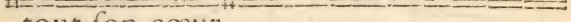
demeure Un jour il le recueillera.



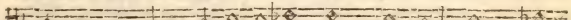
7. Heureux le Chrétien débonnaire,



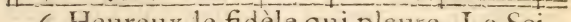
Affable, doux & patient, Qui n'eſt ni



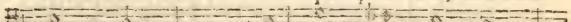
cruel, ni colère, Vindicatif, ni violent.



8. Qui fuit les querelles, la guerre, Et

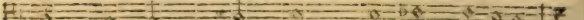


qui n'a ni haine ni fiel, Cet homme chéri

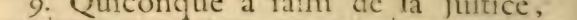


ſur la terre, Un jour héritera le Ciel.

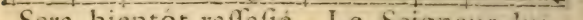
9. Quiconque



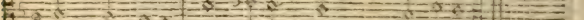
9. Quiconque a faim de la juſtice,



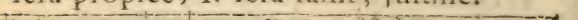
Sera bientôt raſſaſié, Le Seigneur lui



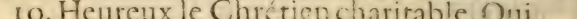
ſera propice; Il ſera ſaint, juſtifié.



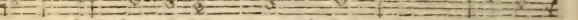
10. Heureux le Chrétien charitable, Qui,



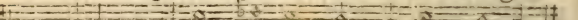
touché de pitié, prend ſoin De l'affligé,



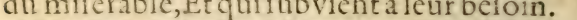
du miſerable, Et qui ſubvient à leur beſoin.



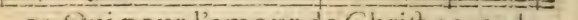
11. Qui pour l'amour de Chriſt accorde



Le pardon à ſes ennemis, Il obtiendra mi-

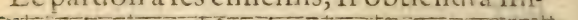


ſericorde Des péchés qu'il aura commis.

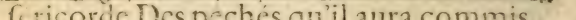


12. Heureux celui dont l'ame eſt pure,

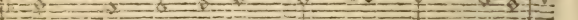
Qui nétoye & garde ſon cœur D'hy-



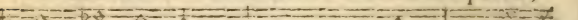
pocriſie & de ſouillure, Un jour il ver-



ra le Seigneur.



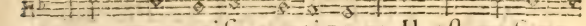
13. Heureux le Chrétien pacifique,



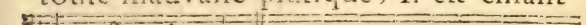
Qui fuit le trouble & les procès, Et

toute

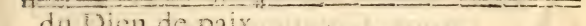
toute mauvaise pratique; Il est enfant



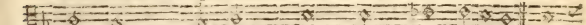
du Dieu de paix.



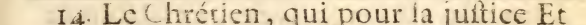
14. Le Chrétien, qui pour la justice Et



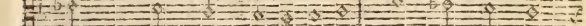
pour Christ est persécuté, Qui s'expose au



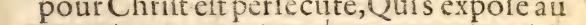
dernier supplice, Obtiendra la félicité.



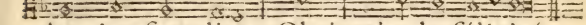
15. Jésus, d'une gloire immortelle,



Dans les cieux le couronnera, Dans cette

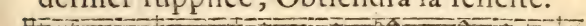


demeure éternelle, Avec les Saints il



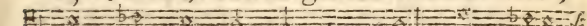
régnera.

CANTIQUE XXVIII. *Ps.* 94.

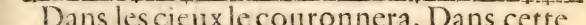


Si quelqu'un refuse son cœur A Jésus-

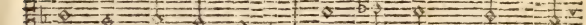
Christ notre Seigneur, Quoiqu'il ait reçu



le Baptême, Qu'il soit bien instruit &

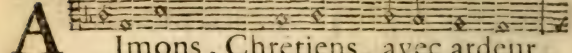


savant, Qu'il ait communié souvent,

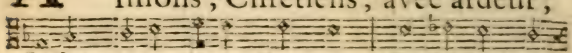


Qu'un tel Chrétien soit anathême.

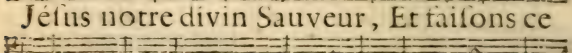
CANTIQUE XXIX. *Pſ.* 24.



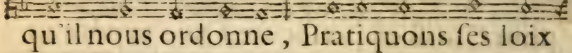
Imons, Chretiens, avec ardeur,



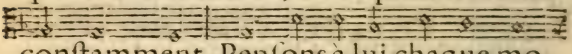
Jéſus notre divin Sauveur, Et faiſons ce



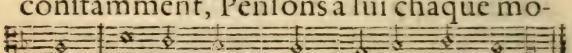
qu'il nous ordonne, Pratiquons ſes loix



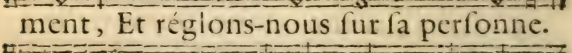
conſtamment, Penſons à lui chaque mo-



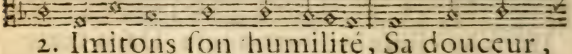
ment, Et réglons-nous ſur ſa perſonne.



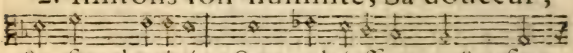
2. Imitons ſon humilité, Sa douceur,



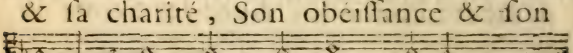
& ſa charité, Son obeïſſance & ſon



zèle, Qu'il ſoit toujours devant nos

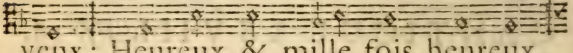


yeux: Heureux & mille fois heureux,

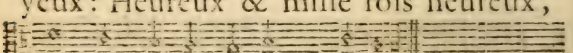


Qui ſuit un ſi parfait modèle.

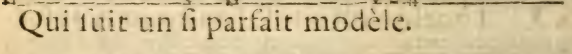
CANTIQUE XXX. *Les C.*



Ue chacun s'éprouve ſoi-même,

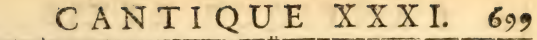


S'il croit en Jéſus ſon Sauveur, S'il craint

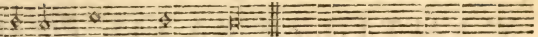


Dieu, s'il le ſert, s'il l'aime, Et tous ſes

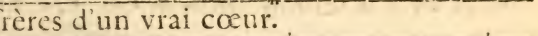
frères



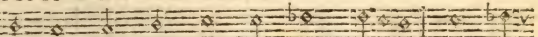
frères d'un vrai cœur.



2. S'il sent & connoit sa misère, Et s'il

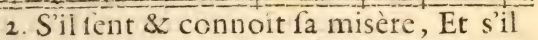


en pleure amèrement, Si sa repentance

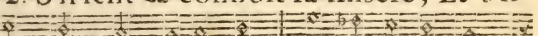


est sincère, Et s'il veut vivre saintement.

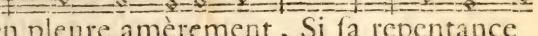
CANTIQUE XXXI. *Ps.* 24.



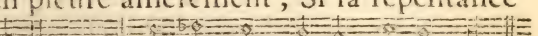
ROi des Rois, Eternel mon Dieu,



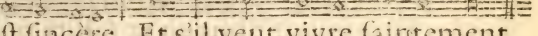
Qui veux que, dans ce sacré lieu, Je com-



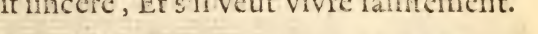
munie avec mes frères, Ne permets pas



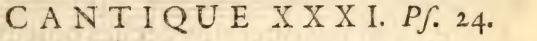
qu'indignement Je prenne ton Saint Sa-



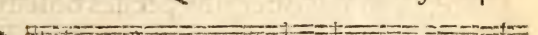
crement, Et que je souille tes mystères.



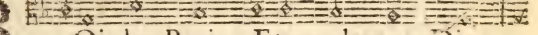
2. Prépare toi-même mon cœur, Pour



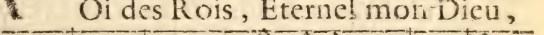
y loger mon Rédempteur; Viens-y,



par ton Esprit, produire Et la repentance

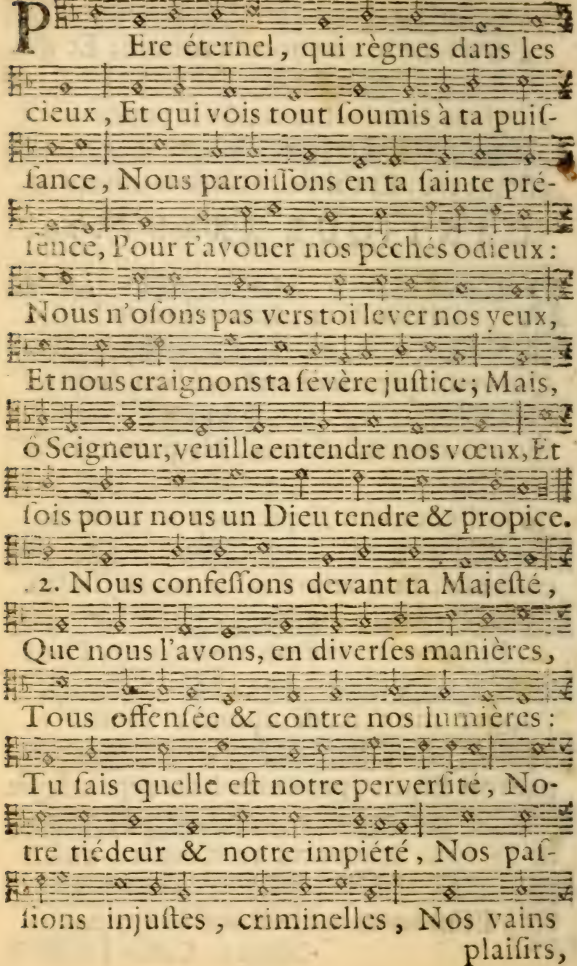


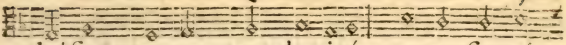
& la foi: Seigneur, je n'espère qu'en



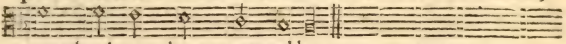
toi, Et mon ame après toi soupire.

CANTIQUE XXXII. *Pſ.* 51.

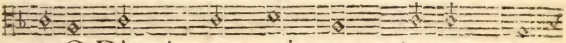




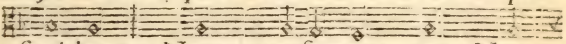
plaisirs, notre mondanité, notre fierté,



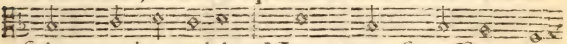
nos haines immortelles.



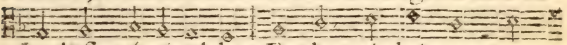
3. O Dieu! pour toi nous n'avons que



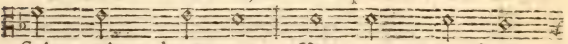
froideur; Nous profanons ton Nom



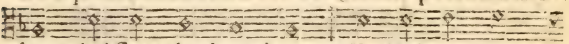
saint, redoutable; Nous transgressons ta



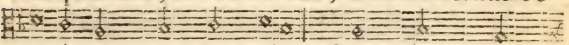
Loi si vénérable; Et le péché ne nous



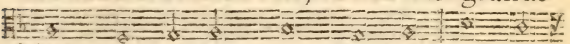
fait point horreur: De nos prochains



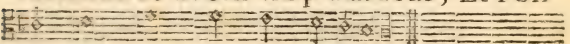
les plaisirs, le bonheur, Et l'abondance



excitent notre envie; Pour les grands

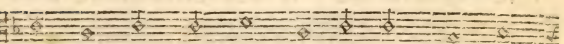


biens nous avons trop d'ardeur, Et l'on

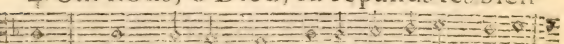


ne voit que trop de perfidie.

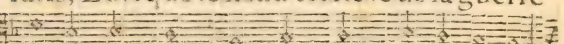
PAUSE.



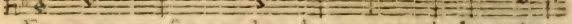
4. Sur nous, ô Dieu, tu répands tes bien-



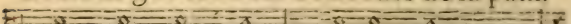
faits, Lorsque le fléau terrible de la guerre



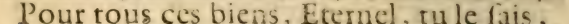
Ravage ailleurs tant de lieux sur la terre,



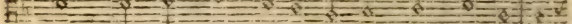
Et nous goûtons les douceurs de la paix.



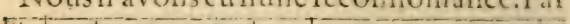
Pour tous ces biens, Eternel, tu le ſais,



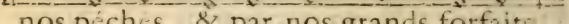
Nous n'avons eu nulle reconnoiſſance. Par



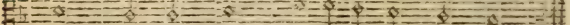
nos péchés, & par nos grands forfaits,



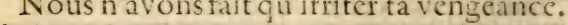
Nous n'avons fait qu'irriter ta vengeance.



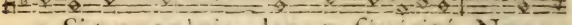
5. Si tu voulois, dans ta ſévérité, Nous



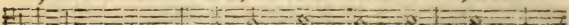
infliger la peine de nos crimes, De ton



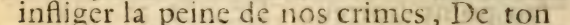
courroux nous ſerions les victimes; Mais,



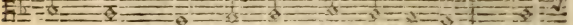
ô Seigneur, écoute ta bonté. Nous avons



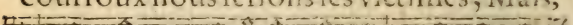
tous, il eſt vrai, mérité D'être accables



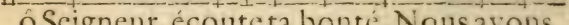
de ta juſte colère; Mais, Père Saint, &



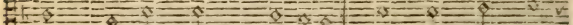
Dieu de charité, A tes enfans ne ſois



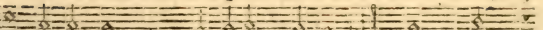
point ſi ſévère.



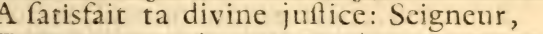
6. Regarde-nous en ton Fils glorieux,



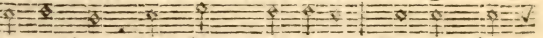
Ton bien-aimé, qui, par ſon ſacrifice,



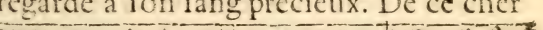
A ſatisfait ta divine juſtice: Seigneur,

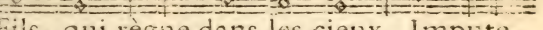


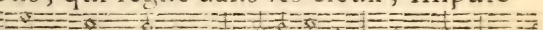
regarde à ſon ſang précieux. De ce cher

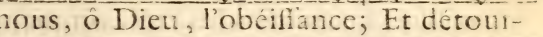


Fils, qui règne dans les cieux, Imputenous, ô Dieu, l'obéiſſance; Et détournant de nos péchés, tes yeux, Confirmenous dans ta ſainte alliance.

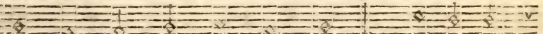




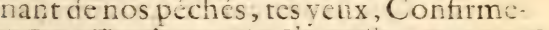




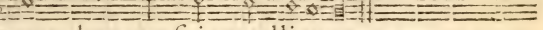
PAUSE II.



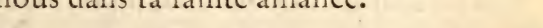
7. Tu fus toujours un Dieu plein de



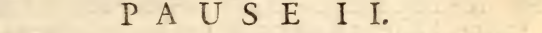
bonté, Pour les pecheurs touchés de re-



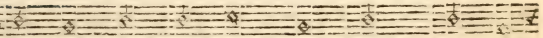
pentance, Qui conſtamment implorent



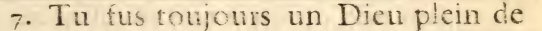
ta clémence. Avec ardeur, avec humilité,



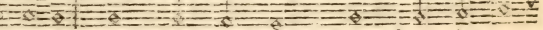
Et renonçant à leur impiété, Ne veu-



lent plus déſormais que te plaire; Et qui,

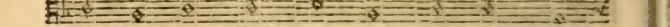


craignant ta ſainte Majeſté, T'aiment

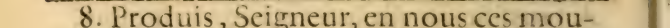


d'un cœur plein de zèle & ſincère.

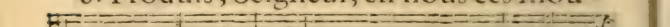
8. Produis,



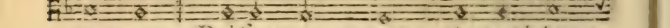
8. Produis, Seigneur, en nous ces mou-



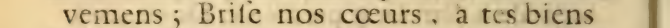
vemens ; Brise nos cœurs, à tes biens



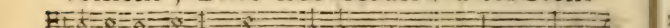
insensibles, Sourds à ta voix, à tes coups



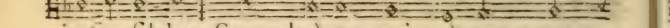
inflexibles, Et soumets-les à tes comman-



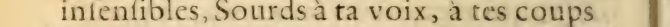
demens. Que la terreur de tes saints ju-



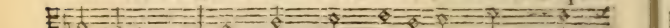
gemens, Et de tes biens éternels l'espé-



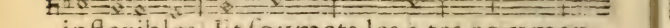
rance, Fassent finir tous nos déréglemens,



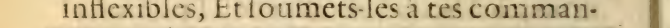
Rangeant nos cœurs à ton obéissance.



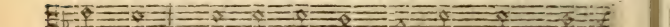
9. Que le péché nous fasse à tous horreur,



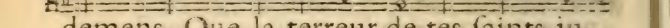
Pour en fuir même les apparences ; Ne



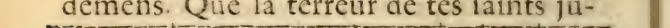
permets pas que de tes ordonnances Au-



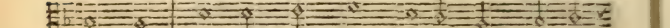
cun s'éloigne & t'offense, Seigneur ; De



ton amour enflamme notre cœur, Et de



ton Nom imprimes-y la crainte, Pour



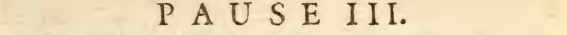
ton service une sainte ferveur, Un grand

respect

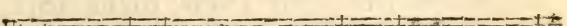
respect pour ta Majesté sainte.

PAUSE III.

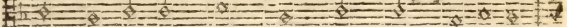
10. Accorde nous, dans tes compassions,



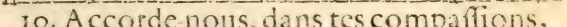
Ton Esprit saint, qui nous fasse renaître,



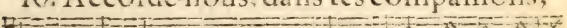
Et qui se rende entièrement le Maître



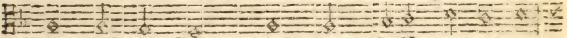
De nos esprits & de nos passions. Que



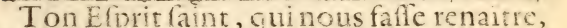
cet Esprit règle nos actions, Tous nos



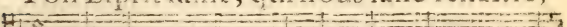
discours & toutes nos pensées. Repands



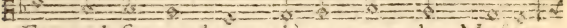
sur nous tes bénédictions, Et que tes



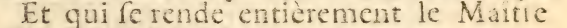
loix dans nos cœurs soient gravées.



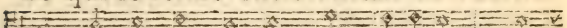
11. Forme, conserve, augmente en nous



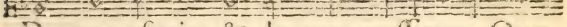
la foi, La charité, le zèle, l'espérance,



Et que chacun s'applique en diligence,



A conformer sa conduite à ta Loi. Père



éternel, & notre divin Roi, Opère en

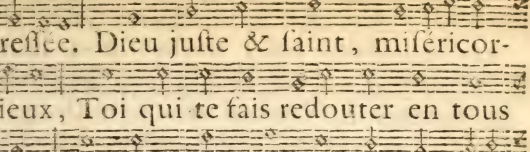
nous

nous ce que tu nous commandes: Nous
n'espérons, ô notre Dieu, qu'en toi:
Entends nos cris & nos justes demandes.

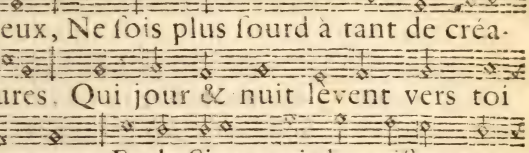
12. Assure-nous de ta grace, Seigneur,
Et du pardon de toutes nos offenses: Tu
peux toi seul calmer nos consciences, Et
de toi seul dépend notre bonheur. Achève
en nous, ô notre Rédempteur, De
ton salut le merveilleux ouvrage; Que
ton Esprit règne dans notre cœur, Et
nous transforme à ta divine image.

PAUSE IV.

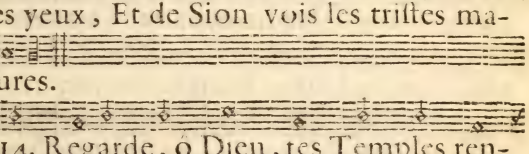
13. Mais, Eternel, jette du haut des
cieux, Tes doux regards sur l'Eglise af-
fligée, Et dès-long-temps de mille maux
pressée.



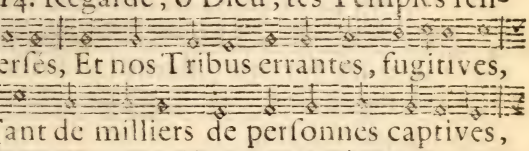
preſſée. Dieu juſte & ſaint, miſéricor-



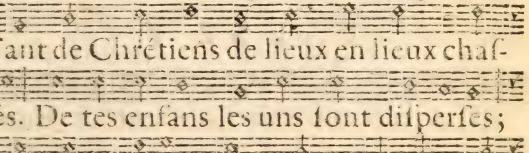
dieux, Toi qui te fais redouter en tous



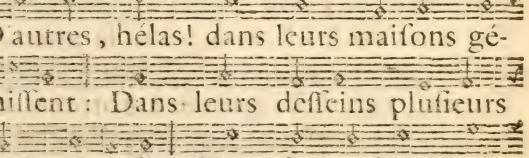
lieux, Ne ſois plus ſourd à tant de créa-



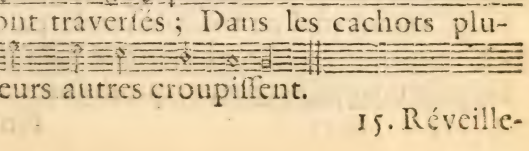
tures, Qui jour & nuit lévent vers toi



les yeux, Et de Sion vois les triſtes ma-



ſures.



14. Regarde, ô Dieu, tes Temples ren-

verſés, Et nos Tribus errantes, fugitives,

Tant de milliers de perſonnes captives,

Tant de Chrétiens de lieux en lieux chaſ-

ſés. De tes enfans les uns ſont diſperſés;

D'autres, hélas! dans leurs maiſons gé-

miſſent: Dans leurs deſſeins pluſieurs

ſont traverſés; Dans les cachots plu-

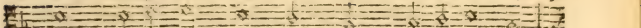
ſieurs autres croupiſſent.

15. Réveille-

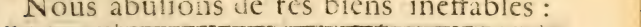
15. Réveille-toi, mets fin à leurs
malheurs, Et fais toi voir leur Protec-
teur, leur Père. Il en eſt temps, ſubviens
à leur misère, Et fais ceſſer la cauſe de
leurs pleurs. A tes troupeaux, Seigneur,
rends les Paſteurs; Raſſemble-les; rem-
plis-les d'un ſaint zèle, Et des méchans
réprimant les fureurs, Bénis les bons,
& ta troupe fidelle.

PAUSE V.

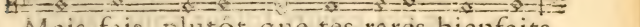
16. Rends cet Etat floriſſant à jamais:
Eloignes-en les horreurs de la guerre;
Fais que ton ciel réponde à notre terre,
Et qu'aucun mal ne trouble notre paix.
Ne permets pas, Seigneur, que déſormais
Nous



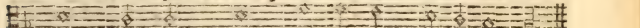
Nous abuſions de tes biens ineffables :



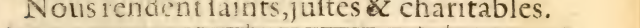
Mais fais plutôt que tes rares bienfaits



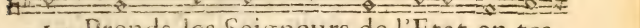
Nous rendent ſaints, juſtes & charitables.



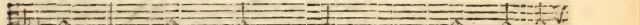
17. Prends les Seigneurs de l'Etat en tes



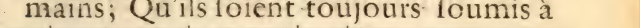
mains; Qu'ils ſoient toujours ſoumis à



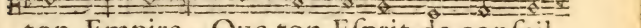
ton Empire, Que ton Eſprit de conſeil



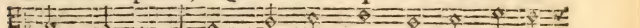
leur inſpire De ſaintes loix & de juſtes



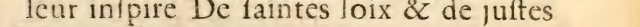
deſſeins : Rends les complots de nos



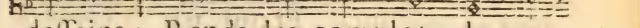
ennemis vains ; Réprime-les, & con-



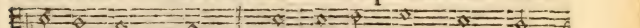
fonds leur audace, Seigneur Jéſus, Ré-



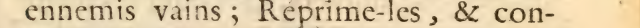
dempteur des humains, Et ſur nous tous



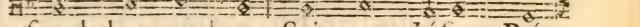
fais reluire ta face.



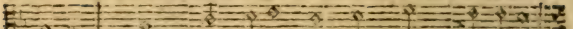
18. Viens dans nos cœurs contrits, hu-



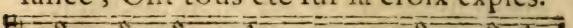
miliés, Et remplis-les d'une ſainte aſſu-



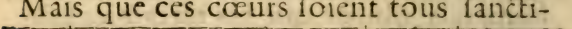
rance; Que nos péchés, par ton obéiſ-



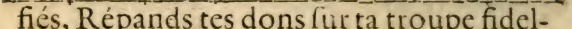
sance, Ont tous été sur la croix expiés.



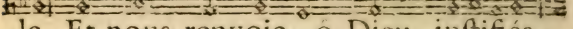
Mais que ces cœurs soient tous sancti-



fiés, Répands tes dons sur ta troupe fidel-

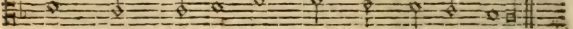


le, Et nous renvoie, ô Dieu, justifiés,

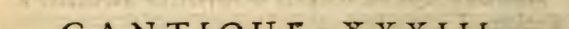


Pour toi brûlans & d'ardeur & de zèle.

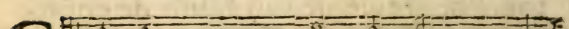
CANTIQUE XXXIII.



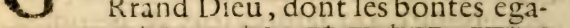
GRrand Dieu, dont les bontés éga-



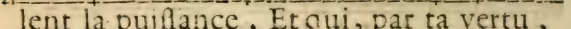
lent la puissance, Et qui, par ta vertu,



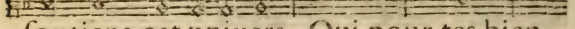
soutiens cet univers, Qui pour tes bien-



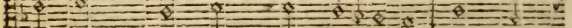
aimés, maintiens ton alliance, Et qui,



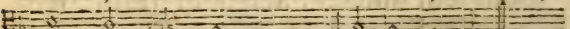
pour les méchans, as créé les enfers.



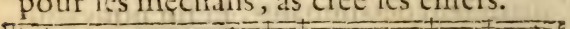
2. Nous sommes effrayés du nombre de



nos crimes, Et nous avons, hélas! juste-

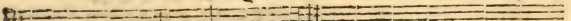


ment mérité D'être jetés un jour dans

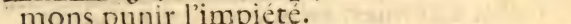


ces affreux abîmes, Où tu veux des dé-

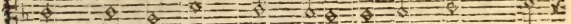
mons



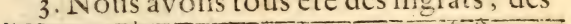
mons punir l'impiété.



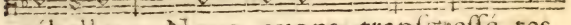
3. Nous avons tous été des ingrats, des



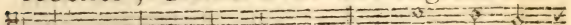
rébelles ; Nous avons transgressé tes



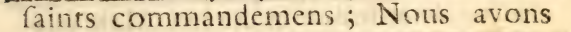
saints commandemens ; Nous avons



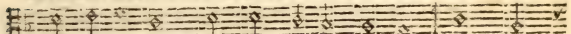
mépriſé tes bontés paternelles, Et nous



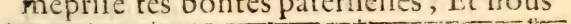
n'avons pas craint tes juſtes châtimens.



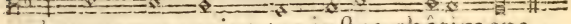
4. Nous avons été ſourds a la voix des



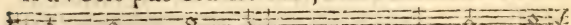
Prophètes ; Nous avons refuſé d'ouir



tes ſerviteurs; De tes ordres ſacrés ces

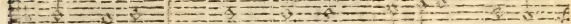


divins Interprètes, N'ont pu nous émou-

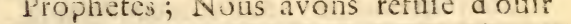


voir, ni penétrer nos cœurs.

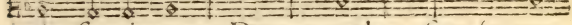
5. Nous nous condamnons tous en ta



ſainte préſence: Tu peux nous accabler de



ton bras tout puiſſant; Nous ſommes ſans



excuſe, & notre conſcience Nous con-

traint d'avouer, qu'aucun n'eſt innocent.

6. O Dieu, toi ſeul es juſte, & nous ſommes coupables: Tu nous vois tous confus de nos déréglemens; Mais pardonne, Seigneur, à tant de miſérables, Et n'exécute pas ſur nous tes jugemens.

7. Ecoute, o Dieu tout bon, nos cris & nos requêtes, Et prête ton oreille à la voix de nos pleurs: Détourne tous les coups qui menacent nos têtes, Et par un doux regard diſſipe nos frayeurs

8. Sur ta chère Sion fais reluire ta face, Pour l'amour de ton Chriſt, le Roi de l'univers: Pour l'amour de toi-même, Eternel, fais nous grace, Et de tant de captifs

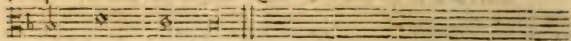
captifs daigne briſer les fers.

9. Protecteur de Jacob, puiſſant Maître du monde, De ton peuple affligé vois l'état malheureux, Les ſouffrances, l'angoiſſe & la douleur profonde; Entends ta triſte voix, exauce-le des cieux.

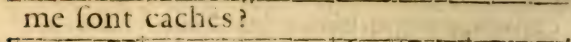
10. Nous ne nous fondons point ſur nos propres juſtices; Nous ſommes convaincus de notre indignité; Nous méritons, ô Dieu, les plus cruels ſupplices; Mais nous attendons tout de ta grande bonte.

CANTIQUE XXXIV. *Les C.*

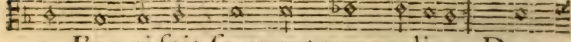
SEigneur mon Dieu, ma conſcience Me convainc de mille péchés: J'en ai commis par ignorance, Et combien qui



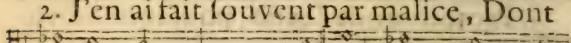
me ſont cachés?



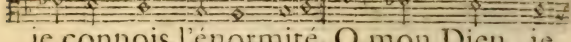
2. J'en ai fait ſouvent par malice, Dont



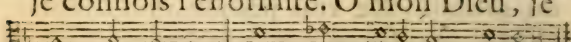
je connois l'énormité. O mon Dieu, je



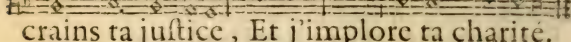
crains ta juſtice, Et j'implore ta charité.



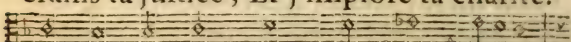
3. Tu ne veux pas qu'aucun périſſe;



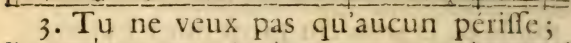
Mais tu commandes au pécheur Qu'il



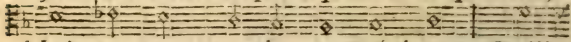
te craigne & ſe convertiſſe: Convertis-



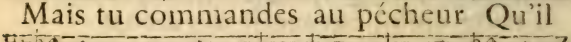
moi donc, ô Seigneur.



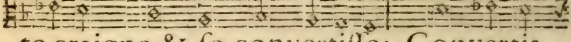
4. Je connois que tout me convie A me



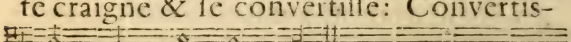
repentir promptement, La fragilité de



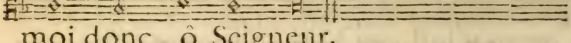
ma vie, La mort, l'enfer, le jugement.



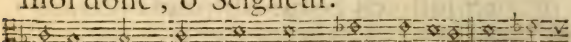
5. Ta juſte & ſévère vengeance, Tes



graces, tes biens infinis, Ta charité, ta

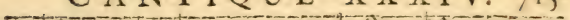


patience, Et ſurtout le don de ton Fils.

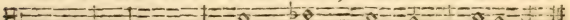


6. Mais, hélas! je ſuis inſenſible Aux

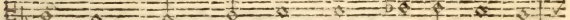
doux



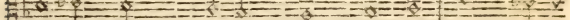
doux effets de ta bonté; J'ai même été



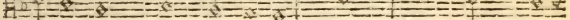
trop inflexible Aux coups de ta sévérité.



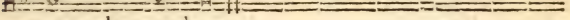
7. Mon cœur est plus dur que la pierre,



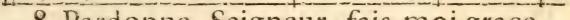
Il ne prend plaisir qu'à pecher; Il n'est



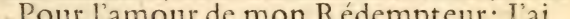
attaché qu'à la terre. Brise, ô Dieu, ce



cœur de rocher.

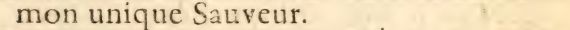


8. Pardonne, Seigneur, fais moi grace,



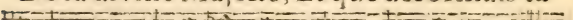
Pour l'amour de mon Rédempteur: J'ai

recours à lui; je l'embrasse Comme

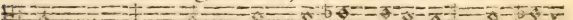


mon unique Sauveur.

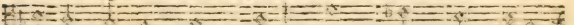
9. Dans mon cœur imprime la crainte



De ta divine Majesté, Et que désormais ta



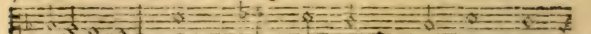
Loi sainte Règle toujours ma volonté.



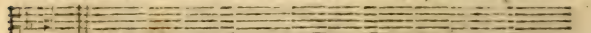
10. Suprême Auteur de la nature, Source

feconde de tout bien, Fais-moi nouvelle

créature:



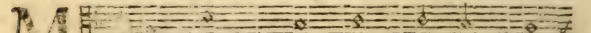
créature: Sans ton secours, je ne puis



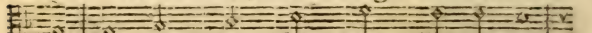
rien.

CANTIQUE XXXV. *Pſ.* 24.

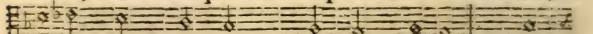
MOn Dieu, mon Seigneur & mon



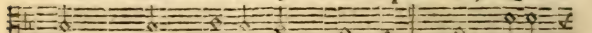
Roi, Je ſais qu'on ne peut, ſans la foi,



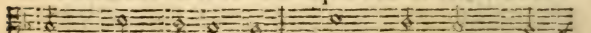
Etre bienheureux, ni te plaire; Que



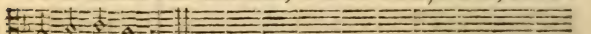
l'homme incrédule & pervers Doit rece-



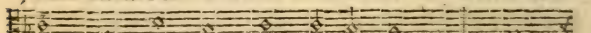
voir dans les enfers, Pour toujours, ſon



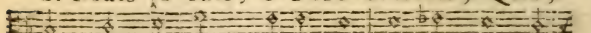
juſte ſalaire.



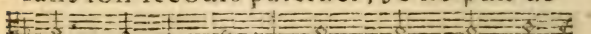
2. Mais je ſais, ô Père éternel, Que,



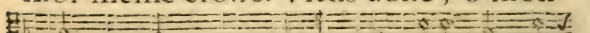
ſans ton ſecours paternel, Je ne puis de



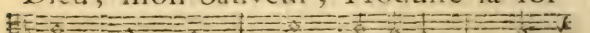
moi-même croire. Viens donc, ô mon



Dieu, mon Sauveur, Produire la foi

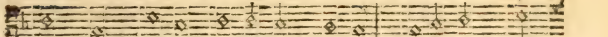


dans mon cœur, Pour obtenir un jour

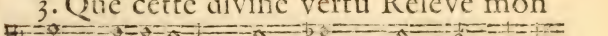


ta gloire.

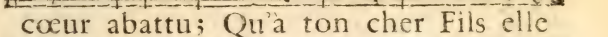
3. Que



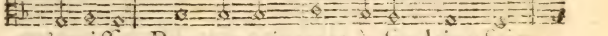
3. Que cette divine vertu Relève mon



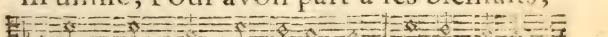
cœur abattu; Qu'à ton cher Fils elle



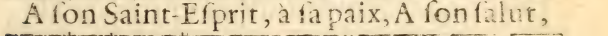
m'unisse, Pour avoir part à ses bienfaits,



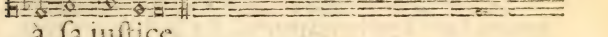
A son Saint-Esprit, à sa paix, A son salut,



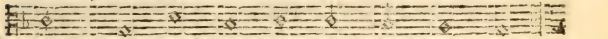
à sa justice.



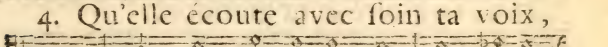
4. Qu'elle écoute avec soin ta voix,



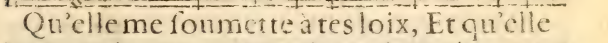
Qu'elle me soumette à tes loix, Et qu'elle



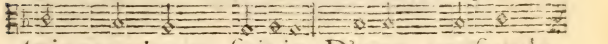
soit toujours suivie D'une profonde



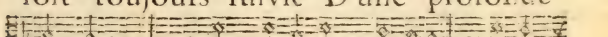
humilité, D'une parfaite charité, Qu'elle



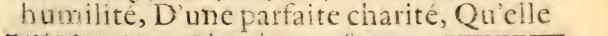
dure autant que ma vie.



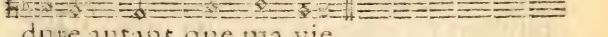
5. Qu'elle soit dans tous les combats



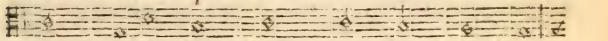
Que Satan me livre ici-bas, Et ma vic-



toire & ma défense; Qu'elle m'élève dans



les cieux, Pour posséder, dans ces hauts



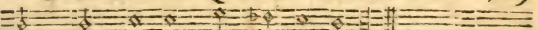
lieux, Les objets de mon espérance.

CANTIQUE XXXVI.

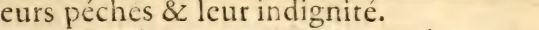
MOnarque souverain des hommes & des Anges, Arbitre des Etats, notre Libérateur, Nous voulons entonner aujourd'hui tes louanges, Et celébrer ton nom, ta gloire & ta grandeur.

2. Seigneur, dont l'univers reconnoît la puissance, Nos peres nous ont dit les exploits merveilleux, Que ton bras tout puissant fit pour leur délivrance, Lors qu'un terrible orage alloit fondre sur eux.

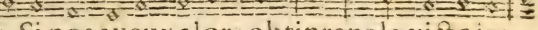
3. Ce n'est point leur valeur, leur force & leurs épées, Qui nous ont conservé cette heureuse Cité: C'est toi seul qui l'as fait, Eternel des armées, Nonobstant leurs



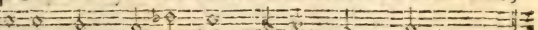
leurs péches & leur indignité.



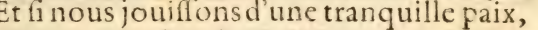
4. Si nos ayeux alors obtinrent la victoire,



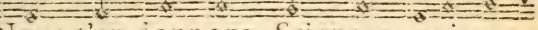
Et si nous jouissons d'une tranquille paix,



Nous t'en donnons, Seigneur, unique-

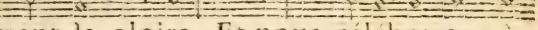


ment la gloire, Et nous célébrerons à

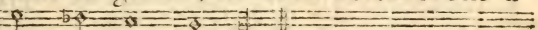


toujours tes bienfaits.

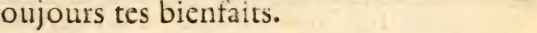
PAUSE.



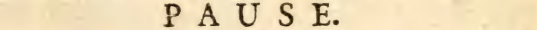
5. Tes bontés envers nous ne se peuvent



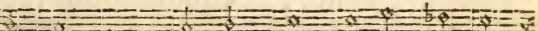
comprendre: Que pourrions-nous t'of-



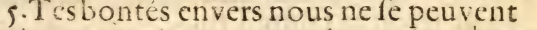
frir, ô puissant Protecteur? Et pour tant



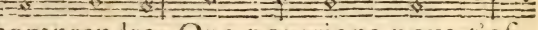
de faveurs, que pourrions nous te ren-



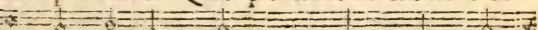
dre? Nos esprits & nos corps, tout t'ap-



partient, Seigneur.

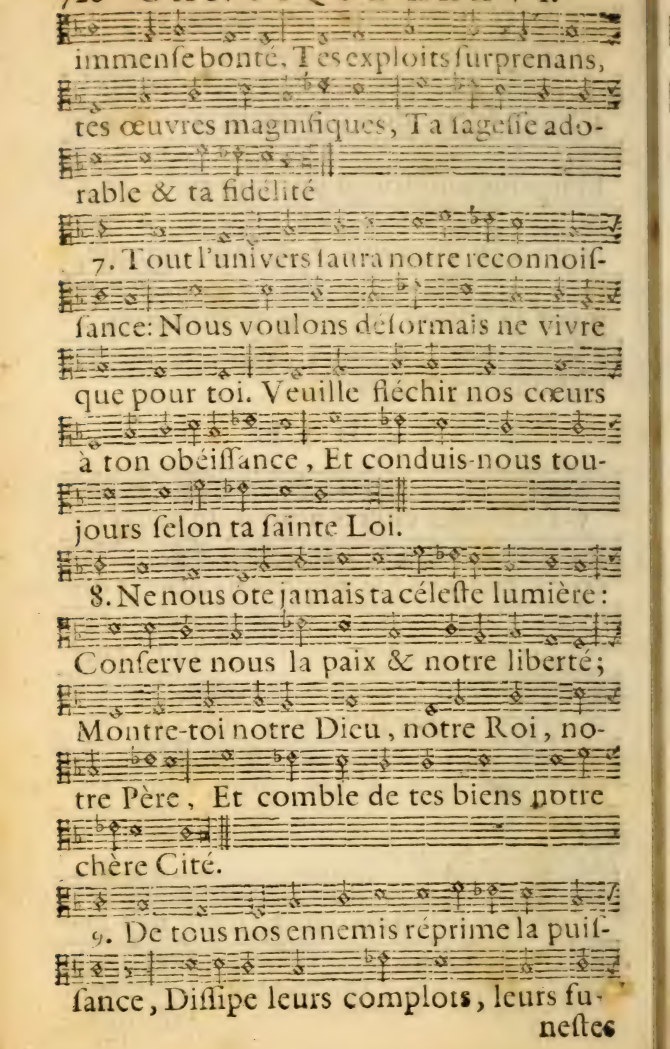


6 Nous ferons retentir, dans nos sa-



crés Cantiques, Ton infini pouvoir, ton

immense



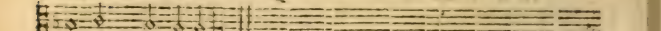
immense bonté, Tes exploits surprenans,
tes œuvres magnifiques, Ta sagesse ado-
rable & ta fidélité
7. Tout l'univers saura notre reconnois-
sance: Nous voulons désormais ne vivre
que pour toi. Veuille fléchir nos cœurs
à ton obéissance, Et conduis-nous tou-
jours selon ta sainte Loi.
8. Ne nous ôte jamais ta céleste lumière:
Conserve nous la paix & notre liberté;
Montre-toi notre Dieu, notre Roi, no-
tre Père, Et comble de tes biens notre
chère Cité.
9. De tous nos ennemis réprime la puis-
sance, Dissipe leurs complots, leurs fu-
nestes

nestes desseins : Toi seul es notre appui,
notre unique défense ; Béni-nous tous,
Seigneur, rends-nous justes & saints.

CANTIQUE XXXVII. *Ps.* 65.

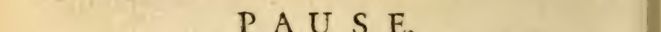
GRand Dieu, dont le pouvoir suprême Dispose des Etats, Des Rois & de leur diadême, De tous les Potentats, Accorde-nous, par ta clémence, Des Magistrats pieux, Qui te consacrent leur puissance, Et nous rendent heureux.

2. Pénètre-les tous de ta crainte, O notre divin Roi : Fais qu'ils observent ta Loi sainte ; Qu'ils ne craignent que toi ; Qu'ils soient zélés pour ton service ; Et pleins d'intégrité, Qu'ils administrent la justice

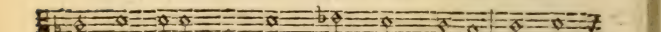


Avec fidélité.

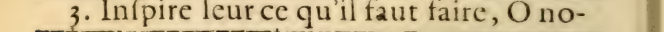
PAUSE.



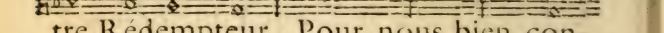
3. Inſpire leur ce qu'il faut faire, O no-



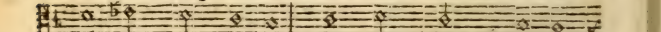
tre Rédempteur, Pour nous bien con-



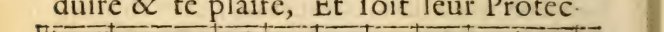
duire & te plaire, Et ſoit leur Protec-



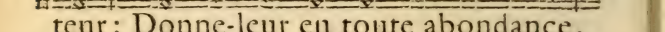
teur: Donne-leur en toute abondance,



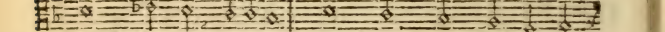
L'Eſprit de vérité, De bon conſeil & de



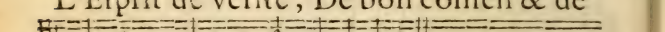
prudence, Et d'intrépidité.



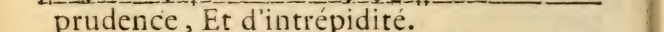
4. Fais-leur ſans ceſſe bien comprendre,



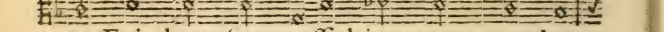
Que devant toi, Seigneur, Ils ne ſont



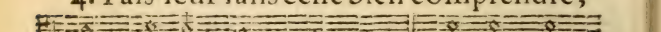
que poudre & que cendre, Nonobſtant



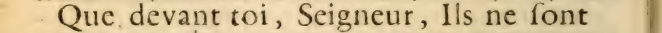
leur grandeur. Préſide dans leurs aſſem-



blées; Conſerve-nous la paix, Et ſur



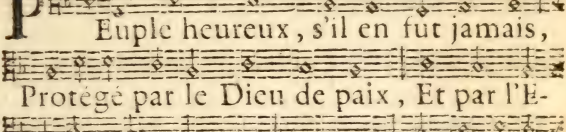
leurs perſonnes ſacrées Répands tous tes



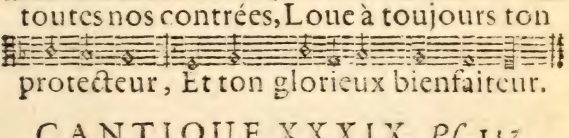
bienfaits.

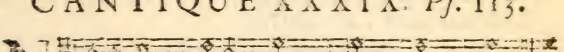
CANTIQUE

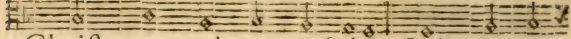
CANTIQUE XXXVIII. *Pſ.* 84.



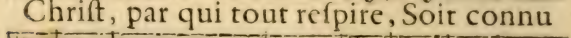
CANTIQUE XXXIX. *Pſ.* 113.



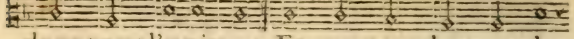




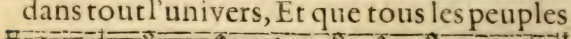
Christ, par qui tout respire, Soit connu



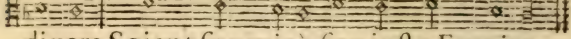
dans tout l'univers, Et que tous les peuples



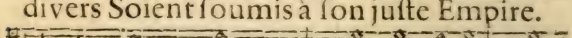
divers Soient soumis à son juste Empire.



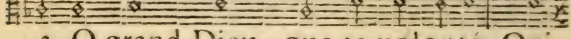
3. O grand Dieu, que ta volonté, Qui



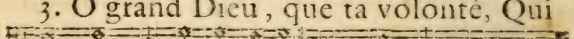
fait tout avec équité, Et que tu nous as



revélée, Soit sur la terre constamment,

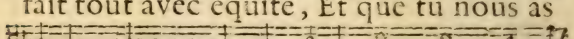


Comme elle l'est exactement Dans les

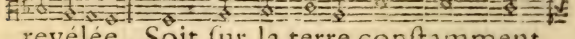


hauts lieux, exécutée.

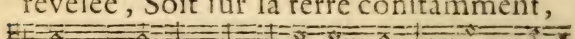
PAUSE.



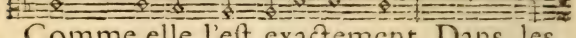
4. Unique source de tout bien, Donne-



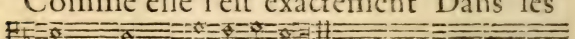
nous le pain quotidien, Tout ce qui



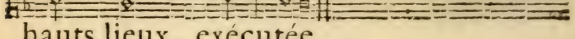
nous est nécessaire Pour passer douce-



ment nos jours; Surtout accorde-nous

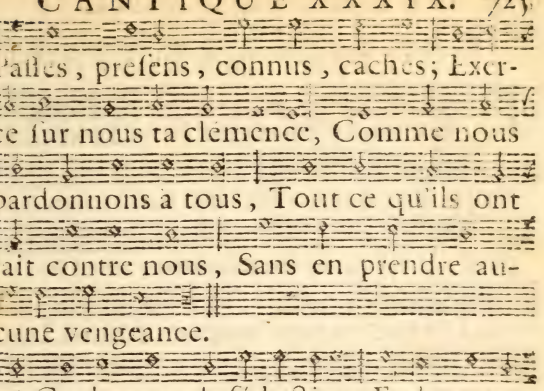


toujours Ta grace à tous si salutaire.

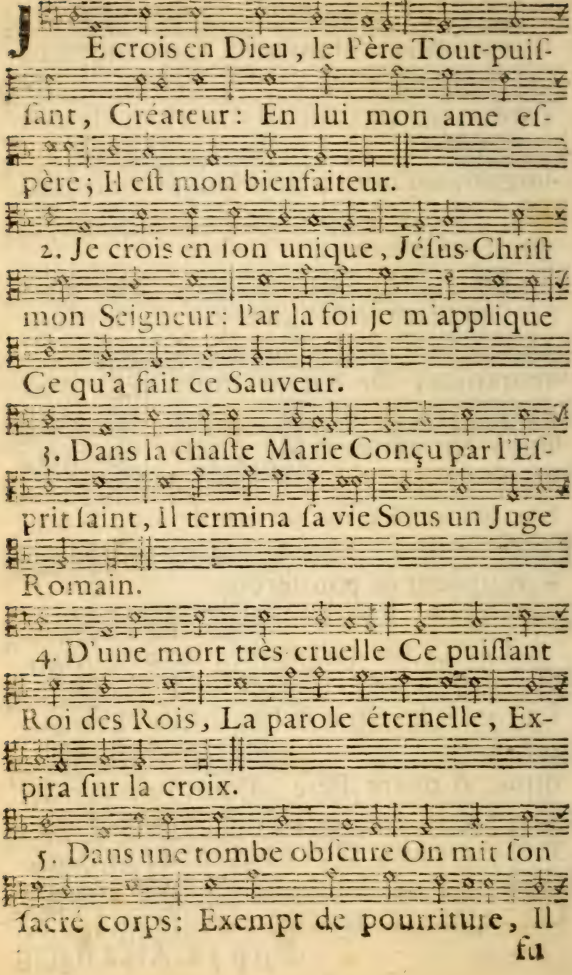


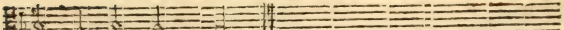
5. Pardonne-nous tous nos péchés,

Passés,

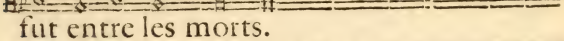

Passes, presens, connus, caches; Exer-
ce sur nous ta clemence, Comme nous
pardonnons à tous, Tout ce qu'ils ont
fait contre nous, Sans en prendre au-
cune vengeance.
6. Garde nous de séduction, Et de toute
tentation; De Satan confonds la ma-
lice; Ne permets pas que ses rigueurs,
Ses promesses ou ses douceurs, Nous
detournent de ton service.
7. C'est à toi qu'appartient, Seigneur,
La force, le règne & l'honneur: Exauce-
nous, ô notre Père, Pour l'amour de
Jesus ton Fils, Qui nous a de sa bou-
che appris Cette très-parfaite prière.

CANTIQUE XL. *Pſ.* 128.

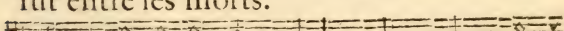




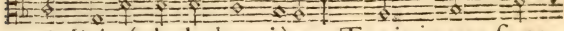
fut entre les morts.



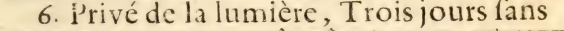
6. Privé de la lumière, Trois jours ſans



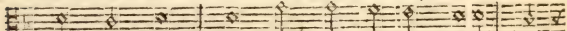
mouvement. Ce bien-aimé du Père Fut



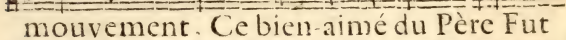
dans le monument.



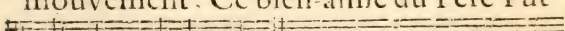
7 La mort étant vaincue, Jéſus reſſuſcita;



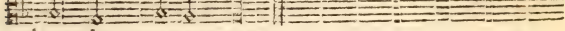
Porté ſur une nue, Dans les cieux il monta.



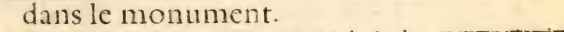
8. Des fruits de ſa victoire Il jouit dans



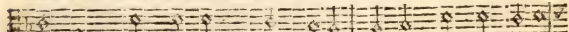
les cieux, Sur un trône de gloire Aſſis



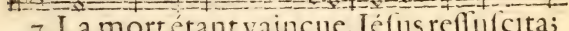
dans les hauts lieux.



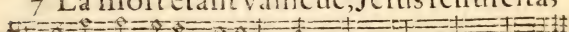
9 Il reviendra lui même Juger tout



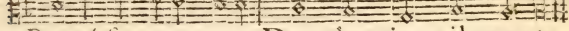
l'univers, Couronner ceux qu'il aime,



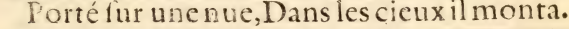
Et punir les pervers.



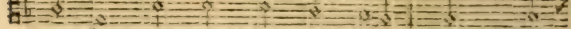
10. Je mets ma confiance Dans l'Eſ



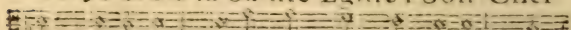
prit Créateur: Il produit l'eſperance Et



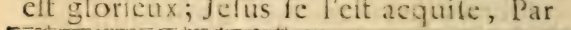
la foi dans mon cœur.



11. Je crois la Sainte Eglise : Son Chef

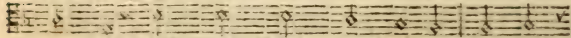


eſt glorieux ; Jeſus ſe l'eſt acquiſe, Par

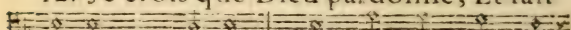


ſon ſang precieux.

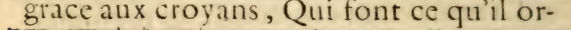
12. Je crois que Dieu pardonne, Et fait



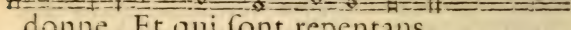
grace aux croyans, Qui font ce qu'il or-



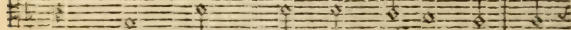
donne, Et qui ſont repentans.



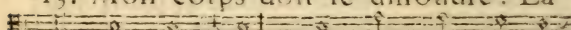
13. Mon corps doit ſe diſſoudre : La



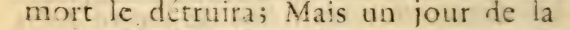
mort le détruira ; Mais un jour de la



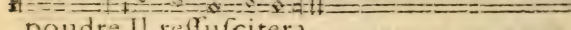
poudre Il reſſuſcitera.



14. Je crois une autre vie, Où mon

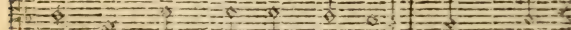


Dieu je verrai : En lui je me confie ; Je

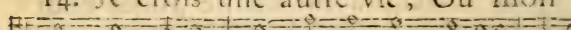


le poſſéderai.

CANTIQUE XLI. *Pſ.* 8.

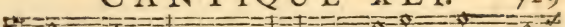


PEre éternel, mon Seigneur, tout

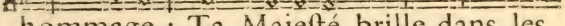


m'engage A t'adorer, t'aimer, te rendre

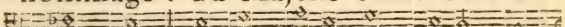
hommage :



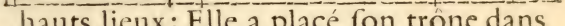
hommage : Ta Majeſté brille dans les



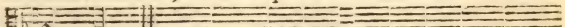
hauts lieux ; Elle a placé ſon trône dans



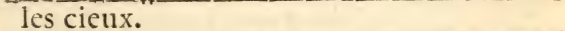
les cieux.



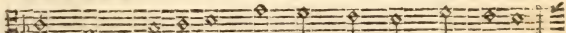
2. Tout l'univers reconnoît ta puiſſance :



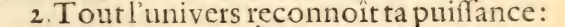
Tout les mortels éprouvent ta clémen-



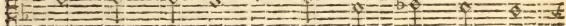
ce ; Les Séraphins louent ta ſainteté ; Et



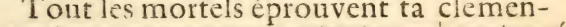
les pécheurs célèbrent ta bonté



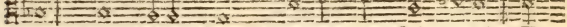
3. Tes jugemens font craindre ta juſtice,



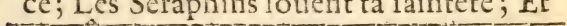
Qui ne peut voir ni ſupporter le vice, Et



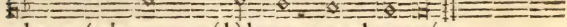
qui des fléaux qu'elle tient dans ſes mains,



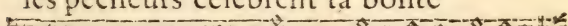
Frappe ſouvent & détruit les humains.



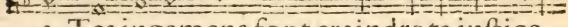
4. C'eſt ta ſageſſe adorable & profonde,



Qui règle tout, & qui conduit le monde :

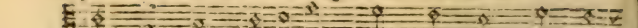


On ne ſauroit découvrir ſes deſſeins ;

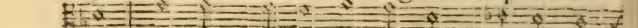


Mais ſes projets ſont tous juſtes & ſaints.

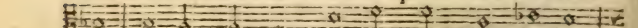
5. Toujours



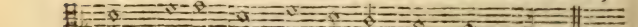
5. Toujours fidèle en tes grandes promes-



ses, Sur les mortels tu répands tes riches-

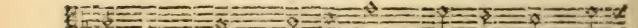


ses, Et ton amour ouvre tous ses trésors,

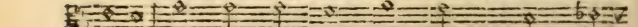


Pour enrichir leur esprit & leur corps.

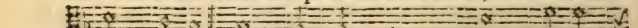
PAUSE.



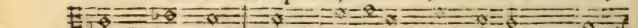
6. Tu m'as donné le mouvement &



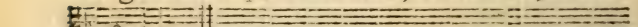
l'être, Et ton Esprit, ô Dieu, m'a fait



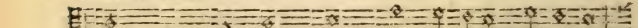
connoître Ce que je suis, mon néant,



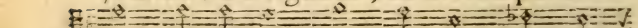
ta grandeur, Ta charité, ton salut, mon



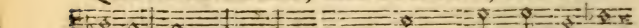
Sauveur.



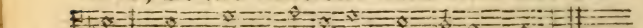
7. C'est, ô Seigneur, ta divine parole,



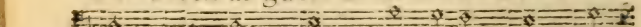
Qui m'éclairant, me conduit, me con-



sole, Et me soutient dans mes adversi-

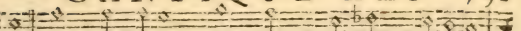


tés : Tu m'as guéri de mes infirmités.

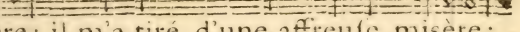


8. Aime ton Dieu, mon ame, c'est mon

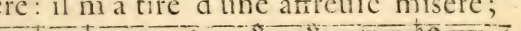
Père :



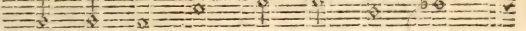
Père: il m'a tiré d'une affreuse misère;



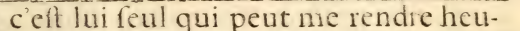
Et c'est lui seul qui peut me rendre heu-



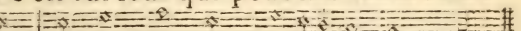
reux, Et me donner l'héritage des cieux.



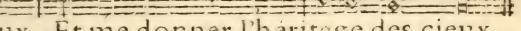
9. Aime le plus qu'aucune creature, Plus



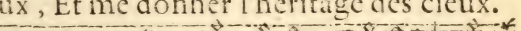
que toi-même, ou plutot sans mesure:



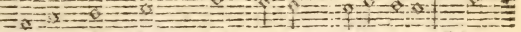
Tous ses bienfaits sur moi sont infinis,



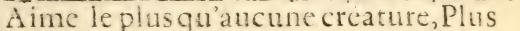
Il m'a donne son Esprit & son Fils.



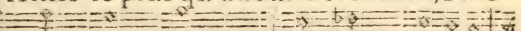
10. Seigneur Jésus, aide-moi par ta



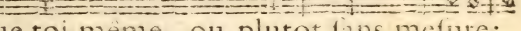
grace; Mon cœur, hélas! est plus froid



que la glace: De ton amour, vient, ô

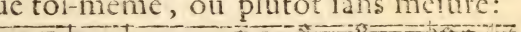


Dieu, l'enflammer, Je ne veux plus dé-

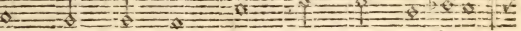


sormais que t'aimer.

CANTIQUE XLII. *Ps.* 130.



DU Dieu qui nous console Par ta



grande bonté, Recevez la parole Avec

humilité,

humilité. Heureuſe la perſonne Qui
médite & qui fait Ce qu'elle nous or-
donne, Et la met en effet.

CANTIQUE XLIII. *Pſ.* 144.

C'Eſt une erreur de croire qu'il ſuf-
fiſe D'avoir été baptiſé dans l'Egliſe, Et
d'appeler Jéſus-Chriſt ſon Seigneur,
Son Chef, ſon Maître & ſon divin Sau-
veur, De réciter tous ſes divins oracles,
De faire même en ſon nom des miracles:
Pour avoir part à ſa félicité, Il faut tou-
jours faire ſa volonté.

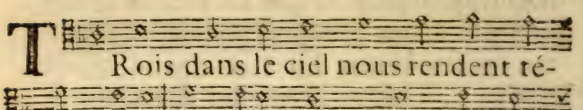
CANTIQUE XLIV. *Pſ.* 104.

NE craignons point ceux dont tous
les efforts Ne peuvent rien que ſur nos
foibles

foibles corps: Craignons plutot le Maître du tonnerre, Le Roi des cieux qui fait trembler la terre, Que les démons craignent dans les enfers, Sous qui tout plie en ce vaſte univers, Qui jette l'ame & le corps dans la gêne, Pour y ſouffrir une éternelle peine.

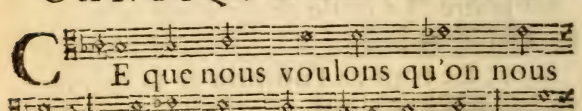
2. N'attirons pas ſur nous ſes jugemens; Mais obſervons tous ſes commandemens: C'eſt le moyen aſſuré de lui plaire, La ſeule choſe utile & néceſſaire, Le tout de l'homme & ſa félicité, Et le chemin à l'immortalité. Pénètre-nous, ô Seigneur, de ta crainte, Pour accomplir déſormais ta Loi ſainte.

CANTIQUE XLV. *Pſ.* 110.



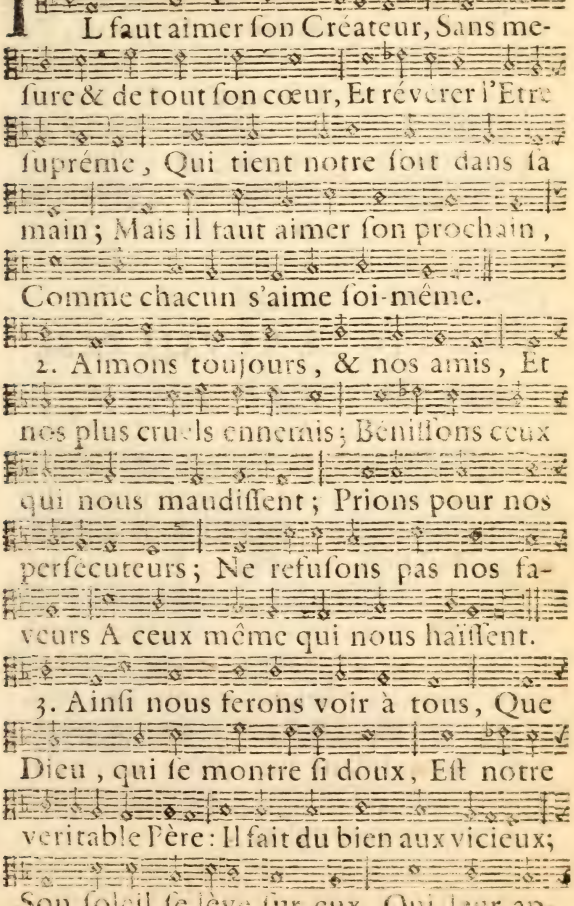
2. Ils ne ſont qu'un; ils ont la même
eſſence, La même gloire, & force &
majeſté, Le même empire, & la même
puiſſance: C'eſt l'adorable & ſainte Tri-
nité.

CANTIQUE XLVI. *Les C.*



CANTIQUE

CANTIQUE XLVII. *Pſ.* 24.



porte sa lumière.

4. Prions ardemment le Seigneur, De qui dépend notre bonheur, Qu'il nous transforme à son image, Et qu'imitant sa charité Et sa parfaite sainteté, Nous possédions son héritage.

CANTIQUE XLVIII. *Ps.* 84.

CHerchons, Chrétiens, premièrement, Avec un saint empressement, Le règne de Dieu, sa justice; Et nous aurons certainement, Pour passer nos jours doucement: Le Seigneur nous sera propice, Remplissant nos justes desirs, Il fera cesser nos soupirs.

CANTIQUE XLIX. *Pſ.* 18

DE ton eſprit bannis l'inquietude,
Soucis rongeans, vaine ſollicitude; N'imite point ce que font les Payens, S'ils
ſont privés & d'amis & de biens. Ces
ignorans remplis de défiance, Diſent
ſouvent dans leur impatience, Et dans
l'ardeur d'un injuſte courroux, Que devenir, & de quoi vivrons nous?

2. Si tu te vois, Chrétien, dans la misère,
Sans murmurer, recours à Dieu ton Père:
Lui ſerois-tu moins cher que les oiſeaux,
Que l'hirondelle, & que les paſſereaux?
Lui ſeul leur donne à tous la nourriture;
Lui ſeul pourvoit à toute la nature; Lui

seul revêt tous les lys de nos champs. Au-

roit-il moins de soin de ses enfans?

3. Mets donc en Dieu toute ton espéran-

ce: Il est ton Père, & c'est sa providence

Qui te réduit à cette extrêmité: Espère tout

de sa fidélité; Chasse bien loin toute crainte

mondaine: Chaque journée a ses soins &

sa peine; Mais Dieu prévoit & règle l'a-

venir, Et lui seul peut à nos maux subvenir.

CANTIQUE L. *Ps.* 84.

HEureux qui, mourant au Seigneur,

Remet son ame à son Sauveur: Il se re-

pose de ses peines; Il est délivré de ses

maux, De ses chagrins, de ses travaux,

De ses ennemis, de ses chaines: Ses œu-

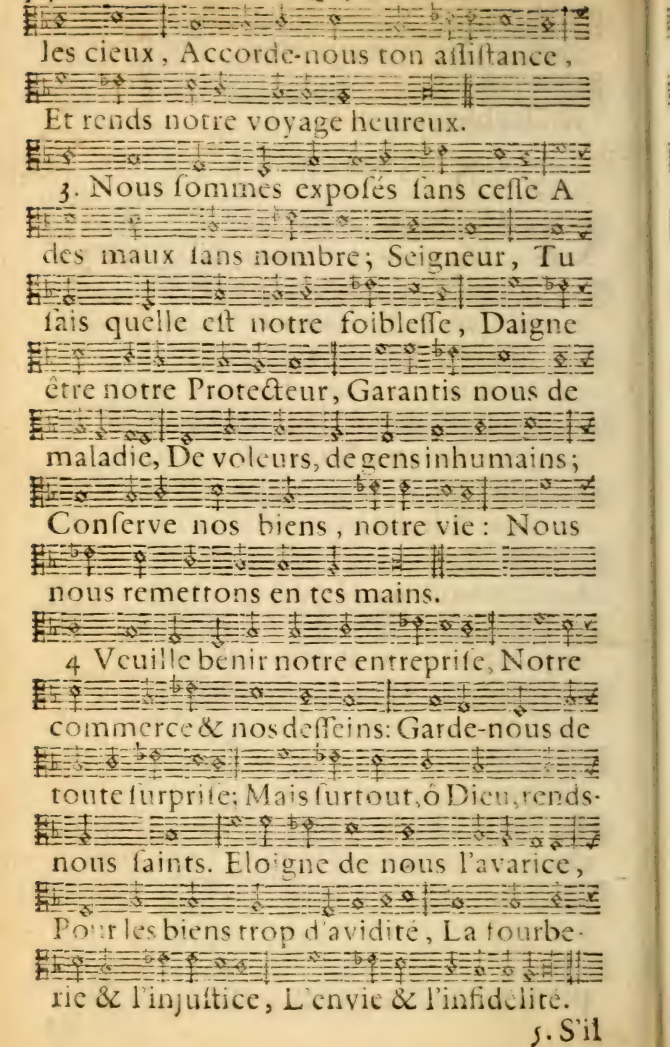
vres.

vres le suivront aux cieux, Où Dieu le rendra bienheureux.

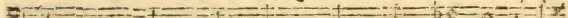
CANTIQUE LI. *Ps.* 118.

O Dieu, qui, par ta providence, Conduis & regles l'univers, Qui remplis tout par ta présence, Et tiens sur nous tes yeux ouverts. Nous entreprenons un voyage, Adresse heureusement nos pas, Conduis-nous, Dieu tout bon, tout sage, Et ne nous abandonne pas.

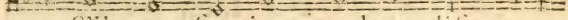
2. Toi, qui jadis fendis les ondes, Pour ton peuple & ton cher troupeau, Et qui, dans les vagues profondes, Leur ouvris un chemin nouveau. Toi qui fais tout, par ta puissance, Et sur la terre, & dans les


les cieux, Accorde-nous ton assistance,
Et rends notre voyage heureux.
3. Nous sommes exposés sans cesse A
des maux sans nombre; Seigneur, Tu
sais quelle est notre foiblesse, Daigne
être notre Protecteur, Garantis nous de
maladie, De voleurs, de gens inhumains;
Conserve nos biens, notre vie: Nous
nous remettons en tes mains.
4 Veuille benir notre entreprise, Notre
commerce & nos desseins: Garde-nous de
toute surprise; Mais surtout, ô Dieu, rends-
nous saints. Eloigne de nous l'avarice,
Pour les biens trop d'avidité, La fourbe-
rie & l'injustice, L'envie & l'infidélité.

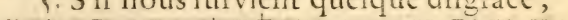
5. S'il



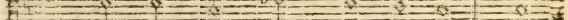
5. S'il nous survient quelque disgrace,



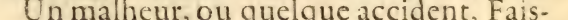
Un malheur, ou quelque accident, Fais-



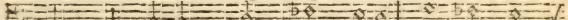
nous, ô notre Dieu, la grace De les sup-



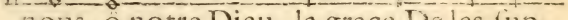
porter constamment. Que les richesses



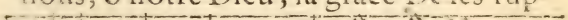
périssables N'attachent jamais notre



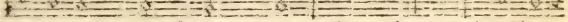
cœur ; Mais qu'après des biens plus du-



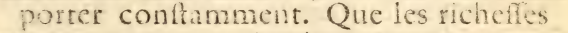
rables Nous aspirions avec ardeur.



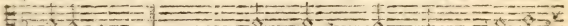
6. Fais-nous comprendre que la vie S'é-



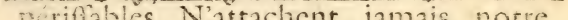
vanouit dans peu de jours, Que le ciel



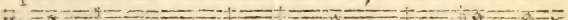
est notre patrie, Où nous devons tendre



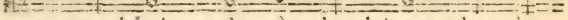
toujours ; Que tout passe, plaisirs, ri-



chesses, Dignités, presque en un instant;

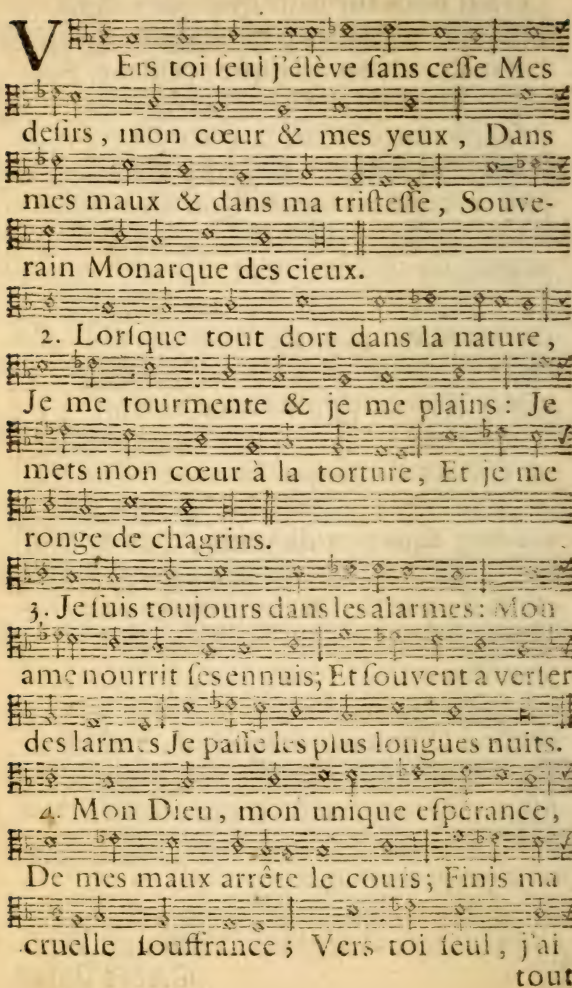


Mais que ta grace & tes promesses Du-

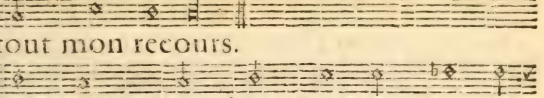


rent perpétuellement.

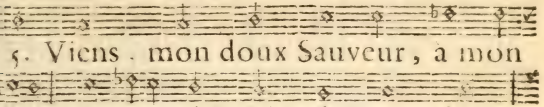
CANTIQUE LII. *Les C.*



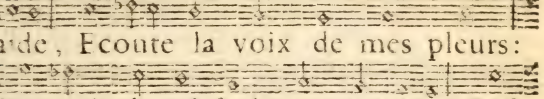
tout



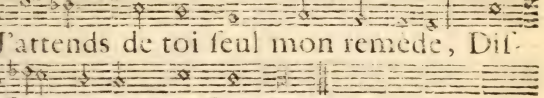
tout mon recours.



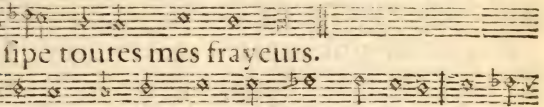
5. Viens, mon doux Sauveur, à mon



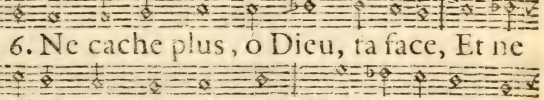
aide, Ecoute la voix de mes pleurs:



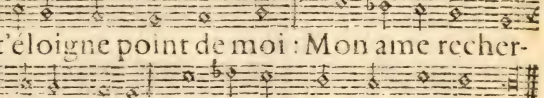
J'attends de toi seul mon remede, Dis-



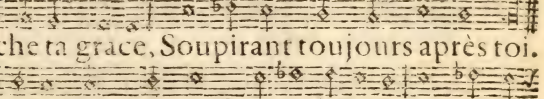
sipe toutes mes frayeurs.



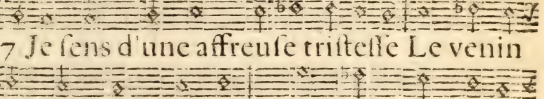
6. Ne cache plus, ô Dieu, ta face, Et ne



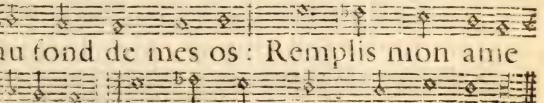
t'éloigne point de moi: Mon ame recher-



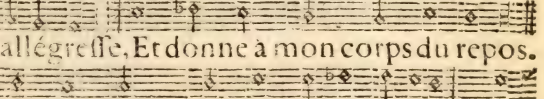
che ta grace, Soupirant toujours après toi.



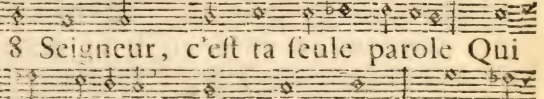
7 Je sens d'une affreuse tristesse Le venin



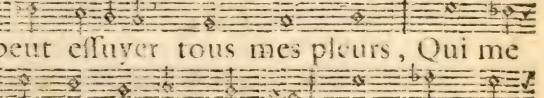
au fond de mes os: Remplis mon ame



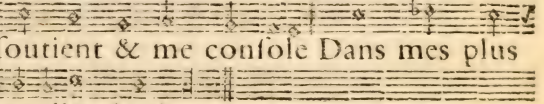
d'allégresse, Et donne à mon corps du repos.



8 Seigneur, c'est ta seule parole Qui



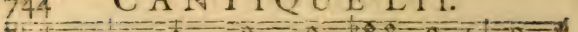
peut essuyer tous mes pleurs, Qui me



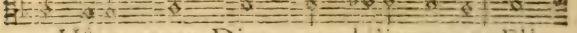
soutient & me console Dans mes plus

cruelles douleurs.

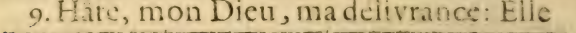
9. Hâte,



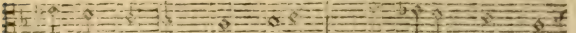
9. Hâte, mon Dieu, ma délivrance: Elle



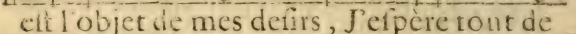
eſt l'objet de mes deſirs, J'eſpère tout de



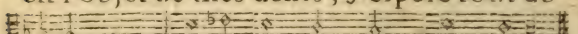
ta clemence, Et ta Loi fait tous mes plaiſirs.



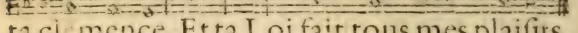
10. Si ta main, Seigneur, me délivre



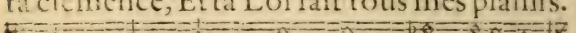
Des maux qui cauſent ma douleur, Je



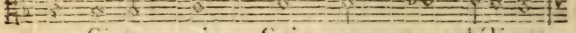
ne ſouhaite plus de vivre Que pour te



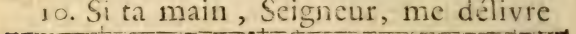
plaire, ô mon Sauveur.



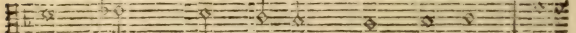
11. De tout mon cœur, je te deſire;



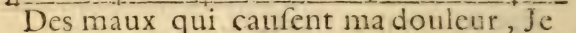
Soumets toujours par ta bonté, Aux



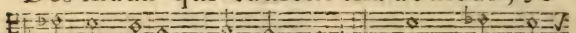
ſaintes loi de ton empire, Mon inconſ-



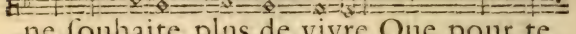
tante volonté.



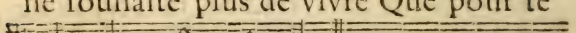
12. Seigneur, accorde-moi la grace



De jouir ici de ta paix, Pour contem-

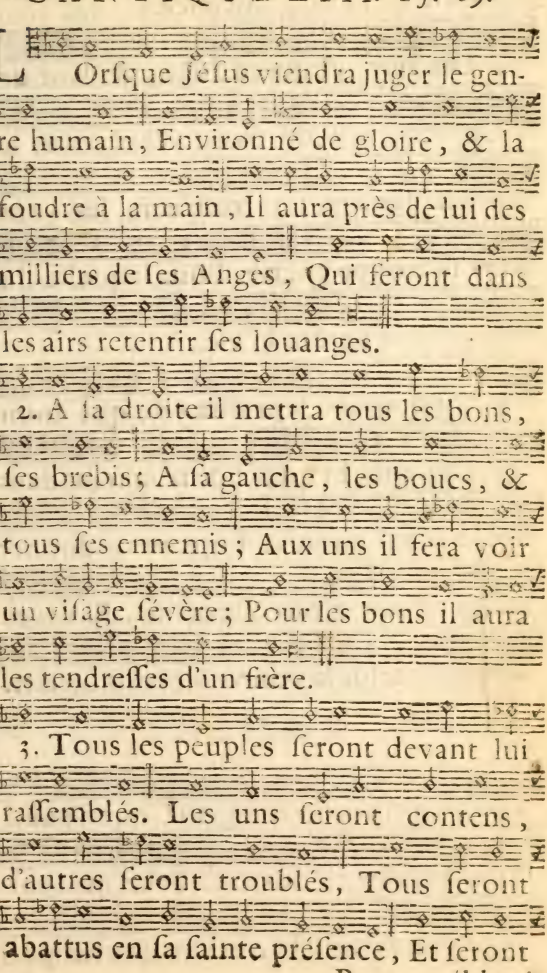


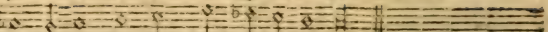
pler un jour ta face Dans ton Paradis,



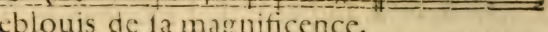
à jamais. Amen.

CANTIQUE LIII. *Pſ.* 89.

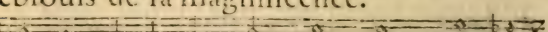




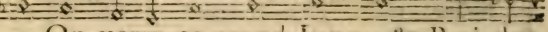
eblouis de ſa magnificence.



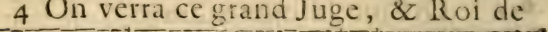
4 On verra ce grand Juge, & Roi de



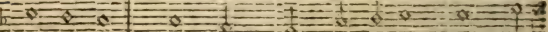
l'Univers, Sur un trône elevé dans le



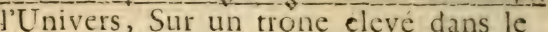
milieu des airs ; Il tournera ſes yeux



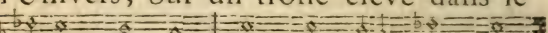
vers ſa troupe chérie, Pour laquelle il a



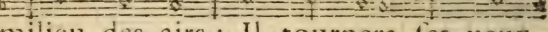
bien voulu perdre la vie.



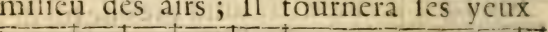
5 Vous tous, leur dira-t-il, que mon



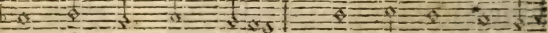
Père a bénis, Et qu'il a de tout tems dans



ſon conſeil choiſis, Pour vous donner

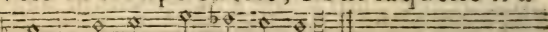


un jour une gloire éternelle, Recevez

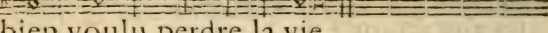


de mes mains la couronne immortelle.

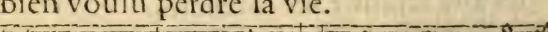
PAUSE.



6 Quand j'étois indigent, que j'endu-

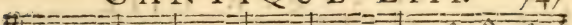


rois la faim, Vous avez avec moi par-

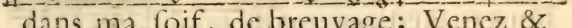


tagé votre pain; Je n'ai jamais manqué,

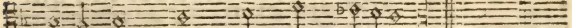
dans



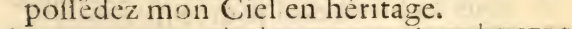
dans ma ſoif, de breuvage; Venez &



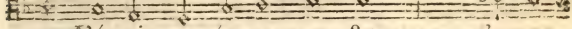
poſſédez mon Ciel en héritage.



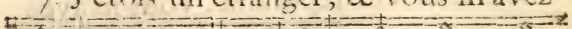
7. J'étois un étranger, & vous m'avez



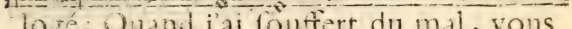
logé; Quand j'ai ſouffert du mal, vous



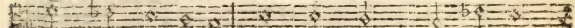
m'avez ſoulagé; Entrez, dès maintenant,



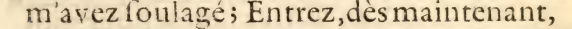
dans ma maiſon céleſte, Où vous ne



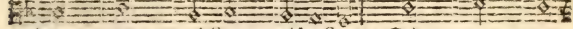
craindrez rien de triſte & de funeſte.



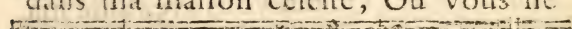
8. Lorſque j'étois tout nud, vous m'a-



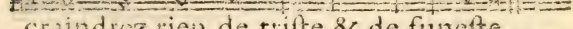
vez revêtu; Vous m'avez conſolé quand



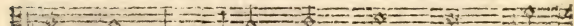
j'étois abattu; Vous m'avez en priſon



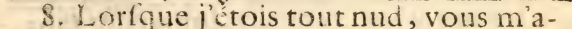
ſouvent rendu viſite; Jouiſſez à préſent



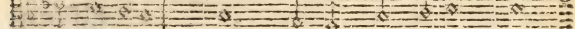
des fruits de mon mérite.



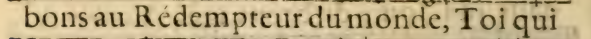
9. Quand t'avons-nous rendu ces chari-



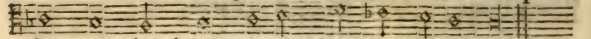
tables ſoins, Et quand avons-nous pu



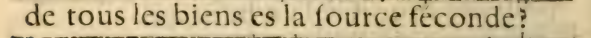
pourvoir à tes beſoins, Diront alors les



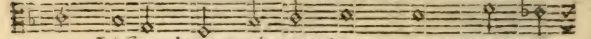
bons au Rédempteur du monde, Toi qui



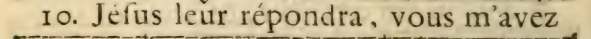
de tous les biens es la ſource féconde?



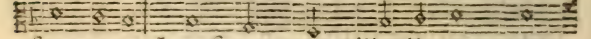
10. Jéſus leur répondra, vous m'avez



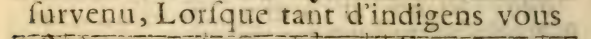
ſurvenu, Lorſque tant d'indigens vous



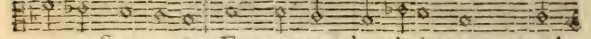
avez ſoutenu, Et votre charité pour moi



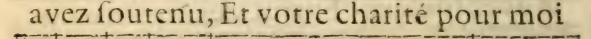
s'eſt ſignalée, Quand vous avez aidé ma



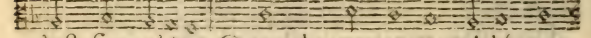
troupe infortunée.



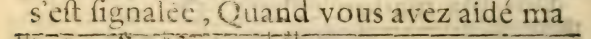
11. Pour vous, pécheurs ingrats, & ſans



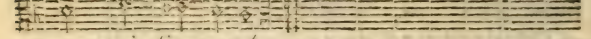
humanité, Qui pour moi n'avez eu que



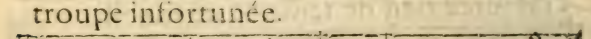
de la dureté, Allez, maudits de Dieu,



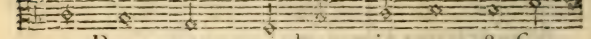
dans le fond des abîmes, Dans des tour-



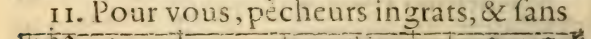
mens affreux expier tous vos crimes.



12. Grand Dieu, fais que le ſort des



bons, ſi glorieux, Et celui des méchans,



ſi triſte & malheureux, Nous faſſe vivre

tous

tous ici-bas dans ta grace, Pour contem-
pler un jour dans ton palais ta face.

CANTIQUE LIV. *Pſ.* 110.

DU Rédempteur la dernière venue,
Dont nul ne ſait le jour, ni le moment,
Comme un éclair, ſera prompte, impré-
vue, Préparons-nous à cet événement.

2. On en verra de terribles préſages, Plu-
ſieurs mourront de la ſeule frayeur, De
tous côtés des eclairs, des orages, Les
élemens fondront par la chaleur.

3. Par un grand vent, comme d'une tem-
pête, Tout paſſera, ciel, terre, firma-
ment, On entendra l'éclatante trompette,
Qui citera tout homme au Jugement.

4. La terre & l'eau, mers, fleuves,

choſe étrange ! Incontinent rendront

alors les morts ; A la trompette, à la

voix de l'Archange, De leurs tombeaux

ſortiront tous les corps.

5. Notre corps vil, peſant, foible, fra-

gile, Lorſque Jéſus redeſcendra des

cieux, Sera rendu parfait, robuſte, agile,

Et fait ſemblable à ſon corps glorieux.

6. Si tous nos corps ſont ſemés corrup-

tibles, Pleins de défauts terreſtres, ſen-

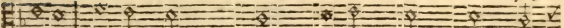
ſuels, Ils renaîtront de beaux corps impaſſi-

bles, Reſplendiſſans, des corps ſpirituels.

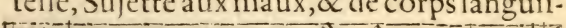
PAUSE.

7. Nous n'aurons plus alors de chair mor-

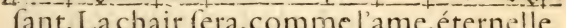
telle,



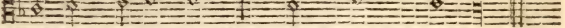
telle, Sujette aux maux, & de corps languiſ-



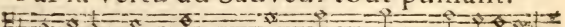
ſant, La chair ſera, comme l'ame, éternelle,



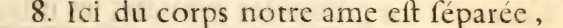
Par la vertu du Sauveur tout-puiſſant.



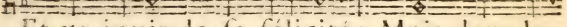
8. Ici du corps notre ame eſt ſéparée,



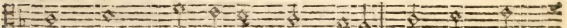
Et va jouir de ſa félicité; Mais dans la



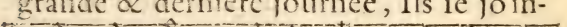
grande & dernière journée, Ils ſe joindront & pour l'éternité.



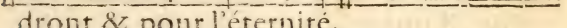
9. La même main, la même intelligen-



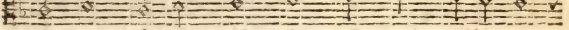
ce, Qui put tirer notre corps du néant,



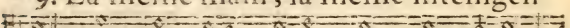
N'aura pas moins de force & de puiſſan-



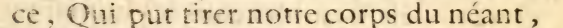
ce, Pour relever ce divin bâtiment.



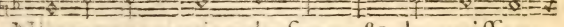
10. O mort, ô mort! où ſera ta victoire?



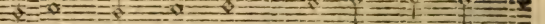
Tu n'auras plus ton aiguillon mortel,



Grace à Jéſus, grace au Seigneur de gloire,

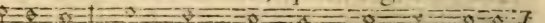


Grace à l'Eſprit, grace au Pere éternel.

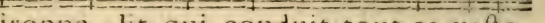


11. O mon Sauveur, que la gloire en-

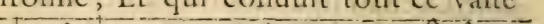
vironne, Et qui conduit tout ce vaſte



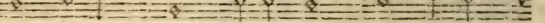
Univers, Quand feras tu comparoître



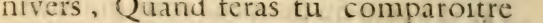
en perſonne, Tous les mortels, les juſ-



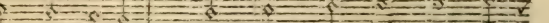
tes, les pervers?



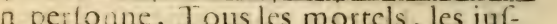
12. Quand viendras tu, Rédempteur ado-



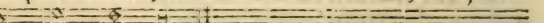
rable, Tout entouré d'Anges, de Séra-



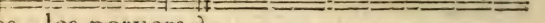
phins, Pour prononcer l'arrêt irrevocable



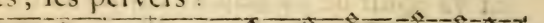
Qui fait déjà trembler tous les humains?



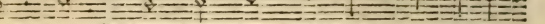
13. Tu vois ma crainte, hélas! ſois-moi



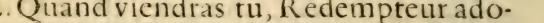
propice, Et mes péchés augmentent



mon effroi; Mais couvre-moi, Seigneur,



de ta juſtice, O mon Sauveur, je n'eſ-



père qu'en toi.

Fin des Cantiques.

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Fin de la Table des Cantiques.

LES DIX COMMANDEMENS DE LA LOI DE DIEU.

EXODE XX.

Préface.

ECoute, Israël: Je suis l'Eternel ton Dieu, qui t'ai retiré du pays d'Egypte, de la maison de servitude.

La première Table.

I. Tu n'auras point d'autre Dieu devant ma face.

II. Tu ne te feras aucune image taillée, ni aucune ressemblance des choses qui sont là-haut, au Ciel, ni ici-bas, en la Terre, ni dans les eaux, sous la Terre; Tu ne te prosterneras point devant elles, ni ne les serviras; car je suis le Seigneur ton Dieu, & un Dieu jaloux, qui visite l'iniquité des Pères sur les enfans, jusqu'à la troisième & à la quatrième génération de ceux qui me haïssent; & qui fais miséricorde, jusqu'à mille générations, à ceux qui m'aiment & qui gardent mes commandemens.

III. Tu ne prendras point le Nom de l'Eternel ton Dieu, en vain, car l'Eternel ne tiendra point pour innocent celui qui prendra son nom en vain.

IV. Souviens-toi du jour du repos pour le sanctifier. Tu travailleras six jours, & ces jours-là, tu feras toute ton œuvre; mais le septième jour est le jour du repos de l'Eternel, ton Dieu: Tu ne feras aucune œuvre en ce jour-là, ni toi, ni ton fils, ni ta fille, ni ton serviteur, ni ta servante, ni ton bétail, ni l'étranger qui est dans tes Portes.

Car, dans six jours, le Seigneur a fait le Ciel, la Terre & la Mer, & tout ce qui est en eux, & s'est reposé le septième jour; c'est pourquoi le Seigneur a béni le jour du repos, & l'a sanctifié.

La seconde Table.

V. Honore ton Père & ta Mère, afin que tes jours soient prolongés sur la Terre, que l'Eternel ton Dieu te donne.

VI. Tu ne tueras point.

VII. Tu ne paillarderas point.

VIII. Tu ne déroberas pas.

IX. Tu ne diras point de faux témoignages contre ton prochain.

X. Tu ne convoiteras point la maison de ton prochain, ni sa femme, ni son serviteur, ni sa servante, ni son bœuf, ni son âne, ni aucune chose qui soit à ton prochain.

Le sommaire de toute la Loi, Matthieu XXII.

Tu aimeras l'Eternel ton Dieu, de tout ton cœur, de toute ton ame, & de toute ta pensée; & le second, qui lui est semblable.

Tu aimeras ton prochain comme toi-même. De ces deux commandemens dépendent toute la Loi & les Prophètes.

L'Oraison Dominicale.

NOtre Père qui es aux Cieux, ton nom soit sanctifié; ton règne vienne; ta volonté soit faite sur la Terre comme au Ciel. Donne-nous aujourd'hui notre pain quotidien. Pardonne-nous nos offenses, comme nous pardonnons à ceux qui nous ont offensés. Et ne nous induis pas en tentation, mais délivre-nous du mal; car à toi est le Règne, la Puissance & la Gloire, aux siécles des siécles. Amen.

Le Symbole des Apôtres.

JE crois en Dieu le Père Tout-puissant, Créateur du Ciel & de la Terre, en Jésus-Christ son fils unique Notre Seigneur, qui a été conçu du Saint-Esprit, né de la

la Vierge Marie ; qui a souffert sous Ponce-Pilate ; qui a été crucifié, mort & enseveli, & qui est descendu aux enfers ; le troisième jour il est ressuscité des morts ; il est monté aux Cieux, il s'est assis à la droite de Dieu le Père tout-puissant, d'où il viendra pour juger les vivans & les morts.

Je crois au Saint-Esprit. Je crois à la sainte Eglise universelle ; la Communion des Saints ; la Rémission des péchés ; la Résurrection de la chair & la Vie éternelle. Amen.

LITURGIES ET DIVERSES PRIÈRES.

Les Liturgies du Baptême, de la Sainte Cène & du Mariage, sont tirées de la *pratique* de l'Eglise de Genève.

CONFESSION DES PÉCHÉS.

Notre aide soit au Nom de Dieu, qui a fait le Ciel & la Terre. Amen.

MES Frères, que chacun de vous se présente devant le Seigneur, pour lui faire une humble confession de ses péchés, en suivant du cœur ses paroles.

SEIGNEUR DIEU, Père éternel & tout-puissant ; Nous reconnoissons & nous confessons devant ta Sainte-Majesté, que nous sommes de pauvres pécheurs, nés dans la corruption, enclins au mal, incapables par nous-mêmes de faire le bien, & qui transgressons, tous les jours & en plusieurs manières, tes saints commandemens. Ce qui fait

que nous attirons sur nous, par ton juste jugement, la condamnation & la mort.

Toutefois, SEIGNEUR, nous avons un vif déplaisir de t'avoir offensé; & nous condamnons, nous & nos vices, avec une sérieuse repentance; recourant humblement à ta grace, & te suppliant de subvenir à notre misère. Veuille donc avoir pitié de nous, DIEU très-bon, Père de Miséricorde, & nous pardonne nos péchés, à cause de ton Fils JÉSUS-CHRIST notre Seigneur. Donne-nous aussi, & nous augmente continuellement les graces de ton Saint-Esprit, afin que, reconnoissant de plus en plus nos fautes, & en étant vivement touchés, nous y renoncions de tout notre cœur, & que nous portions des fruits de justice qui te soient agréables, par JESUS-CHRIST notre Seigneur. *Amen.*

Prières après la Prédication du Matin.

DIEU tout-puissant, Père céleste, tu nous as promis de nous exaucer dans les requêtes que nous te ferions au nom de ton Fils bien-aimé Jésus-Christ notre Seigneur. Nous sommes aussi instruits par sa doctrine, & celle de ses Apôtres, de nous assembler en son Nom, avec promesse qu'il sera au milieu de nous, & qu'il sera notre intercesseur envers toi, pour obtenir toutes les choses que nous te demanderons d'un commun accord sur la terre.

Premièrement, nous avons ton commandement de prier pour ceux que tu as établis sur nos supérieurs & gouverneurs, ensuite pour toutes les nécessités de ton peuple, & même de tous les hommes. C'est pourquoi, en confiance de ta sainte doctrine & de tes promesses, d'autant que nous sommes ici assemblés devant ta face, & au Nom de ton Fils, notre Seigneur Jesus, nous te supplions affectueusement, ô notre bon Dieu & notre Père, au Nom de notre unique Sauveur & Médiateur, qu'il te plaise par ta clémence infinie, nous pardonner gratuitement nos offenses, & élever tellement à toi nos pensées & nos desirs, que de tout notre cœur nous te puissions invoquer, selon

ton bon plaiſir & ta volonté, laquelle ſeule eſt raiſonnable.

Nous te prions donc, Père céleſte, pour tous les Princes & Seigneurs tes ſerviteurs, auxquels tu as commis l'adminiſtration de ta juſtice; & ſingulièrement pour Nos N. N. qu'il te plaiſe leur communiquer ton Eſprit, ſeul bon & vraiement principal, le leur augmenter journellement; tellement que reconnoiſſant en vraie foi Jéſus-Chriſt ton Fils notre Seigneur être le Roi des Rois, & Seigneur ſur tous Seigneurs, comme tu lui as donné toute puiſſance au ciel & en la terre, ils cherchent de le ſervir & d'exalter ſon règne en leurs dominations, gouvernant leurs ſujets, qui ſont les créatures de tes mains, & les brebis de ta pâture, ſelon ton bon plaiſir, afin que tant ici, que par toute la terre, étant maintenus en bonne paix, nous te ſervions en toute ſainteté & honnêteté; & qu'étant délivrés de la crainte de nos ennemis, nous te puiſſions rendre louanges en toute notre vie.

Auſſi nous te prions, Père véritable & Sauveur, pour tous ceux que tu as ordonnés Paſteurs à tes fidèles, auxquels tu as commis la charge de tes ames, & la diſpenſation de ton ſaint Evangile, que tu les conduiſes par ton Saint Eſprit, afin qu'ils ſoient trouvés fidèles Miniſtres de ta gloire, ayant toujours ce but, que toutes les pauvres brebis égarées ſoient recueillies & ramenées au Seigneur Jéſus-Chriſt, le principal Paſteur & le Prince des Evêques; afin que de jour en jour elles profitent & croiſſent en lui en toute juſtice & ſainteté. D'autre part, veuilles délivrer toutes tes Egliſes de la gueule des loups raviſſans, & de tous mercénaires, qui cherchent ſeulement leur ambition ou profit, & non point l'exaltation de ton Saint Nom & le ſalut de ton troupeau.

Après nous te prions, Dieu très-bon & Père miſéricordieux, pour tous les hommes généralement, que comme tu veux être reconnu Sauveur de tout le monde, en la rédemption faite par ton Fils Jéſus-Chriſt, que ceux qui ſont encore éloignés de ſa connoiſſance, étant dans les ténèbres & dans la captivité de l'erreur & de l'ignorance, ſoient amenés par l'illumination de ſon Saint Eſprit, &

par la prédication de ſon Evangile, à la droite voie du ſalut, qui eſt de te connoître ſeul vrai Dieu, & celui que tu as envoyé, Jéſus-Chriſt; que ceux auſſi que tu as déjà viſités par ta grace, & illuminés par la connoiſſance de ta parole, croiſſent tous les jours en bien, étant enrichis de tes bénédictions ſpirituelles, afin que nous t'adorions tous enſemble d'un même cœur & d'une même bouche, & que nous rendions honneur & hommage à ton Chriſt, notre Maître, notre Roi & notre Légiſlateur.

Pareillement, ô Dieu de toute conſolation, nous recommandons tous ceux que tu viſites & châties par des croix & des tribulations; les peuples que tu affliges par la peſte, ou la guerre, ou la famine; les perſonnes affligées de pauvreté ou de priſon, de maladie, de banniſſement, ou de telle autre calamité de corps, ou affliction d'eſprit; & nous te prions que tu leur veuilles faire entendre ton affection paternelle, qui eſt de les châtier pour leur amendement, afin que de tout leur cœur ils ſe convertiſſent à toi, & qu'étant convertis ils reçoivent une entière conſolation, & ſoient délivrés de tous leurs maux.

Singulièrement nous te recommandons tous nos pauvres frères qui ſont diſperſés ſous la tyrannie de l'Antechriſt, étant deſtitués de la pâture de vie, & privés de la liberté de pouvoir invoquer publiquement ton Saint Nom; même qui ſont ou priſonniers, ou perſécutés par les ennemis de ton Évangile; qu'il te plaiſe, ô Père de grâce, de les fortifier par la vertu de ton Eſprit, tellement qu'ils ne défaillent jamais; mais qu'ils perſiſtent conſtamment en ta ſainte vocation; de les ſecourir & de les aſſiſter comme tu connois qu'ils en ont beſoin, de les conſoler dans leurs afflictions, de les maintenir en ta garde contre la rage des loups, & de leur augmenter tous les dons de ton Eſprit, afin qu'ils te glorifient, tant en la vie qu'en la mort.

Enfin, ô notre bon Dieu & notre Père céleſte, accorde-nous auſſi, à nous qui ſommes ici aſſemblés, au nom de ton Fils Jéſus, à cauſe de ſa parole, (*& de ſa ſainte Cène,*) que nous reconnoiſſions droitement & ſans hypocriſie, en quelle perdition nous ſommes naturellement,

& quelle condamnation nous méritons & nous amaſſons de jour en jour ſur nous, par notre vie malheureuſe & déſordonnée: afin que voyant qu'il n'y a point de bien en nous, & que notre chair & notre ſang ne ſont point capables de poſſéder en héritage ton Royaume, de toute notre affection, & avec une ferme confiance nous nous rendions entièrement à ton cher Fils Jeſus-Chriſt notre Seigneur, ſeul Sauveur & Rédempteur, afin que lui habitant en nous, mortifie notre vieil Adam, nous renouvelant en une meilleure vie, par laquelle ton Nom, ſelon qu'il eſt ſaint & digne, ſoit exalté & glorifié dans tous les lieux de la terre.

Pareillement, que tu ayes la ſeigneurie & le gouvernement ſur nous tous, & que tous les jours, & de plus en plus, nous apprenions à nous ſoumettre à ta Majeſté; tellement que tu ſois Roi & Dominateur par-tout, conduiſant ton peuple par le ſceptre de ta parole, & par la vertu de ton Eſprit, & confondant tes ennemis par la force de ta vérité & de ta juſtice.

Que toute puiſſance & grandeur contraire à ta gloire, ſoit de jour en jour détruite & abolie, juſqu'à ce que l'accompliſſement de ton Royaume vienne, & que la perfection en ſoit entièrement établie, quand tu apparoîtras en jugement en la perſonne de ton Fils.

Que nous, avec toutes les créatures, te rendions une vraie & parfaite obéiſſance, ainſi que tes Anges céleſtes ne demandent, ſinon d'exécuter tes commandemens; que par ce moyen ta volonté ſoit accomplie ſans aucune contradiction, & que tous ſe rangent à te ſervir & à te plaire, renonçant à leur propre volonté, & à tous les déſirs de leurs cœurs.

Que marchant en l'amour & en la crainte de ton Nom, nous ſoyons nourris par ta bonté, & que tu nous donne toutes les choſes qui nous ſont néceſſaires & expédientes pour manger notre pain paiſiblement, afin que voyant que tu as ſoin de nous, nous te reconnoiſſions mieux pour notre Père, & que nous attendions tous les biens de ta main; retirant notre confiance de toutes les créatures, pour la mettre entièrement en toi & en ta bénignité.

Et parce que durant cette vie mortelle nous sommes de pauvres pécheurs, si pleins de fragilité, que nous péchons continuellement, & nous égarons de la droite voie, nous te supplions qu'il te plaise nous remettre toutes nos fautes, par lesquelles nous sommes redevables à ton jugement, & que par cette rémission tu nous délivres de l'obligation de la mort éternelle à laquelle nous sommes soumis. Qu'il te plaise donc ne nous imputer point le mal qui est en nous; & comme par ton commandement nous oublions les injures qu'on nous fait, nous te prions qu'au lieu d'en chercher la vengeance, nous procurions le bien de nos ennemis.

Enfin, qu'il te plaise nous soutenir continuellement par ta vertu, afin que nous ne tombions point par l'infirmité de notre chair. Et parce que de nous-mêmes nous sommes si foibles, que nous ne pourrions demeurer fermes une minute de temps; que d'autre part, nous sommes environnés & attaqués continuellement de tant d'ennemis; & que le Diable, le monde, le péché & notre propre chair ne cessent de nous faire la guerre, veuilles nous fortifier par ton Saint-Esprit, & nous armer de tes grâces, afin que nous puissions constamment résister à toutes tentations, & persévérer en cette guerre spirituelle, jusqu'à ce que nous obtenions une pleine victoire, pour triompher une fois en ton Royaume avec notre Chef & Protecteur, notre Seigneur Jesus-Christ. Amen.

Le jour qu'on doit célébrer la Sainte-Cène, on ajoute ce qui suit.

ET comme notre Seigneur Jesus, non-seulement t'a une fois offert en la croix son corps & son sang pour la rémission de nos péchés, mais aussi nous les veut communiquer pour nourriture en vie éternelle; fais-nous cette grâce, que d'une vraie sincérité de cœur, & d'un zele ardent, nous recevions de lui un si grand bienfait; fais qu'avec une ferme foi nous jouissions de son corps & de son sang, même de lui tout entièrement; comme lui étant vrai Dieu & vrai homme, est véritablement le

saint pain céleste, pour nous vivifier ; afin que nous ne vivions plus à nous-mêmes, & selon notre nature, laquelle est toute corrompue & vicieuse, mais qu'il vive lui-même en nous, pour nous conduire à vie sainte, bienheureuse & permanente à jamais. Qu'ainsi nous soyons faits vraiement participans du nouveau & éternel Testament, savoir l'alliance de grâce ; étant certains & assurés que ton bon plaisir est de nous être éternellement un Père propice, ne nous imputant point nos fautes, & comme à tes enfans & héritiers bien-aimés, de nous pourvoir de toutes choses nécessaires, tant au corps qu'à l'ame, afin qu'incessamment nous te rendions gloire & actions de grâces, & magnifions ton nom par œuvres & par paroles. Donne-nous donc en cette manière, Père céleste, de célébrer aujourd'hui la mémoire bienheureuse de ton cher fils, de nous exercer en elle, & d'annoncer le bienfait de sa mort, afin que recevant un nouvel accroissement & affermissement en la foi & en tout bien, nous puissions, avec une plus grande confiance, te nommer notre Père, & nous glorifier en toi. Amen.

La bénédiction qu'on donne au départ du peuple, selon que le Seigneur l'avoit ordonné en la Loi.

LE Seigneur vous béniſſe & vous conserve. Le Seigneur fasse luire sa face sur vous, & vous soit propice. Le Seigneur tourne son visage vers vous, & vous maintienne en paix & prospérité. Amen.

Notre aide soit au Nom de Dieu, qui a fait le ciel & la terre. Amen.

Présentez vous cet enfant pour être baptisé ?
Réponse. Oui.

Notre Seigneur nous enseigne que nous devons naître de nouveau, si nous voulons entrer dans le Royaume de Dieu. Cela nous apprend qu'il se doit faire un très-grand changement en nous lorsque nous entrons dans la Communion de notre Sauveur, & que nous devenons membres de

ſon Egliſe. Il faut que nous renoncions à tout ce qu'il y a d'impur & de vicieux dans nos perſonnes, & que nous nous conſacrions à Dieu par une application ſincère & conſtante à tous les devoirs de la piété, de la tempérance & de la juſtice. Si nous ne devenions de cette manière des hommes nouveaux, nous ne ſaurions avoir part aux avantages du Chriſtianiſme, & en particulier à la gloire du Royaume de Dieu.

Ce changement nous eſt repréſenté d'une manière très-ſenſible, par la cérémonie du baptême. Nous y apprenons, que, comme l'eau ſert à nétoyer les impuretés de nos corps, de même nous trouverons dans la Communion de notre Sauveur, tout ce qui eſt néceſſaire pour nétoyer nos ames de leurs ſouillures; & que, comme Dieu nous préſente ſa grace, c'eſt-à-dire, le pardon de nos péchés, & le ſecours de ſon Eſprit, lorſqu'il nous reçoit dans ſon alliance, nous auſſi, de notre côté, nous devons nous purifier de toute ſouillure de corps & d'eſprit, & avancer continuellement notre ſanctification dans la crainte de Dieu.

Anciennement, quand on baptiſoit, on plongeoit tout le corps dans l'eau, & on l'en retiroit enſuite. Dans cette pratique, S. Paul nous fait remarquer un bel emblême de la mort & de la Réſurrection de notre Sauveur, & de la manière dont nous devons participer à l'une & à l'autre; c'eſt-à-dire, que nous devons mourir au péché, y renoncer entièrement, & vivre d'une vie nouvelle, toute pure & toute ſainte, conforme à l'eſprit de JESUS-CHRIST, & aux maximes de ſon Evangile.

Ce ſont là les grands & importans engagemens où nous entrons par le Baptême. Nous y faiſons auſſi entrer nos Enfans, autant que cela dépend de nous, lorſque nous les conſacrons à Dieu, & que nous les lui préſentons dans ſon Egliſe; & quand ils ſont parvenus eux-mêmes à l'âge de raiſon, ils ſont obligés de remplir ces engagemens, s'ils veulent avoir part aux biens de l'alliance de Dieu, qui ne ſont deſtinés qu'aux vrais fidèles.

DIEU, de ſon côté, qui étend ſes graces ſur les enfans auſſi bien que ſur les Pères, & qui vouloit autrefois que les enfans lui fuſſent conſacrés par la Circonciſion, ne peut

que regarder d'un œil favorable ceux que nous lui consacrons par le Baptême. Et notre Sauveur qui reçut avec tant de bonté les petits enfans qu'on lui présentoit, qui leur imposa les mains, & les recommanda à Dieu son Père, n'est pas moins disposé à recevoir & à bénir ceux qui lui sont présentés dans son Eglise.

Ainsi, MES FRÈRES, joignons-nous tous ensemble, pour consacrer cet enfant à Dieu, & pour le recommander à sa grace par notre prière

SEIGNEUR DIEU, Père Eternel, puisqu'il t'a plu, par ta bonté infinie, de nous promettre que tu seras notre Dieu, & le Dieu de nos Enfans, nous te supplions de vouloir accomplir cette promesse dans l'Enfant ici présent, qui est né d'un Père & d'une Mère que tu as reçus dans ton Eglise. Nous te l'offrons, nous te le consacrons, ô notre Dieu! veuilles le prendre sous ta sainte protection. Et comme toute la postérité d'Adam est dans un état de corruption & de misère, qu'il te plaise de te déclarer le Dieu & le Sauveur de cet Enfant, & de le sanctifier par ton Esprit; afin que quand il sera parvenu à l'âge de raison, il te reconnoisse & t'adore comme son seul Dieu, & te glorifie dans toute sa vie, pour pouvoir obtenir de toi le pardon de ses péchés, & toutes les autres graces que tu nous as promises dans ton Evangile. Pour cet effet, veuilles le recevoir dans ton alliance, & dans la communion de ton Fils, afin que mourant au péché & au monde, & vivant d'une vie nouvelle, il ait part un jour à la vie éternelle & bienheureuse, que tu as promise à tes Enfans. Exaucenous, Père de miséricorde! nous t'invoquons au nom de ton Fils Jesus-Christ notre Seigneur. Amen.

Puisque vous présentez cet Enfant pour être reçu dans l'Eglise de Dieu, vous promettez qu'à mesure qu'il avancera en âge, vous prendrez soin qu'il soit instruit dans la Doctrine Chrétienne, que Dieu nous a révélée dans les Livres sacrés & du Vieux & du Nouveau Testament, & dont nous avons l'abrégé dans la Confession de foi, qui commence ainsi, *je crois en Dieu*, &c. Vous l'engagerez aussi à vivre selon la règle que notre Seigneur nous a donnée dans sa Loi, qui se rapporte à ces deux devoirs généraux;

d'aimer Dieu de tout notre cœur, & notre prochain comme nous-mêmes. Vous y ajouterez toutes les exhortations que le Seigneur nous fait, par ſes Prophètes & par ſes Apôtres; afin que cet enfant, renonçant à lui-même, & à tous ſes mauvais deſirs, ſe conſacre entièrement à avancer la gloire de Dieu & de Jeſus-Chriſt, & à édifier ſes prochains.

N'eſt-ce pas ce que vous promettez?

Réponſe. Oui.

Dieu vous faſſe la grace d'accomplir votre promeſſe. N. N. Je te Baptiſe au nom du Père, du Fils, & du Saint-Eſprit. Amen.

La Liturgie de la ſainte Cène.

ECoutons, mes Frères, de quelle manière notre Seigneur Jeſus-Chriſt a inſtitué ſa ſainte Cène, comme S. Paul le récite dans le Chapitre onzième de ſa première Epître aux Corinthiens. *J'ai appris*, dit-il, *du Seigneur, ce que je vous ai enſeigné; que le Seigneur Jeſus, la nuit qu'il fut livré, prit du pain, & après avoir rendu grace, le rompit, & dit: prenez, mangez, ceci eſt mon Corps, qui eſt rompu pour vous; faites ceci en mémoire de moi. De même, après avoir ſoupé, il prit la coupe, & dit: cette coupe eſt la nouvelle alliance en mon ſang; faites ceci, toutes les fois que vous en boirez, en mémoire de moi. Car toutes les fois que vous mangerez de ce pain, & que vous boirez de cette coupe, vous annoncerez la mort du Seigneur, juſqu'à ce qu'il vienne. C'eſt pourquoi, quiconque mangera de ce pain, ou boira de la coupe du Seigneur indignement, ſera coupable du corps & du ſang du Seigneur. Que chacun donc s'éprouve ſoi-même, & qu'ainſi il mange de ce pain, & boive de cette coupe. Car quiconque en mange & boit indignement, mange & boit ſa condamnation, ne diſcernant point le corps du Seigneur.*

Nous venons d'entendre, mes Frères, comment notre Seigneur Jeſus-Chriſt a célébré ſa ſainte Cène avec ſes Diſciples; & en même-temps avec quel reſpect & quelle pureté elle doit être célébrée dans ſon Egliſe juſqu'à la fin des ſiècles. Il paroît de-là, que ceux qui ne ſont pas

membres de l'Eglise, ou qui la déshonorent par leur conduite, ne doivent pas y être admis. C'est pourquoi, au nom & en l'autorité de notre Seigneur Jesus-Christ, & selon la règle qu'il nous a laissée dans sa parole, j'excommunie, c'est-à-dire, je déclare indigne de participer à ce saint Sacrement, tous les impies, les incrédules, les profanes, les idolâtres, ceux qui forment des Sectes pour rompre l'union de l'Eglise, les parjures, les blasphémateurs, les jureurs, ceux qui sont rébelles à leurs péres ou à leurs mères, ou à leurs autres supérieurs; les séditieux, violens, emportés; les adultères, & tous les autres impudiques; les ivrognes, les débauchés, les larrons, les avares, les injustes, les trompeurs, les calomniateurs, les médisans, & généralement tous ceux qui vivent d'une manière déréglée, leur déclarant à tous, que, s'ils ne se repentent, & ne changent de conduite, ils ne sauroient avoir communion avec Jesus-Christ, & qu'ainsi ils doivent s'éloigner de cette sainte Table, de peur de profaner ce Saint Sacrement, que notre Seigneur ne présente qu'aux fidèles.

Que chacun donc, selon l'exhortation de S. Paul, examine sa conscience, pour connoître s'il aime Dieu sincèrement; s'il souhaite avec ardeur de lui plaire; s'il a une véritable repentance de ses fautes; si, se confiant en la miséricorde de Dieu, & cherchant son salut en Jesus-Christ, il est résolu en même tems de vivre d'une manière sainte, & conforme à la Loi de Dieu; en particulier, si, renonçant à toute animosité, & prêt à réparer tout le tort qu'il peut avoir fait à son prochain, il est disposé à vivre en paix & en charité fraternelle avec tout le monde. Si nos consciences nous rendent ce témoignage devant Dieu, ne doutons pas qu'il ne nous reconnoisse pour ses enfans, & que le Seigneur Jesus ne nous reçoive favorablement à sa Table, pour nous faire part de tous ses biens.

Et quoique nous sentions en nous-mêmes beaucoup de foiblesses, que notre foi & notre piété ne soient pas telles qu'elles devroient être; mais que nous ayons tous les jours à combattre contre les desirs de notre chair; cependant, si nous reconnoissons ces foiblesses, si nous en gémissons devant Dieu, & si nous faisons tous nos efforts pour les

surmonter, soyons persuadés qu'elles n'empêcheront pas que nous n'ayons part à la grace de Dieu, qu'il nous présente à sa sainte Table. Car nous n'y venons pas pour faire profession d'être parfaits; mais au contraire, nous trouvons ici, dans la communion de notre Sauveur, & dans la méditation de sa mort, des secours très-efficaces, pour combattre le péché & le monde, & pour avancer dans le chemin de la sanctification & du salut.

Ne considérons donc pas la sainte Cène comme une cérémonie vaine & sans effet; mais souvenons-nous qu'elle renferme tout ce qu'il y a de plus sacré & de plus consolant dans la Religion. Jesus-Christ s'y donne lui-même à nous, comme le vrai pain céleste, pour nourrir nos ames, pour nous remplir de consolation & de joie, & pour nous faire vivre éternellement. Le pain est la communion de son Corps qui a été rompu pour nous. La coupe est la communion de son Sang, du Sang de la nouvelle Alliance, qui a été répandu pour la rémission de nos péchés; de sorte que, si nous participons à ce saint Sacrement d'une manière convenable, nous y recevrons les assurances de l'amour de Dieu, les seaux de son alliance, & les gages de ses promesses. Ne négligeons donc pas de nous prévaloir de ces précieux avantages; mais en les estimant comme nous devons, présentons à Dieu, sur ce sujet, nos actions de graces & nos prières.

Prions Dieu.

SEIGNEUR DIEU, qui es le Père de notre Seigneur Jesus-Christ, qui es la bonté & la charité même, nous te présentons le sacrifice de nos louanges & de nos actions de graces, pour la faveur inestimable que tu nous as faite, d'envoyer ton Fils au monde, de l'exposer à la mort pour nous, & de nous inviter encore à présent à participer aux fruits de sa mort, dans le Sacrement de la sainte Cène. O Dieu! qui sommes-nous pour de si grands biens? Et comment pourrons-nous t'en témoigner notre juste reconnoissance? Les Cieux & la Terre, ô notre Dieu! sont pleins des marques de ta bonté. Mais tu l'as manifestée d'une façon toute particulière, en ce que, quand nous n'étions

que

que des pécheurs, Christ est mort pour nous. Reçois nos hommages, Seigneur notre Dieu, & fais que participans à ce saint Sacrement, où tu nous invites par ta grace, nous nous unissions en même-tems à notre Sauveur, par les liens d'une foi vive & d'une véritable sainteté; de sorte que nous ne vivions plus pour nous-mêmes, ni selon les desirs de notre chair, mais que ce soit lui qui vive en nous, pour nous conduire à la vie bienheureuse qui n'aura point de fin; qu'ainsi nous ayons véritablement part aux biens de l'Alliance de grace, que tu as faite avec nous par Jesus-Christ; persuadés que, puisque tu daignes nous recevoir à ta Table & dans ta Famille, tu seras toujours un bon Père à notre égard, qui nous pardonnera nos fautes, qui nous fournira, comme à tes chers enfans, toutes les choses qui nous sont nécessaires, soit pour le corps, soit pour l'ame, & qui nous introduira un jour dans ton héritage céleste. Père de Grace, qui n'a point épargné ton propre Fils, mais qui l'a livré à la mort pour nous, & qui nous appelle à sa communion pour nous donner la vie éternelle: vivement touchés de ce don précieux, nous nous consacrons entièrement à toi, nous te présentons nos corps & nos esprits, en sacrifice vivant & saint. Et puisque tu nous as tant aimés, nous reconnoissons que cela nous engage à nous aimer les uns les autres. Imprime toi-même, ô Dieu! ces saintes dispositions dans nos ames, afin que célébrant de cette manière la mémoire de ton cher Fils, notre foi se fortifie de plus en plus, notre charité s'augmente, notre sanctification s'avance & se perfectionne; ce qui nous donnera tous les jours plus de sujet de te regarder comme notre Père, & de glorifier ton saint Nom par nos œuvres & par nos paroles. Exauce-nous, Père de miséricorde! Nous t'invoquons au nom de ton Fils bien-aimé Jesus-Christ notre Seigneur, auquel, comme à toi, Père céleste, & au Saint Esprit, soit honneur, louange & gloire, dès maintenant & à jamais. Amen.

Approchons-nous maintenant, mes Frères, de la Table du Seigneur, mais venons-y avec tous les sentimens d'humilité, de repentance, de foi, de piété, de charité, que cette sainte action demande de nous. Venons-y aussi avec

ordre & avec bienséance, nous souvenant que nous nous présentons devant Dieu, pour nous acquitter de l'un des devoirs les plus solemnels de la Religion. Et sans nous arrêter à ces symboles extérieurs, que nous voyons de nos yeux, & que nous touchons de nos mains, comme si Jesus-Christ y étoit renfermé d'une manière grossière & charnelle, élevons nos esprits & nos cœurs en-haut, où Jesus-Christ est à présent dans la gloire de Dieu son Père, d'où nous l'attendons au dernier jour, lorsqu'il viendra pour juger le monde, & pour nous mettre en possession du grand salut qu'il nous a acquis.

Qui se lit après que la Communion est finie.

PÈre Céleste! Nous te rendons d'éternelles actions de grâces, de ce que tu as daigné nous faire un si grand bien, à nous pauvres pécheurs, que de nous avoir reçus à la communion de ton Fils Jesus-Christ notre Seigneur; l'ayant livré à la mort pour nous, & nous ayant appelés à participer aux fruits de sa mort, dans le Sacrement de la sainte Cène. Maintenant, ô Dieu! nous te supplions de ne pas permettre que nous soyons jamais assez ingrats pour pouvoir oublier ces choses; fais au contraire, que les ayant gravées dans nos cœurs, nous nous avancions continuellement dans la foi; que notre foi soit fertile en toutes sortes de bonnes œuvres; & que toute notre vie soit consacrée & employée à l'avancement de ta gloire, & à l'édification de notre prochain; par ce même Jesus-Christ ton Fils, qui, dans l'unité du Saint Esprit, vit & règne avec toi, Dieu béni éternellement. Amen.

LA LITURGIE DU MARIAGE.

DIeu, qui est le Père & l'Auteur du genre-humain, ayant créé les Cieux & la Terre, & toutes les choses qui y sont connues, forma l'homme à son image. Après quoi il dit, il n'est pas bon que l'homme soit seul; faisons-lui une aide qui lui soit semblable. Ayant donc fait tomber Adam dans un profond sommeil, il prit une de ses

côtés, dont il forma Ève ; faisant comprendre par-là, que le Mari & la Femme ne sont qu'une même chair, & qu'il doit y avoir une très-parfaite union entre eux. Le mari doit aimer sa femme, l'entretenir, en avoir soin, comme JESUS-CHRIST aime son Eglise, & s'est donné soi-même pour elle. La femme aussi, de son côté, doit aimer son mari, le servir, & lui être soumise dans toutes les choses bonnes & honnêtes. Et ils se doivent garder une fidélité constante & inviolable l'un à l'autre.

En effet, un des desseins de Dieu, dans l'institution du Mariage, a été de prévenir les désordres de la chair, & d'entretenir la pureté & l'honnêteté entre les hommes. Ainsi l'on doit suivre la volonté de Dieu par une vie pure & chaste ; car nos corps sont les Temples de Dieu ; & ceux qui les profanent, Dieu déclare qu'il les fera périr.

Ecoutez l'Evangile, où notre Seigneur nous enseigne que le lien du Mariage est sacré, & que les hommes n'ont pas droit de le rompre. Des Pharisiens, dit l'Evangile, vinrent pour surprendre Jesus, & lui dirent : Est-il permis à un homme de répudier sa femme, pour quelque sujet que ce soit ? Jesus leur répondit : n'avez-vous pas lu que celui qui forma le genre-humain au commencement, fit un homme & une femme, & qu'il dit, pour cette raison, l'homme laissera son père & sa mère, & s'attachera à sa femme, & ils seront deux en une seule chair. Que l'homme ne sépare donc pas ce que Dieu a joint.

Vous donc, N. N. qui êtes instruits de la volonté de Dieu, voulez-vous vivre dans ce saint état du Mariage, que Dieu lui-même a institué, & que Saint Paul représente comme honorable entre tous les hommes ? Si c'est-là votre dessein, faites-le connoître devant cette sainte assemblée.

Réponse. Oui.

Je vous en prends ici à témoins, vous tous qui êtes ici présens, & je vous prie de vous en souvenir. Néanmoins s'il y a quelqu'un dans cette assemblée qui sache quelque chose qui doive empêcher ce Mariage, & que l'une des Parties soit déjà liée avec une autre personne, qu'il le dise.

Puisqu'il n'y a point d'opposition, notre Seigneur veuille

bénir votre dessein, & que votre commencement soit au Nom de Dieu, qui a fait le Ciel & la Terre.

Vous, N. vous confessez ici devant Dieu & devant cette sainte Assemblée, que vous avez pris, & que vous prenez pour votre femme & épouse, N. ici présente. Vous promettez de la garder, de l'aimer, de l'entretenir, de vivre saintement avec elle, & de lui garder la foi en toutes choses, comme c'est le devoir d'un bon & fidèle mari envers sa femme, & comme Dieu vous le commande dans sa parole.

Réponse. Oui.

Vous, N. vous confessez ici devant Dieu & devant cette sainte Assemblée, que vous avez pris, & que vous prenez N. ici présent, pour votre Mari légitime. Vous promettez de l'aimer, de lui obéir, de lui être soumise, de vivre saintement avec lui, & de lui garder la foi en toutes choses, comme c'est le devoir d'une Epouse fidelle envers son Mari, & comme Dieu vous le commande dans sa parole.

Réponse. Oui.

Souvenez-vous, l'un & l'autre, des promesses que vous venez de faire. Et puisque Dieu vous a unis par le sacré lien du Mariage, vivez ensemble saintement, dans la paix, dans l'union, dans la pureté, vous gardant la foi l'un à l'autre, selon la parole de Dieu.

Prions Dieu tous ensemble, qu'il répande sa bénédiction sur ces personnes & sur leur Mariage.

SEIGNEUR DIEU, tout bon & tout sage, qui as prévu dès le commencement, qu'il n'étoit pas bon que l'homme fût seul, & qui, pour cette raison, lui as donné une aide semblable à lui, & as ordonné que les deux ne seroient qu'un; puisqu'il t'as plu d'appeler ces personnes à l'état sacré du mariage, nous te prions très-humblement que tu veuilles leur donner ton Saint Esprit, afin qu'ils vivent saintement selon ta volonté, surmontant tous les mauvais desirs de la chair, & édifiant les autres hommes par leur honnêteté & leur chasteté. Donnes-leur ta bénédiction, comme

à ces fidèles ſerviteurs. Et ſi tu veux qu'ils aient des enfans, fais qu'ils s'appliquent avec ſoin à les inſtruire dans la piété, & à les former à la vertu ; afin que par leur attachement à ton ſervice, & les bons exemples qu'ils donneront à leur prochain, ils contribuent à l'avancement de ta gloire, & au progrès de ton ſaint Evangile. Exauce-nous, Père de Grace, pour l'amour de ton cher Fils, Jeſus-Chriſt, notre Seigneur. *Amen.*

Notre Seigneur vous rempliſſe de tous ſes biens, & vous faſſe la grace de vivre long-temps & ſaintement. Ainſi ſoit-il.

LA BÉNÉDICTION

Qui ſe donne par le Miniſtre en congédiant l'Aſſemblée : Elle eſt tirée du Chap. VI *des* Nombres.

LE Seigneur vous béniſſe & vous conſerve. Le Seigneur vous regarde d'un œil favorable & vous ſoit propice. Le Seigneur tourne ſon viſage vers vous, & vous maintienne en paix & proſpérité. Amen.

CONFESSION DE FOI.

ARTICLE PREMIER.

NOus croyons & confeſſons qu'il y a un ſeul Dieu, qui eſt une ſeule & ſimple Eſſence, ſpirituelle, éternelle, inviſible, immuable, infinie, incompréhenſible, ineffable, qui peut toutes choſes, qui eſt toute ſage, toute bonne, toute juſte & toute miſéricordieuſe.

II. Ce Dieu ſe manifeſte tel aux hommes; premièrement, par ſes œuvres, tant par la création, que par la conſervation & conduite de ces œuvres-là. Secondement & plus clairement, par ſa Parole, laquelle, au commencement révélée par Oracles, a été, puis après rédigée par écrit, aux Livres que nous appelons l'Ecriture Sainte.

III. Toute cette Ecriture Sainte eſt compriſe aux Livres Canoniques, aux Vieux & Nouveau Teſtamens, deſquels le nombre s'enſuit. Les cinq Livres de Moïſe; ſavoir, la Genèſe, l'Exode, le Lévitique, les Nombres, le Deutéronome. *Item*, Joſué, les Juges, Ruth, le premier & le ſecond Livre de Samuel, le premier & le ſecond Livre des Rois, le premier & le ſecond Livre des Chroniques, autrement dits Paralipomenon, le premier Livre d'Eſdras. *Item*, Néhémie, le Livre d'Eſter, Job, les Pſeaumes de David, les Proverbes ou Sentences de Salomon, le Livre de l'Eccléſiaſte, dit le Prêcheur, le Cantique de Salomon. *Item*, le Livre d'Eſaïe, Jérémie, les Lamentations de Jérémie, Ezéchiel, Daniel, Oſée, Joel, Amos, Abdias, Jonas, Michée, Nahum, Abacuc, Sophonie, Aggée, Zacharie, Malachie. *Item*, le Saint Evangile ſelon Saint Matthieu, ſelon Saint Marc, ſelon Saint Luc, & ſelon Saint Jean. *Item*, le ſecond Livre de Saint Luc, autrement dit, les

Actes des Apôtres. *Item*, les Epîtres de Saint Paul, une aux Romains, deux aux Corinthiens, une aux Galates, une aux Ephésiens, une aux Philippiens, une aux Colossiens, deux aux Thessaloniciens, deux à Timothée, une à Tite, une à Philémon. *Item*, l'Epître aux Hébreux, l'Epître de Saint Jacques, la première & la seconde Epître de Saint Pierre; la première, seconde & troisième Epître de Saint Jean; l'Epître de Saint Jude. *Item*, l'Apocalypse ou Révélation de Saint Jean.

IV. Nous connoissons que ces Livres sont Canoniques, & la règle très-certaine de notre Foi, non pas tant par le commun accord & contentement de l'Eglise, que par le témoignage & persuasion intérieure du Saint Esprit, qui nous les fait discerner d'avec les autres Livres Ecclésiastiques, sur lesquels, encore qu'ils soient utiles, on ne peut fonder aucun article de Foi.

V. Nous croyons que la Parole qui est contenue en ces Livres, est procédée de Dieu, duquel seul elle prend son autorité, & non des hommes. Et d'autant qu'elle est la règle de toute vérité, contenant tout ce qui est nécessaire pour le service de Dieu & notre salut, il n'est licite aux hommes, ni même aux Anges, d'y ajouter, diminuer ou changer. D'où il s'enfuit, que ni l'antiquité, ni les coutumes, ni la multitude, ni la sagesse humaine, ni les jugemens, ni les arrêts, ni les édits, ni les décrets, ni les conciles, ni les divisions, ni les miracles, ne doivent être opposés à cette Ecriture Sainte; mais au contraire, toutes choses doivent être examinées, réglées & réformées selon elle. Et suivant cela, nous avouons les trois Symboles; à savoir, des Apôtres, de Nicée & d'Athanase, parce qu'ils sont conformes à la Parole de Dieu.

VI. Cette Ecriture Sainte nous enseigne, qu'en cette seule & simple Essence divine que nous avons confessée, il y a trois personnes, le Père, le Fils & le Saint Esprit; le Père, la première cause, principe & origine de toutes choses; le Fils, sa parole & sapience éternelle; le Saint Esprit, sa vertu puissance & efficace. Le Fils éternellement engendré du Père; le Saint Esprit procédant éternellement de tous deux. Les trois personnes, non confuses, mais distinctes, & toutes

fois non divisées, mais d'une même essence, éternité, puissance & égalité. Et en cela, nous avouons ce qui a été déterminé par les Conciles anciens, & détestons toutes sectes & hérésies qui ont été rejetées par les Saints Docteurs, comme Saint Hilaire, Saint Athanase, Saint Ambroise, Saint Cyrille.

VII. Nous croyons que Dieu, en trois personnes coopérantes, par sa vertu, sagesse & bonté incompréhensible, a créé toutes choses, non-seulement le ciel & la terre, & tout ce qui y est contenu, mais aussi les esprits invisibles, desquels les uns sont déchus & tombés en perdition, les autres ont persisté en l'obéissance. Que les premiers étant corrompus en malice, sont ennemis de tout bien, par conséquent de toute l'Eglise; les seconds ayant été préservés par la grace de Dieu, sont Ministres pour glorifier le Nom de Dieu, & servir au salut de ses élus.

VIII. Nous croyons que non-seulement il a créé toutes choses, mais qu'il les gouverne & conduit, disposant & ordonnant, selon sa volonté, de tout ce qui arrive au monde; non pas qu'il soit auteur du mal, ou que la coulpe lui en puisse être imputée, vu que sa volonté est la règle souveraine & infaillible de toute droiture & équité; mais il a des moyens admirables de se servir tellement des diables & des méchans, qu'il fait convertir en bien le mal qu'ils font, & duquel ils sont coupables. Et ainsi, confessant que rien ne se fait sans la Providence de Dieu, nous adorons en humilité les secrets qui nous sont cachés, sans nous enquérir par-dessus notre mesure, mais plutôt nous appliquons à notre usage ce qui nous est montré en l'Ecriture sainte, pour être en repos & sûreté : d'autant que Dieu, qui a toutes choses secrettes à soi, veille sur nous avec un soin paternel, tellement qu'il ne tombera point un cheveux de notre tête sans sa volonté; & cependant, il tient les Diables & tous nos ennemis bridés, en sorte qu'ils ne nous peuvent faire aucun mal sans sa permission.

IX. Nous croyons que l'homme ayant été créé pur, entier, & conforme à l'image de Dieu, est, par sa propre faute, déchu de la grâce qu'il avoit reçue; & qu'ainsi il s'est aliéné de Dieu, qui est la fontaine de justice & de

tout bien : enſorte que ſa nature eſt du tout corrompue ; & étant aveuglé en ſon eſprit, & dépravé en ſon cœur, a perdu toute intégrité, ſans en avoir rien de reſte. Et bien qu'il ait encore quelque diſcernement du bien & du mal, nonobſtant, nous diſons, que ce qu'il a de clarté ſe convertit en ténèbres, quand il eſt queſtion de chercher Dieu, tellement qu'il n'en peut nullement approcher par ſon intelligence & raiſon. Et bien qu'il ait une volonté, par laquelle il eſt inſité à faire ceci ou cela, toutefois elle eſt du tout captive ſous péché, enſorte qu'il n'a nulle liberté au bien, que celle que Dieu lui donne.

X. Nous croyons que toute la lignée d'Adam eſt infectée de telle contagion, qui eſt le péché originel, & un vice héréditaire, & non pas ſeulement une imitation, comme les Pélagiens ont voulu dire, leſquels nous déteſtons en leurs erreurs ; & n'eſtimons pas qu'il ſoit beſoin de s'enquérir comment le péché vient d'un homme à l'autre, vu que c'eſt bien aſſez que ce que Dieu lui avoit donné n'étoit pas pour lui ſeul, mais pour toute ſa lignée ; & ainſi, qu'en ſa perſonne nous avons été dénués de tous biens, & ſommes tombés en toute pauvreté & malédiction.

XI. Nous croyons auſſi que ce vice eſt vraiment péché, qu'il ſuffit à condamner tout le genre humain, juſqu'aux petits enfans, dès le ventre de la mère, & que pour tel il eſt réputé devant Dieu ; même qu'après le Baptême, c'eſt toujours péché quant à la coulpe, bien que la condamnation en ſoit abolie aux enfans de Dieu, ne la leur imputant point par ſa bonté gratuite. Outre cela, que c'eſt une perverſité produiſant toujours des fruits de malice & de rébellion, tels que les plus ſaints, encore qu'ils y réſiſtent, ne laiſſent point d'être entachés d'infirmités & de fautes, pendant qu'ils habitent en ce monde.

XII. Nous croyons que de cette corruption & condamnation générale, en laquelle tous les hommes ſont plongés, Dieu retire ceux qu'en ſon conſeil éternel & immuable il a élus, par ſa ſeule bonté & miſéricorde, en notre Seigneur Jeſus-Chriſt, ſans conſidération de leurs œuvres, laiſſant les autres en cette même corruption

& condamnation, pour montrer en eux sa justice, comme aux premiers il fait luire les richesses de sa miséricorde. Car les uns ne sont point meilleurs que les autres, jusqu'à ce que Dieu les discerne, selon son conseil immuable, qu'il a déterminé en Jesus-Christ, devant la création du monde : & nul aussi ne se pourroit introduire à un tel bien de sa propre vertu, vu que de nature nous ne pouvons avoir un seul bon mouvement, ni affection, ni pensée, jusqu'à ce que Dieu nous ait prévenus & nous ait disposés.

XIII. Nous croyons que tout ce qui étoit requis à notre salut, nous a été offert & communiqué en Jesus-Christ, lequel nous étant donné à salut, nous a été quant & quant fait sapience, justice, sanctification & rédemption ; ensorte qu'en déclinant de lui, on renonce à la miséricorde du Père, où il nous convient d'avoir notre refuge unique.

XIV. Nous croyons que Jesus-Christ étant la Sagesse de Dieu & son Fils éternel, a vêtu notre chair, afin d'être Dieu & homme en une personne ; même homme semblable à nous, passible en corps & en ame, sinon en tant qu'il a été pur de toute macule. Et quant à son humanité, qu'il a été la vraie semence d'Abraham & de David, bien qu'il ait été conçu par la vertu secrette du S. Esprit. En quoi nous détestons toutes les hérésies qui ont anciennement troublé les Eglises, & notamment aussi les imaginations diaboliques de Servet, lequel attribue au Seigneur Jesus une Divinité fantastique, d'autant qu'il le dit être l'idée & patron de toutes choses, & le nomme Fils personnel, ou figuratif de Dieu ; & finalement, lui forge un corps de trois élémens increés, & ainsi mêle & détruit toutes les deux natures.

XV. Nous croyons qu'en une même personne, savoir, Jesus-Christ, les deux natures sont vraiement & inséparablement conjointes & unies, demeurant néanmoins chaque nature en sa distincte propriété : tellement que, comme en cette conjonction, la nature divine retenant sa propriété, est demeurée increé, infinie, & remplissant toutes choses : aussi la nature humaine est demeurée finie,

ayant sa forme, mesure & propriété : & même, bien que Jesus-Christ, en ressuscitant, ait donné l'immortalité à son corps ; toutefois, il ne lui a pas ôté la vérité de sa nature. Et ainsi nous le considérons tellement en sa Divinité, que nous ne le dépouillons point de son humanité.

XVI. Nous croyons que Dieu, en envoyant son Fils, a voulu montrer son amour & bonté inestimable envers nous, en le livrant à la mort, & le ressuscitant, pour accomplir toute justice, & pour nous acquérir la vie céleste.

XVII. Nous croyons que par le sacrifice unique que le Seigneur Jesus a offert en la croix, nous sommes réconciliés à Dieu, pour être tenus & réputés justes devant lui ; parce que nous ne lui pouvons être agréables, ni être participans de son adoption, sinon d'autant qu'il nous pardonne nos fautes, & les ensevelit. Ainsi nous protestons que Jesus-Christ est notre lavement entier & parfait ; & qu'en sa mort, nous avons entière satisfaction pour nous acquitter de nos forfaits & iniquités, dont nous sommes coupables, & ne pouvons être délivrés que par ce remède.

XVIII. Nous croyons que toute notre justice est fondée en la rémission de nos péchés, comme aussi c'est notre seule félicité, comme dit David. C'est pourquoi nous rejettons tous les autres moyens de nous pouvoir justifier devant Dieu : & sans présumer de nulles vertus ni mérites, nous nous tenons simplement à l'obéissance de Jesus-Christ, laquelle nous est allouée, tant pour couvrir toutes nos fautes, que pour nous faire trouver grâce & faveur devant Dieu. Et de fait, nous croyons qu'en déclinant de ce fondement tant peu que ce soit, nous ne pourrions trouver ailleurs aucun repos ; mais serions toujours agités d'inquiétude, d'autant que jamais nous ne sommes paisibles avec Dieu, jusqu'à ce que nous soyons bien assurés d'être aimés en Jesus-Christ, vu que nous sommes dignes d'être hais en nous-mêmes.

XIX. Nous croyons que c'est par ce moyen que nous avons la liberté & le privilége d'invoquer Dieu, avec une pleine confiance qu'il se montrera notre Père : car nous

n'aurions aucun accès au Père, si nous ne lui étions adressés par ce Médiateur. Et pour être exaucés en son Nom, il convient tenir notre vie de lui, comme de notre Chef.

XX. Nous croyons que nous sommes faits participans de cette justice, par la seule foi, comme il est dit qu'il a souffert pour nous acquérir le salut, afin que quiconque croira en lui, ne périsse point : & que cela se fait d'autant que les promesses de vie qui nous sont données en lui, sont appropriées à notre usage ; & nous en sentons l'effet quand nous les acceptons, ne doutant point qu'étant assurés par la bouche de Dieu, nous ne serons point frustrés. Ainsi la justice que nous obtenons par la foi, dépend des promesses gratuites par lesquelles Dieu nous déclare & nous testifie qu'il nous aime.

XXI. Nous croyons que nous sommes illuminés en la Foi par la grâce secrette du S. Esprit, tellement que c'est un don gratuit & particulier que Dieu départ à qui bon lui semble ; ensorte que les fidèles n'ont pas de quoi s'en glorifier, étant obligés au double, de ce qu'ils ont été préférés aux autres. Même, que la foi n'est pas seulement baillée pour un coup aux élus, pour les introduire au bon chemin ; mais pour les y faire continuer aussi jusqu'au bout. Car comme c'est à Dieu de faire le commencement, aussi c'est à lui de parachever.

XXII. Nous croyons que par cette foi, nous sommes régénérés en nouveauté de vie, étant naturellement asservis à péché. Or nous recevons par la foi la grâce de vivre saintement, & en la crainte de Dieu, en recevant la promesse qui nous est donnée par l'Evangile, à savoir, que Dieu nous donnera son Saint-Esprit. Ainsi la foi, non-seulement ne refroidit pas l'affection de bien & saintement vivre, mais l'engendre & l'excite en nous, produisant nécessairement les bonnes œuvres. Au reste, bien que Dieu, pour accomplir notre salut, nous régénère, nous réformant à bien faire, toutefois, nous confessons que les bonnes œuvres que nous faisons par la conduite de son Esprit, ne viennent point en compte pour nous justifier, ou mériter que Dieu nous tienne pour ses enfans, parce que nous serions toujours flottans en doute & inquiétude, si

nos

nos consciences ne s'appuyoient sur la satisfaction par laquelle Jesus-Christ nous a acquittés.

XXIII. Nous croyons que toutes les figures de la Loi ont pris fin à la venue de Jesus-Christ ; mais bien que les cérémonies ne soient plus en usage, néanmoins la substance & vérité nous est demeurée en la personne de celui auquel gît l'accomplissement de tout. Au reste, il nous faut aider de la Loi & des Prophètes, tant pour régler notre vie, que pour être confirmés aux promesses de l'Evangile.

XXIV. Nous croyons, puisque Jesus-Christ nous est donné pour seul Avocat, & qu'il nous commande de nous retirer familièrement en son Nom vers son Père, & même qu'il ne nous est pas licite de prier, sinon en suivant la forme que Dieu nous a dictée par sa Parole, que tout ce que les hommes ont imaginé, de l'intercession des Saints trépassés, n'est qu'abus & fallace de Satan, pour faire détourner les hommes de la forme de bien prier. Nous rejetons aussi tous les autres moyens que les hommes présument avoir pour se racheter envers Dieu, comme dérogeans au Sacrifice de la mort & passion de Jesus-Christ. Finalement, nous tenons le Purgatoire pour une illusion procédée de cette même boutique, de laquelle sont aussi procédés les vœux monastiques, les pélerinages, les défenses du mariage, & de l'usage des viandes, l'observation cérémonieuse des jours, la confession auriculaire, les indulgences, & toutes autres telles choses par lesquelles on pense mériter grâce & salut ; lesquelles choses nous rejetons, non-seulement pour la fausse opinion du mérite qui y est attaché, mais aussi parce que ce sont des inventions humaines, qui imposent joug aux consciences.

XXV. Or, parce que nous ne jouissons de Jesus-Christ que par l'Evangile, nous croyons que l'ordre de l'Eglise, qui a été établi en son autorité, doit être sacré & inviolable ; & partant que l'Eglise ne peut subsister, sinon qu'il y ait des Pasteurs qui ayent la charge d'enseigner, lesquels on doit honorer & écouter avec révérence, quand ils sont duement appelés, & exercent fidèlement leur office.

Non pas que Dieu soit attaché à telles aides ou moyens intérieurs, mais parce qu'il lui plaît nous entretenir sous une telle charge & bride. En quoi nous détestons tous fantastiques qui voudroient bien, en tant qu'en eux est, anéantir le ministère & prédication de la parole de Dieu & des Sacremens.

XXVI. Nous croyons donc que nul ne se doit retirer à part, & se contenter de sa personne ; mais tous ensemble doivent garder & entretenir l'unité de l'Eglise, se soumettant à l'instruction commune, & au joug de Jesus-Christ ; & ce en quelque lieu où Dieu aura établi un vrai ordre d'Eglise, encore que les Magistrats & leurs édits y soient contraires. & que tous ceux qui ne s'y rangent pas, ou qui s'en séparent, contrarient à l'ordonnance de Dieu.

XXVII. Toutefois, nous croyons qu'il est convenable de discerner soigneusement & avec prudence, quelle est sa vraie Eglise, parce qu'on abuse trop de ce titre. Nous disons donc, suivant la Parole de Dieu, que c'est la compagnie des fidèles qui s'accordent à suivre cette Parole, & la pure religion qui en dépend, & qui profitent en elle tout le temps de leur vie ; croissans & se confirmans en la crainte de Dieu, selon qu'ils ont besoin de s'avancer, & marcher toujours plus avant : même, quoiqu'ils s'efforcent, qu'il leur convient avoir incessamment recours à la rémission de leurs péchés. Néanmoins, nous ne nions point, que parmi les fidèles il n'y ait des hypocrites & réprouvés, desquels la malice ne peut effacer le titre de l'Eglise.

XXVIII. Sous cette créance, nous protestons que là où la Parole de Dieu n'est pas reçue, & qu'on ne fait nulle profession de s'assujétir à elle, & où il n'y a nul usage des Sacremens, à parler proprement, on ne peut juger qu'il y ait aucune Eglise. Partant, nous condamnons les assemblées de la Papauté, vu que la pure vérité de Dieu en est bannie ; auxquelles les Sacremens sont corrompus, abâtardis, falsifiés, ou anéantis du tout, & auxquelles toutes superstitions & idolâtries ont la vogue. Nous tenons donc, que tous ceux qui se mêlent en tels actes,

& y communiquent, se séparent & retranchent du corps de Jesus-Christ. Toutefois, parce qu'il reste encore quelque petite trace d'Eglise en la Papauté ; & même, que la substance du Baptême y est demeurée, joint que l'efficace du Baptême ne dépend pas de celui qui l'administre : nous confessons que ceux qui y sont baptisés, n'ont pas besoin d'un second Baptême. Cependant, à cause des corruptions qui y sont, on ne peut présenter les enfans sans se souiller.

XXIX. Pour ce qui est de la vraie Eglise, nous croyons qu'elle doit être gouvernée selon la police que notre Seigneur Jesus-Christ a établie : c'est qu'il y ait des Pasteurs, des Surveillans & Diacres, afin que la pureté de la doctrine ait son cours, que les vices soient corrigés & réprimés, & que les pauvres & tous les autres affligés soient secourus en leurs nécessités, & que les assemblées se fassent au Nom de Dieu, auxquelles grands & petits soient édifiés.

XXX. Nous croyons que tous vrais Pasteurs, en quelque lieu qu'ils soient, ont une même autorité & égale puissance, sous un seul Chef, seul souverain & seul universel Evêque, Jesus-Christ ; &, pour cette cause, que nulle Eglise ne doit prétendre aucune domination ou seigneurie sur l'autre.

XXXI. Nous croyons que nul ne se doit ingérer, de son autorité propre, pour gouverner l'Eglise ; mais que cela se doit faire par élection, autant qu'il est possible, & que Dieu le permet. Laquelle exception nous y ajoutons notamment, parce qu'il a fallu quelquefois, & même de notre temps, (auquel l'état de l'Eglise étoit corrompu) que Dieu ait suscité des gens d'une façon extraordinaire, pour dresser de nouveau l'Eglise, qui étoit en ruine & désolation. Mais, quoi qu'il en soit, nous croyons qu'il se faut toujours conformer à cette règle : Que tous Pasteurs, Surveillans & Diacres ayent témoignage d'être appelés à leur office.

XXXII. Nous croyons aussi qu'il est bon & utile que ceux qui sont élus pour être Sur-Intendans, avisent entre eux quel moyen nous devrons tenir pour le gouverne-

ment de tout le corps ; & toutefois, qu'ils ne déchient nullement de ce qui nous en a été ordonné par notre Seigneur Jesus-Christ. Ce qui n'empêche point qu'il n'y ait quelques ordonnances particulières en chaque lieu, selon que la commodité le réquierra.

XXXIII. Cependant, nous excluons toutes les inventions humaines, & toutes les loix qu'on voudroit introduire sous l'ombre du service de Dieu, par lesquelles on voudroit lier les consciences ; mais seulement, nous recevons ce qui fait & est propre pour nourrir la concorde, & tenir chacun, depuis le premier jusqu'au dernier, en obéissance. En quoi nous avons à suivre ce que notre Seigneur Jesus a déclaré quant à l'Excommunication, laquelle nous approuvons & confessons être nécessaire, avec toutes ses appartenances.

XXXIV. Nous croyons que les Sacremens sont ajoutés à la parole pour une plus ample confirmation, afin de nous être des gages & marques de la grâce de Dieu, & par ce moyen aider à soulager notre foi, à cause de l'infirmité & rudesse qui est en nous : qu'ils sont tellement signes extérieurs, que Dieu agit par eux en la vertu de son Esprit, afin de ne nous y rien signifier en vain. Toutefois nous tenons que toute leur substance & vérité est en Jésus-Christ ; & si on les en sépare, ce n'est plus rien qu'ombre & fumée.

XXXV. Nous en confessons seulement deux, communs à toute l'Église, desquels le premier, qui est le Baptême, nous est donné pour un témoignage d'adoption, parce que nous sommes entés au corps de Christ, afin d'être lavés & nétoyés par son sang, & puis renouvellés en sainteté de vie par son S. Esprit. Nous tenons aussi, bien que nous ne soyons baptisés qu'une fois, que le profit qui nous est là signifié, s'étend à la vie & à la mort, afin que nous ayons un sceau permanent que Jésus-Christ nous sera toujours justice & sanctification. Or, bien que ce soit un Sacrement de foi & de pénitence, néanmoins, parce que Dieu reçoit en son Église les petits enfans avec leurs pères, nous disons que par l'autorité de Jésus-

Christ les petits enfans engendrés des fidèles doivent être baptisés.

XXXVI. Nous confessons que la sainte Cène (qui est le second Sacrement) nous est un témoignage de l'union que nous avons avec Jésus-Christ, d'autant qu'il n'est pas seulement une fois mort & ressuscité pour nous, mais aussi nous repaît & nourrit vraiment de sa chair & de son sang à ce que nous soyons un avec lui, & que sa vie nous soit commune. Or, bien qu'il soit au Ciel, jusqu'à ce qu'il vienne pour juger tout le monde, toutefois nous croyons que par la vertu secrète & incompréhensible de son Esprit, il nous nourrit & vivifie de la substance de son corps & de son sang. Nous tenons bien que cela se fait spirituellement, non pas pour mettre, au lieu de l'effet & de la vérité, imagination ni pensée, mais d'autant que ce mystère surmonte en sa hauteur la mesure de notre sens, & tout ordre de nature. Bref, parce qu'il est céleste, il ne peut être appréhendé que par foi.

XXXVII Nous croyons (ainsi qu'il a été dit) que tant en la Cène qu'au Baptême, Dieu nous donne réellement, & en effet, ce qu'il y figure. Et partant, nous conjoignons avec les figures, la vraie possession & jouissance de ce qui nous est là présenté. Et ainsi, tous ceux qui apportent à la table sacrée de Christ une pure foi, comme un vaisseau, reçoivent vraiment ce que les signes y testifient : c'est que le corps & le sang de Jésus-Christ ne servent pas moins de manger & de boire à l'ame, que le pain & le vin font au corps.

XXXVIII. Ainsi, nous tenons que l'eau étant un élément caduc, ne laisse pas de nous testifier à la vérité le lavement intérieur de notre ame au sang de Jésus-Christ, par l'efficace de son Esprit; & que le pain & le vin nous étant donnés en la Cène, nous servent vraiment de nourriture spirituelle : d'autant qu'ils nous montrent comme à l'œil que la chair de Jésus-Christ est notre viande, & son sang notre breuvage. Et nous rejetons les fantastiques & Sacramentaires qui ne veulent recevoir tels signes & marques, vu que Notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ prononce : Ceci est mon Corps, & cette Coupe est mon Sang.

XXXIX. Nous croyons que Dieu veut que le monde soit gouverné par loix & polices, afin qu'il y ait quelques brides pour réprimer les appétis désordonnés du monde; & ainsi qu'il a établi les Royaumes, les Républiques, & toutes les autres sortes de Principautés, soit héréditaires ou autrement, & tout ce qui appartient à l'état de justice, dont il veut être reconnu l'auteur. A cette cause, il a mis le glaive en la main des Magistrats, pour réprimer les péchés commis non-seulement contre la seconde Table des Commandemens de Dieu, mais aussi contre la première. Il faut donc, à cause de lui, que non-seulement on endure que les Supérieurs dominent, mais aussi qu'on les honore & estime en toute révérence, les tenant pour ses Lieutenans & Officiers, lesquels il a commis pour exercer une charge légitime & sainte.

XL. Nous tenons donc qu'il faut obéir à leurs loix & statuts, payer les tributs, les impôts & les autres devoirs, & porter le joug de la sujétion d'une bonne & franche volonté, encore qu'ils fussent infidèles, moyennant que l'empire souverain de Dieu demeure en son entier. Ainsi nous détestons ceux qui voudroient rejeter les supériorités, mettre communauté & confusion de biens, & renverser l'ordre de justice.

PRIÈRE DU MATIN.

BÉNI soit le Seigneur, pour les faveurs qu'il renouvelle sur moi tous les matins. Source de gratitude, daignes me continuer ces bénédictions & toutes les autres, aussi long-temps & dans une telle mesure qui puisse le plus contribuer à ta gloire & à mon salut.

Remplis, je te prie, mon ame d'une foi solide & salutaire; pénètres-là d'un sentiment si vif de ta bonté à mon égard, & de la dépendance où je suis de toi, que je fasse de ton service & de ton obéissance, mon plaisir aussi bien que mon devoir. Mais afin que je te serve avec une ame

tranquille, pardonnes-moi, je te prie, tous mes péchés, pour l'amour de ton cher Fils, & arretes les jugemens dont ma conscience est effrayée. Graves dans mon cœur la pensée, que c'est la chose la plus dangereuse & la plus déplorable, que de t'abandonner & de t'offenser. O mon Dieu! garantis-moi, par l'efficace de ta grâce, des tentations du monde, de la chair & du Diable. Que je ne tombe en aucun péché, & que tout danger s'éloigne de moi. Que toutes mes actions soient régiées par toi-même, afin que je fasse toujours ce qui est droit en ta présence. Que je vive, ô Seigneur, comme étant toujours sous tes yeux. Que toutes mes actions, paroles & pensées, soient réglées sur ta divine Loi. Fais que je t'aime de tout mon cœur; que j'aime aussi tous les hommes pour l'amour de toi. Donnes-moi toujours cette preuve assurée de ton amour habitant en moi, qui est que je m'étudie à te plaire & à garder tes Commandemens. Rends-moi enclin à pardonner, à témoigner mon affection & à faire du bien à mon prochain, comme cela convient à un Disciple de Jésus-Christ. Aides-moi par ta grâce à remplir fidélement tous les devoirs de ma vocation, à recevoir avec reconnoissance, & à souffrir patiemment tout ce que ta providence ordonnera à mon égard. Éloignes-moi d'une vie oisive & inutile; que je me souvienne que la nuit vient où personne ne peut travailler, & que c'est à présent le temps de faire ma provision pour l'éternité.

Fais, ô mon Dieu, qu'aucun plaisir, qu'aucune affaire de ce monde ne me fasse jamais perdre de vue le temps de ma mort; que la pensée de mon heure dernière m'oblige à être homme de bien réellement & avec sincérité; à réprimer la vanité, l'orgueil, l'envie, l'avarice, la haine & la malice; à être grave, sobre & vigilant, pendant tout le temps de mon épreuve ici-bas.

Exauces-moi, Père de grâce, non selon l'imperfection de mes demandes, mais selon toute l'étendue de la sainte Prière que ton cher Fils nous a lui-même enseignée, en disant, notre Père qui es aux Cieux, &c.

Prière pour le Soir.

Je te rends grâces, ô Dieu, de ce qu'il t'a plu d'ajouter un jour à mon existence, & de ce que je n'ai point été châtié par tes justes jugemens, comme je ne l'ai que trop mérité par mes péchés. Acceptes, ô Dieu, ma sincère reconnoissance, pour tant de faveurs si peu méritées, dont tu me combles chaque jour. Béni soit ta gratitude, de ce que mes rébellions & mon ingratitude ne t'ont point empêché de me faire parvenir à la fin de ce jour! Seigneur, dont la miséricorde est infinie, pardonnes-moi les péchés que ma fragilité m'a fait commettre pendant ce jour : que jamais ils ne s'élèvent en jugement contre moi. Rends-moi digne de la continuation de tes grâces, en excitant dans mon cœur une véritable repentance, une sincère conversion. Rends-moi vivement sensible à mes foiblesses, à la corruption de ma nature, & au besoin que j'ai de ton divin secours, afin que je te le demande sans cesse. Que je fasse toujours un bon usage du temps que ta bonté daigne encore m'accorder. Que je ne sois jamais assez malheureux que d'abuser de ta patience & de ta longue attente. Que je pense toujours à ma fin, de sorte que la mort ne me surprenne pas. O bon Dieu! délivres-moi à l'heure de ma mort, & au jour du Jugement dernier. Dieu tout-puissant, prends-moi sous ta protection pendant cette nuit. Donnes ordre à tes Anges d'avoir soin de moi. Préserves-moi de la puissance des ténèbres & de tout accident fâcheux. Que ta grâce & ta providence me conduisent à une heureuse fin, de manière que je puisse mourir en paix, reposer en espérance, & ressusciter en gloire. Je t'invoque au nom de Jésus-Christ, & selon que lui-même nous a enseigné, en disant, notre Père qui es aux Cieux, *&c.*

Prière pour le Roi.

SEIGNEUR, Dieu tout-puissant, souverain maître du monde, Roi des Rois, qui nous commande d'être sujets aux Puissances que tu as établies sur la terre, auxquelles nous devons respect & obéissance, non-seulement par la crainte d'attirer leur indignation, mais aussi pour la conscience. Puisque c'est par toi, grand Dieu, que les Rois règnent, ayes un soin tout particulier de notre glorieux Monarque; prends-le en ta sainte protection; conserves sa personne sacrée; campes tes saints Anges autour de lui; sois son bouclier & sa défense contre tous ses ennemis; préserves-le de tous les dangers & périls auxquels il est souvent exposé pour le bien de son État & pour l'amour de ses peuples; détournes loin de lui toutes les incommodités de la vie; fais-lui voir de beaux & d heureux jours, accompagnés d'une santé parfaite, de la tranquillité & du contentement de l'esprit; conduis ses pas dans les sentiers de l'équité; que la vérité, la prudence & la justice soient les fondemens sur lesquels son trône soit affermi; ornes son ame de toutes les vertus héroïques, morales & chrétiennes; amènes toutes ses pensées captives & prisonnières, sous l'obéissance du Seigneur Jésus; donnes-lui, dès cette vie, les arrhes de ton Paradis, & les avants-goûts de la félicité bienheureuse; fais-lui voir ta gloire; élèves sans cesse son esprit à la contemplation de la majesté dont tu es environné; de sorte que réfléchissant sur celle dont tu l'as revêtu, il reconnoisse que c'est un rayon de la tienne, dont tu l'as favorisé par ta pure bonté; & que celui soit un puissant motif pour s'humilier en ta présence, & pour te rendre à jamais ses louanges & ses actions de grâces; donnes-lui des peuples fidèles, & fais que les peuples de la terre reconnoissent qu'il est celui que tu as choisi selon ton cœur, dont la sapience les porte à l'admiration, & les force à lui rendre hommage.

O Dieu! tu tiens les cœurs des Rois en ta main, & tu les inclines où tu veux; fais, Seigneur, que le notre soit un puissant instrument en ta main pour détruire l'erreur,

la superstition, le mensonge, l'idolâtrie, & toutes les puissances qui s'élèvent contre ton Christ, notre Sauveur; inspires-lui d'entrer en connoissance des différends qui sont entre les Chrétiens au sujet de la religion, afin d'en bannir la corruption, & de la pratiquer selon l'institution divine, puisque toute la religion est & doit être de Dieu seul; qu'il soit le restaurateur des temples abattus ou profanés; le protecteur de ceux qui servent à ton Sanctuaire, suivant la règle de ta parole, & le conservateur de la pureté du culte que nous devons rendre à ta sainte & glorieuse Majesté. De sorte qu'il fasse annoncer ton Evangile par toute la terre; que le monde entier ne soit qu'un temple où ton nom soit invoqué & magnifié, suivant l'unique règle que tu nous as laissée dans ta parole sainte.

Seigneur, pendant que tu nous fais la grâce de le laisser ici-bas, mets dans son cœur de travailler à la paix de Jérusalem, & à soulager tant de pauvres innocens qui souffrent pour la profession de ta vérité : qu'il soit, grand Dieu, le glorieux instrument dont tu voudras bien te servir pour donner la paix à l'Europe, qui est déchirée par les guerres & les divisions; & veuilles, ô Seigneur, que cette paix soit si bien cimentée, que rien ne puisse l'ébranler; que tous les Rois Chrétiens se regardent comme de véritables frères, puisqu'ils sont tous tes enfans; & par-là ils donneront l'exemple à tous leurs sujets à s'entr'aimer, à se chérir les uns les autres. Ce seroit une véritable anticipation de ton Paradis, que de voir toute la Chrétienté si bien unie : pourquoi faut-il, ô Dieu, que les enfans de la même famille se détruisent les uns les autres? O Seigneur, écoutes notre ardente prière, & veuilles donner à notre grand Monarque le zèle de Phinée, l'épée de Gédéon & de David, la sapience de Salomon, la piété d'Ezéchias; & qu'il soit l'amour & les délices du genre humain : fais, ô divin Jésus, que sous sa domination tout le monde puisse vivre en paix & en toute tranquillité, tant du corps que de l'ame. Après l'avoir comblé de bénédictions temporelles, & rassasié de jours sur la terre, tu l'éleveras sur un trône de gloire & de félicité éternelle, pour te louer avec tous les bienheureux à jamais. *Amen.*

Prière pour ceux qui ſont privés du ſervice public.

O Dieu, que notre ſort eſt déplorable ! Nous pourrions dire, avec vérité, que ſi nous n'avions d'eſpérance que pour cette vie ſeulement, nous ſerions les plus miſérables de toutes les créatures. Car, ô notre Dieu, nous ſommes depuis long-temps privés de la conſolation d'aſſiſter à tes ſaintes Aſſemblées, & d'y recevoir les précieux dons de ton Eſprit, que tu as accoutumé d'y départir. Ah ! bon Dieu, nous pouſſons des ſoupirs bien profonds ſur notre état, & nous nous écrions avec des tranſports auſſi vifs que ſincères : o quand entrerons-nous, & nous préſenterons-nous devant ta face ! Notre ame demande & crie ſans ceſſe aprés tes parvis. O que bienheureux ſont ceux qui habitent en ta maiſon, & qui t'y louent inceſſamment ! Car mieux vaut un jour chez toi que mille ailleurs. Voilà, ô notre bon Dieu ! les ſouhaits que nous formons devant toi dans toute la ſincérité de notre cœur. Écoute-les, grand Dieu, ſelon ton infinie bonté. Ne permets pas que notre ame ſe trouve jamais vuide de tes conſolations.

Releves nos eſpérances abattues ; fortifies notre foi chancelante.

Tu peux, Seigneur, quoique nous ne ſoyons pas dans l'enceinte d'aucun Temple, nous accorder la même faveur que tu accordes à ceux qui t'invoquent dans toute la liberté de leurs conſciences.

Nous ſavons, grand Dieu, que c'eſt dans le cœur de tes fidéles que tu habites principalement, & non pas dans des maiſons faites des mains d'hommes. Nous ſavons, ô Dieu, que tu fus avec ton ſerviteur David dans le déſert, & que ton bon Eſprit ne l'abandonna pas quand il fut banni de ton Tabernacle.

Ce fut, au contraire, alors qu'il opéra plus puiſſamment dans ſon ame, puiſqu'il compoſa dans ſa ſolitude la plupart de ſes divins Cantiques, qui ſont ſi efficaces pour conſoler les affligés, pour inſtruire les ignorans, & pour inſpirer de la joie dans les eſprits triſtes & abattus.

Ce ne fut pas dans ton Temple que l'Eunuque de la

Reine Candace fut baptisé & converi par le ministère de Philippe, mais ce fut dans le chemin du désert qui conduit de Jérusalem à Gaza, où il lisoit le Prophète Isaïe, pour nous apprendre que par-tout où l'on t'invoque & que l'on tâche de te rendre le service qui t'appartient, tu as pour agréable nos foibles efforts, pourvu qu'ils partent d'un cœur sincère & droit.

Ce ne fut pas non plus dans ton Temple que le Centenier Corneille vit le S Esprit descendant sur lui, mais ce fut comme il étoit dans sa maison assemblé avec un petit nombre de personnes, pour écouter la lecture de ta divine Parole, & pour invoquer ton saint Nom.

O Dieu, nous nous assemblons aussi très-souvent pour la même fin; fais-nous la grâce d'obtenir le même succès. Donnes-nous toujours ton bon Esprit, afin que nous nous soumettions à tes ordres saints, avec obéissance & toute humilité.

Fais, ô notre grand Dieu, que nous recevions avec patience les épreuves que tu nous envoies, puisque c'est ta volonté. Fais, Seigneur, que nous nous acquittions mieux de nos devoirs & avec plus de soin que nous n'avons fait par le passé; ensorte, ô Dieu, qu'en te servant en esprit & en vérité, comme tu nous l'ordonnes dans ta Parole, nous puissions avoir des jours plus heureux, pour te servir selon les mouvemens de nos consciences, sans crainte ni frayeurs.

Afin que nous puissions obtenir la couronne de gloire que tu réserves à ceux qui te seront fidèles jusqu'à la mort.

A toi, grand Dieu, comme au Fils & au S. Esprit, soit honneur, gloire, force, empire & magnificence, aux siècles des siècles.

Prières avant la Communion.

SEIGNEUR Jésus, Fils du Dieu vivant, me voici, moi pauvre pécheur, qui prend la hardiesse de m'approcher de toi, qui possède tous les trésors & toutes les richesses immenses de la grâce. Je suis misérable: c'est pour cela aussi que je m'approche de toi, qui es un Dieu miséricordieux.

& en nourriture de vie éternelle. Seigneur Jésus, qui habites aux cieux les plus hauts, viens faire ta demeure en mon ame qui languit sur cette terre. Mes péchés & mon incrédulité te ferment la porte. Mais, Seigneur, qu'encore aujourd'hui il soit dit de toi que tu entres les portes étant fermées. Otes, par ta vertu infinie, la séparation qui est entre toi & moi; ouvre, par ton esprit, la porte de mon ame; brise mon cœur, afin que la liqueur de ta grâce y entre de tous côtés. O Seigneur! je sens que tu approches de moi en ta miséricorde. Mon ame tressaillit de joie; mes entrailles sont émues; mon cœur brûle au-dedans de moi. Que je te reçoive avec des lèvres pures & une ame repentante; & que toi, habitant en mon cœur par la foi, par le moyen de cette douce & agréable demeure, je me sente fortifié, consolé & enflammé de ton amour, en attendant que tu envoyes du ciel tes Anges bienheureux, pour me porter sur leurs ailes en ton saint Paradis, où je te verrai face à face, & serai rassasié de ta ressemblance. *Amen.*

Prière avant la Communion.

JE M'EN VAS à ta Table, Seigneur mon Dieu, pour obéir au Commandement de ton S. Fils, qui nous a ordonné de manger de ce Pain, & de boire de cette Coupe, en mémoire de la mort qu'il a souffert pour nous racheter de nos péchés. Je me présente devant toi, ô Dieu! & je viens me joindre à l'assemblée des fidèles, pour renouveler solemnellement le vœu du Baptême, par lequel je t'ai été consacré dès ma naissance, & pour te réitérer les promesses de l'obéissance & de la fidélité que je veux te rendre, ô mon Dieu & mon Créateur, tout le temps de ma vie. Seigneur, je ne mérite pas d'être reçu à cette divine Communion; je reconnois & je confesse mon indignité; mais je te supplie très ardemment, & pour l'amour de ton Fils mon Rédempteur, de permettre que nonobstant mon indignité, je m'approche de cette Table sacrée pour y faire, avec tes Saints, la Commémoration de la mort de ton cher Fils. Agrée mes efforts, ô Dieu très-

bon ! Reçois l'offrande que je te fais de mon cœur : assiste-moi par ta Grâce, afin qu'avec des affections sincères & pures, avec un cœur plein d'amour, de joie & de reconnoissance, j'aille célébrer ta miséricorde envers le genre humain & envers moi, ta pauvre créature. Approche-toi de mon ame, ô Dieu ! puisqu'elle te cherche : réponds à mes desirs ; accompagne l'usage de ce Sacrement d'un nouveau degré de ta grâce : qu'étant aujourd'hui uni & incorporé à ton Corps mistique, qui est l'Église, j'en sois désormais un vrai membre : que mon ame étant nourrie & fortifiée par cette viande spirituelle, je vive de la vie des justes ; & que renouvelant mon alliance avec toi, je te sois fidèle jusqu'à la mort, pour obtenir de ta miséricorde la couronne de vie. *Amen.*

Prière en allant à la Sainte Table.

MON Dieu, mon Père, élève mon cœur à toi ; donne-moi ton Saint-Esprit ; fais-moi la grâce d'approcher de cette Sainte Table avec une humble repentance & avec un désir ardent en Jésus-Christ notre Seigneur ; donne-moi de recevoir ce saint Sacrement avec une ferme foi en ta parole ; qu'en recevant ces signes visibles de ta main, je reçoive par la foi le Corps & le Sang de Jésus-Christ, mort pour moi en nourriture de vie éternelle ; que j'en remporte la paix & la joie spirituelle, qui est propre à tes enfans, avec un amour ardent envers toi, mon Dieu, & une ferme résolution de consacrer désormais ma vie à ton service, jusqu'à ce que je voie ta face, & que mon ame soit recueillie avec Jésus-Christ, mon Sauveur, qui l'a rachetée par sa mort. *Amen.*

Prière en approchant de la Sainte Table.

SEIGNEUR, qui m'invites présentement à la sainte Cène, j'implore humblement sur moi l'efficace du précieux Sang de mon Sauveur, qu'il a répandu pour la rémission de mes péchés. Envoie du saint lieu de ta demeure, ta lumière & ta vérité, & qu'elles me conduisent à ta sainte

Table, pour y recevoir le sentiment de ta paix & les secours de ton esprit. Purifie mon cœur de tout ce qui pourroit te déplaire, & m'empêcher de remplir les saints engagemens où je vais entrer. Et puisque Jésus-Christ s'est donné pour moi, que je me consacre aussi à lui entièrement & pour toujours. Allume de plus en plus en moi, & sur-tout en ce moment, le feu de ton amour. Remplis mon ame de repentance, de foi, de charité, de zèle, de joie & de reconnoissance. O Dieu, mon cœur me dit de ta part, cherches ma face : je la cherche, Seigneur : ne sois pas sourd à mon humble prière, & sauve ton serviteur qui espère en toi. *Amen.*

Prière au retour de la Sainte Table.

J'EXALTE & je célèbre ta miséricorde & ta gratitude, ô mon Dieu, & je te bénis de la faveur inestimable que tu viens de m'accorder. Tu m'as présenté à ta Table les fruits précieux de la mort de mon Rédempteur. Accepte maintenant tout ce que je puis t'offrir, mes bénédictions & le sacrifice que je te fais pour jamais de mon cœur & de mon ame. O Dieu tout bon ! Dieu de mon salut & de ma joie, affermis mes pas dans le chemin dans lequel je viens d'entrer, & donne-moi la grâce qui m'est nécessaire pour y marcher jusqu'à ma fin. Sois mon guide & ma force ; sois ma lumière & mon espérance, pendant que je suis dans ce corps mortel ; & que lorsque tu viendras des Cieux pour nous rendre à tous selon nos œuvres, je sois du nombre de ceux qui trouveront grâce devant toi. *Amen.*

Action de grâces après la Communion.

J'ADORE & je loue ta miséricorde, Seigneur mon Dieu, de ce que tu as envoyé ton fils au monde pour sauver les hommes ; de ce que tu as voulu que je fusse du nombre de ceux que tu appelles au salut, & de ce que je viens d'en recevoir des gages à ta sainte Table. Je t'offre, ô mon Dieu ! mes bénédictions & mes louanges. Je t'offre mon cœur, mon amour, ma vie, & tout ce que je puis

t'offrir. Je viens de t'être consacré, & d'être marqué de ton sceau. Je suis à toi, Seigneur, j'ai renoncé au monde & à moi-même, & tu sais que mon désir est de ne vivre que pour toi, & de dépendre absolument de ta sainte volonté. Accorde moi la grâce & la force dont tu sais que j'ai besoin pour t'être fidèle, pour m'acquitter de mon devoir, pour surmonter les tentations auxquelles je pourrois être exposé. Entretiens, ô Dieu très-bon, Dieu de mon salut & de ma joie, entretiens dans mon cœur les dispositions que j'y sens, & que la participation au Saint Sacrement vient d'y allumer. Achève l'ouvrage de ta grâce en moi, & me conduis, au travers de toutes les tentations, des dangers & des misères de cette vie, à une mort heureuse, & à la gloire du Royaume des Cieux. Jésus, mon Sauveur & mon Dieu, je te loue & je te bénis de ce que tu as eu la charité de mourir pour moi. Je t'adore dans la gloire où tu es maintenant élevé, & je te prie que lorsque tu descendras du Ciel au jour du Jugement, je sois du nombre de ceux à qui tu feras miséricorde, & que tu recevras dans ton Royaume. *Amen.*

Prière après la Communion.

MON SEIGNEUR & mon Dieu, qui m'as admis à ta sainte Table, où tu m'as nourri comme ton enfant d'une viande spirituelle & céleste, fais-moi sentir les effets de ta bienheureuse Communion. Que ton fils Jésus-Christ, mon Sauveur, habite dans mon ame comme dans son Temple. Applique-moi, par ton Esprit, le mérite de l'obéissance parfaite de ce divin Rédempteur, & rends-moi participant sur la terre de la grâce qu'il nous a acquise par sa mort, jusqu'à ce qu'un jour tu m'introduise dans la possession de la gloire éternelle qu'il nous a méritée dans ton Ciel, où il est allé pour nous y préparer place, afin que quand il reviendra au dernier jour, pour juger les vivans & les morts, il me reçoive dans son Royaume éternel, que tu as préparé à tes enfans depuis la fondation du monde. *Amen.*

Actions de grâces après la Communion.

BÉNI sois-tu, ô Dieu, & béni soit éternellement ton saint Nom, de ce que tu m'as nourri à cette heure du pain de vie, & de ce que tu m'as abreuvé dans la coupe de l'éternité, en me faisant participer aux saints & célestes mystères du Corps & du Sang de mon bienheureux Sauveur; ce qui est à mon ame un gage assuré de la bonté que tu as pour moi, & du grand amour que tu me portes. Tu as par ce moyen, ô mon Dieu, scellé ma foi, tu m'as pardonné mes péchés, tu t'es reconcilié, & tu as fait ta paix avec moi. O Dieu, que mon ame bénisse ton saint Nom, pour tant de bienfaits que tu viens de m'accorder, & qu'elle te loue à jamais pour tous les dons & pour toutes les grâces que Jésus-Christ nous a acquises par ses souffrances.

O Seigneur, je te prie humblement de me secourir & de m'assister par ta grâce, afin que ne pouvant jamais être aliéné de toi, je sois toujours un saint Temple où ton Esprit fasse sa demeure. Et puisque je sens à présent que Jésus-Christ habite dans mon cœur par la foi, ô mon Dieu, fais-moi la grâce de passer tout le reste de ma vie dans l'exercice de la repentance, & de la crainte de ton nom. Que j'emploie le temps qui me reste encore, à amortir tous les jours les desirs criminels de mon cœur, & à garder avec soin tes saints Commandemens. Pour cet effet, Seigneur, conduis-moi par ta puissance, illumine-moi par ta parole, vivifie-moi par ton Esprit; élève toi-même mes pensées de la terre au Ciel. Réforme mes mœurs, dirige toute ma conduite au but que tu me propose; savoir, à ta sainte volonté: car tu es puissant pour m'accorder tout ce que je te demande par mes prières, & beaucoup plus encore que je ne puis ni penser, ni desirer. Manifeste donc en moi ta bonté, & tu rendras ainsi ton nom glorieux sur la terre, jusqu'à ce qu'enfin, par un effet admirable de cette bonté immense, tu m'introduise dans le Royaume de ta gloire éternelle, au nom & par les

mérites de Jésus-Christ, le Roi de gloire, mon Seigneur & mon Rédempteur. *Amen.*

LE DIEU de paix, qui a ressuscité des morts, le grand Pasteur des brebis, par le Sang de la Nouvelle Alliance ; savoir, notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ, veuille me rendre accompli par ce même Sang de son Alliance éternelle, & parfaitement instruit à toutes bonnes œuvres, afin que je puisse exécuter sa sainte volonté, & faire ce qui est agréable à ses yeux, par Jésus-Christ notre Seigneur. O Dieu, veuille par ta grâce infinie, imprimer dans ma mémoire toutes tes bontés envers moi ; ne permets pas que je mette jamais en oubli la Commémoration de la mort de ton cher Fils, que je viens de célébrer avec tous tes fidèles, à la Communion de la sainte Cène ; que ce soit pour moi la fin de tous mes désordres, & le commencement d'une vie toute sainte.

O mon Sauveur, fais-moi la grâce que je vive de telle sorte, que je voudrois avoir vécu à l'heure de ma mort. Et que quand il te plaira de me faire passer de ce monde à l'éternité, ce soit pour te louer & pour te bénir à jamais. *Amen.*

Prière en tout temps.

SEIGNEUR mon Dieu, aye pitié de moi, étant grand pécheur ; j'ose cependant m'approcher du trône de ta grâce, pour trouver miséricorde, & pour être aidé dans le temps opportun. J'en suis indigne, parce que je t'ai offensé & que je t'offense encore tous les jours en une infinité de sortes. Aussi ne me présenterai-je pas devant toi sur mes justices, mais sur les grandes compassions, & sur la confiance que j'ai en mon Sauveur. Puisque tu m'as fait la grâce de croire en lui, & d'être fait un avec lui par la foi, regarde-moi désormais comme l'un de ses membres. Mets sa passion devant tes yeux, & mes péchés derrière ton dos : aie plutôt égard à son mérite qu'à mon indignité, & à l'obéissance de sa mort qu'à toutes les rébellions de ma vie ; & pour l'amour de lui, fais-moi ressen-

tir les effets de ton amour paternel. Je t'en demande deux principalement, ô mon Dieu; l'un, que tu scelles en mon cœur l'assurance de ma réconciliation avec toi, afin qu'étant justifié par la foi, j'aie paix envers toi, que je me tienne ferme à ta grâce, & que je puisse me glorifier dans l'espérance de ta gloire. L'autre, que tu me régénères par ton Esprit, afin que je lui sois rendu conforme en sainteté & en justice, jusqu'à ce qu'un jour tu me rendes conforme à lui en joie & en félicité. Pour tout le reste, je me remets à la disposition de ta Providence, sachant qu'à ceux qui t'aiment, toutes choses aident en bien, parce que tu les aimes: ta volonté soit faite, & non pas la mienne. S'il te plaît de m'envoyer des biens & des contentemens, donne-moi de les posséder avec une religieuse reconnoissance, & de les rapporter tous à ton saint service. Si au contraire tu m'envoyes des maux & des ennuis, fais-moi la grâce de les supporter avec patience, & de bénir toujours ton saint Nom. Par quelque chemin que tu me mènes, fais que je te suive avec allégresse: fais que quand je marcherai par la vallée d'ombre de mort, je ne craigne aucun mal, sachant que tu es avec moi, que c'est toi qui me mènes, & que le lieu où tu me mènes, est ton Paradis.

Fais-moi la grâce, ô mon Dieu, d'en suivre toujours le chemin, & de ne m'en détourner jamais, afin qu'après les jours courts & mauvais de mon séjour ici-bas, je puisse parvenir à cette desirable demeure de ton repos & de ta gloire, pour y habiter éternellement avec toi, pour y jouir de tes biens célestes, en la compagnie de mon bienheureux Sauveur, & pour te louer, te glorifier à jamais avec tes saints Anges & tous les Esprits bienheureux. *Amen.*

Autre Prière en tout temps.

Bon Dieu! que la félicité à laquelle tu nous appelles est grande! Avec quelle bonté tu lies notre devoir à notre bonheur, & nous prescris une tâche qui porte sa récompense avec elle, & une récompense si magnifique! De pauvres vers de terre seront-ils élevés si haut? Nous

permettras-tu de lever les yeux vers toi ? Recevras-tu notre foible amour ? Tes divines perfections se graveront-elles dans nos ames, à force de les contempler & de les admirer ? Et serons-nous faits participans de ta gloire ? Heureux ceux qui ont brisé les fers de l'amour-propre, & dégagé leur affection des choses du néant, dont l'entendement est éclairé de ton saint Esprit, qui t'aime par-dessus toutes choses, & tous les hommes pour l'amour de toi ! O mon Dieu, je suis convaincu que je ne saurois être heureux, jusqu'à ce que la convoitise, les affections charnelles & corrompues, soient mortes en moi, l'orgueil dompté, la vanité étouffée, & que je méprise véritablement le monde, en reconnoissant mon néant en ta présence. Hélas ! quand sera-ce que tu viendras rassasier mon ame de ta ressemblance, me rendant saint comme tu es Saint, dans toute ma conduite ? M'as-tu fait espérer une si grande félicité, & ne m'y introduirois-tu pas ? Enseigne-moi, Seigneur, à faire ta volonté, car tu es mon Dieu : que ton bon Esprit me conduise à la terre de justice ; vivifie-moi, ô éternel mon Dieu ; pour l'amour de ton nom, achève l'ouvrage que tu as commencé en moi. Ta miséricorde dure à toujours : ô Dieu, n'abandonne point l'œuvre de tes mains, pour l'amour de ton cher Fils, notre unique Sauveur. *Amen.*

FIN.

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